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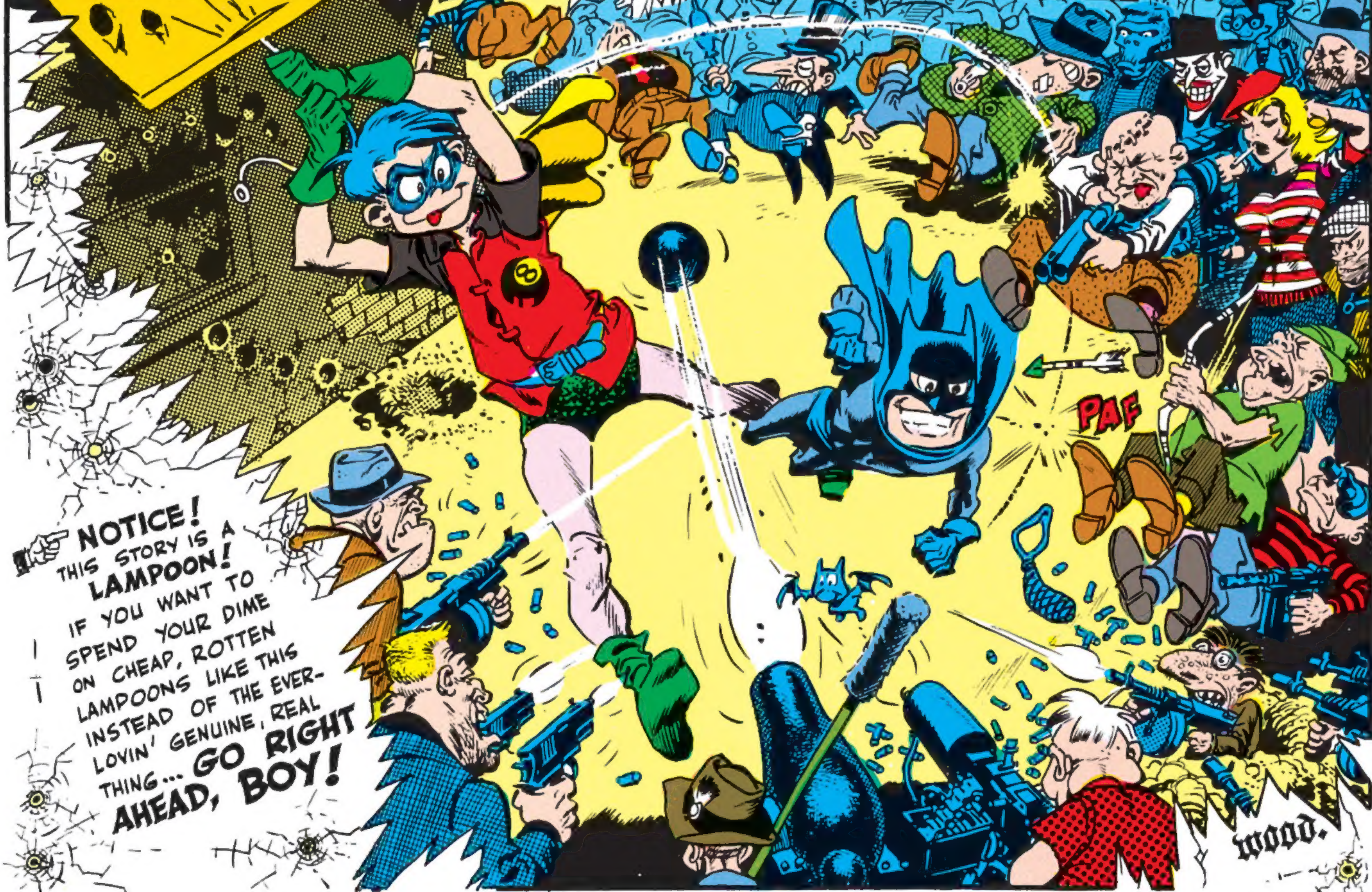
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HERO WORSHIP DEPT.: YOU HAVE HEARD OF THOSE TWO MASKED, BAT-LIKE, CRIME-FIGHTERS OF GOTHAM CITY... YOU HAVE HEARD OF THEIR EXCITING DEEDS, OF THEIR CONSTANT WAR AGAINST THE UNDERWORLD!... THIS STORY, THEN... *THIS STORY, THEN...* HAS **ABSOLUTELY NOTHING** TO DO WITH THEM!... THIS STORY IS ABOUT TWO DIFFERENT PEOPLE...

# BAT BOY AND RUBIN!



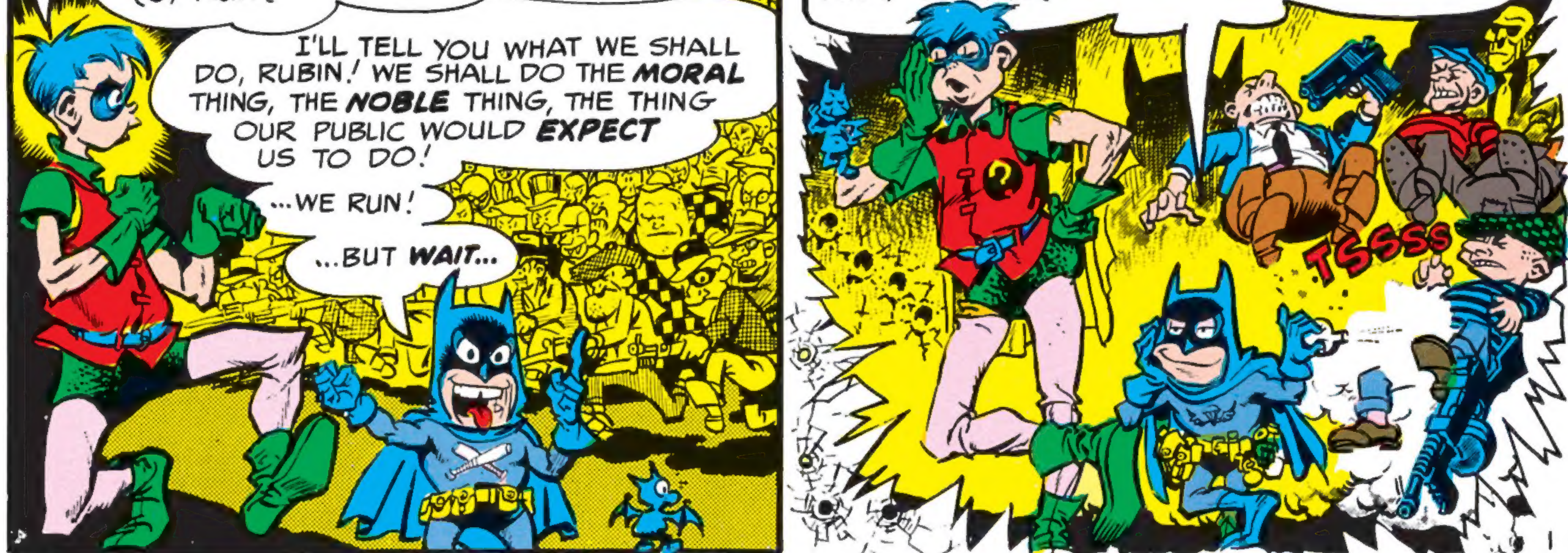
BAT BOY! BAT BOY! THE WHOLE GANG OF CROOKS IS GETTING READY TO **CHARGE!** SHOULD WE:  
(a) FIGHT 'EM WITH OUR FISTS?  
(b) FIGHT 'EM WITH OUR WEAPONS?  
(c) RUN?

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT WE SHALL DO, RUBIN! WE SHALL DO THE **MORAL** THING, THE **NOBLE** THING, THE THING OUR PUBLIC WOULD **EXPECT** US TO DO!

...WE RUN!

...BUT WAIT...

...IT JUST SO HAPPENS I HAVE HERE IN ONE OF THE LITTLE COMPARTMENTS OF MY WEAPON'S BELT, A TINY VIAL OF SECRET GAS THAT PARALYZES GANGSTERS **JUST** LONG ENOUGH TO TAKE THEM AWAY TO JAIL!





WOW, BAT BOY! I THOUGHT YOU ONLY CARRIED A TINY VIAL OF SECRET GAS THAT BLINDS GANGSTERS AND A TINY VIAL OF SECRET GAS THAT TURNS GANGSTERS FRIENDLY... BUT NOT A TINY VIAL OF SECRET GAS THAT **PARALYZES** GANGSTERS!

**HALP!**

NOTE: WE REPEAT! **LAMPOON!** BATBOY MIT A RUBIN MIT A **U!**

(UGH)...(UGH)... I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND MY TINY LITTLE VIAL WHERE I KEEP MY FURSHLUGGINER SECRET GAS MASK... (UGH)...

...WELL... THAT FINISHES THE FLOOGLE GANG! LET'S CLIMB INTO THE SECRET BAT-O-MOBILE AND GO HOME!

**KOF KOF KOF KOF KOF KOF**

WITH THE CLEANING UP OF THE FLOOGLE GANG, WE HAVE PROBABLY ENDED THE WAVE OF MYSTERIOUS KILLINGS THAT HAVE PLAGUED COSMOPOLIS CITY!

(COUGH) (COUGH) ...DRATTED SECRET GAS! ...HAND ME A KLEENEX FROM THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT, WILL YOU, RUBE'Z!

**CHUG PAF GA GOO GA! POF! CHUG QUEEK CHUG**

**BAT BOY! BAT BOY! BAT BOY! ...L-LOOK WHAT'S IN THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT! A...A...A... THAT'S IT! A ROAD MAP FROM THE A.A.A... AND A PAIR OF GLOVES!**

SO WHAT? DIDN'T YOU EVER SEE GLOVES IN A GLOVE COMPARTMENT?

...WITH HANDS IN 'EM?

A BODY!... KILLED IN THE SAME MANNER AS ALL THE OTHERS! THE KILLER IS STILL AT LARGE!

QUICKLY!... ONTO OUR SECRET BAT-O-CYCLE! OBVIOUSLY THE KILLINGS WERE NOT THE WORK OF THE **FLOOGLE** GANG BUT I THINK THEY'RE THE WORK OF THE **FLEAGLE** GANG!

...NOW TO TAKE OUT MY SECRET BAT-O-LARIET...

...I THINK WE SHOULD DO SOME SWINGING FROM SKYSCRAPERS! ...DEFTLY, I SHAKE THE LARIET OUT OF ITS VIAL!... DEFTLY I AIM IT TOWARDS THAT POST, AND DEFTLY, I THROW IT WITH UNERRING AIM...

**WOW!**

**OOP! MISSED!**

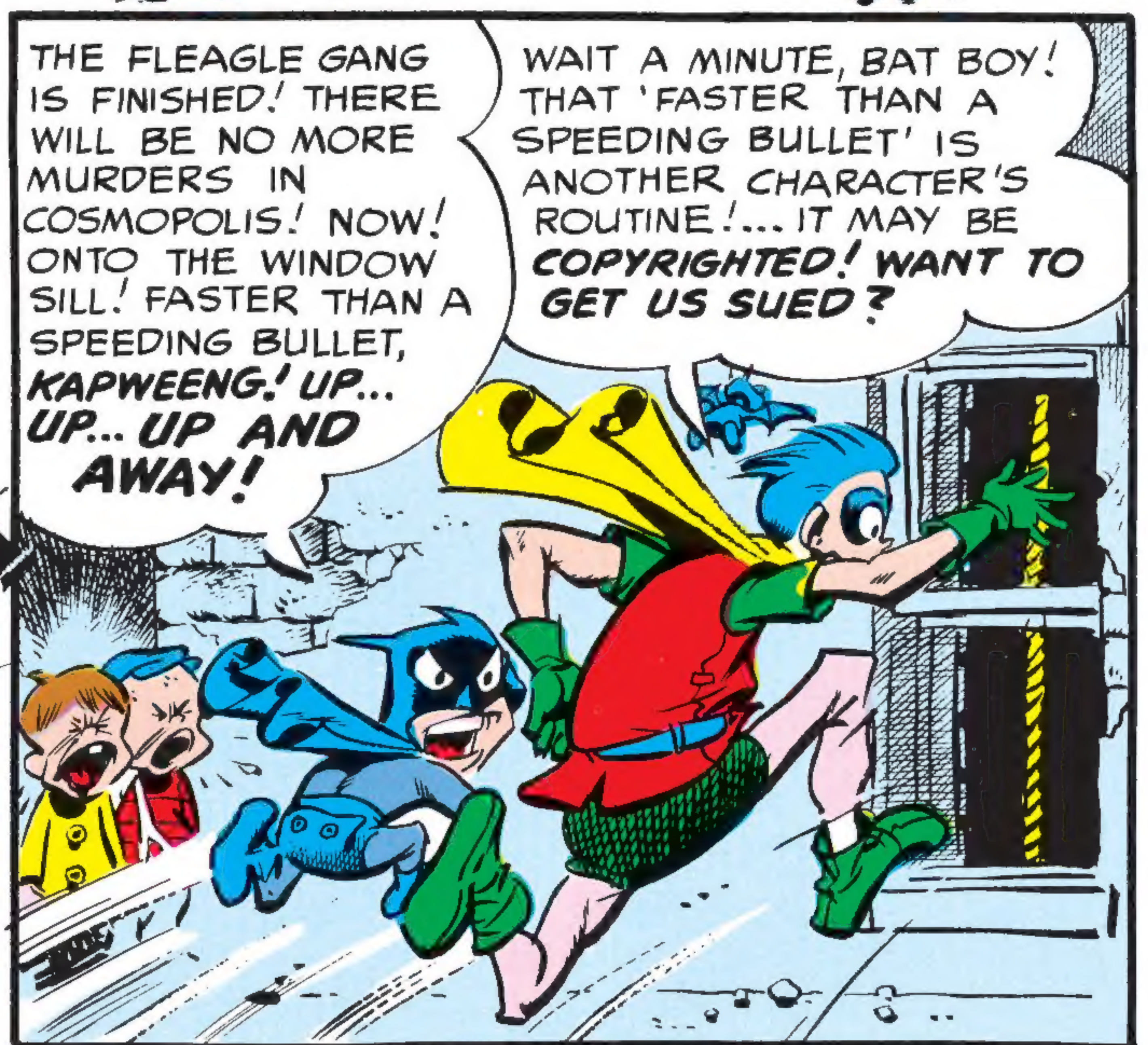
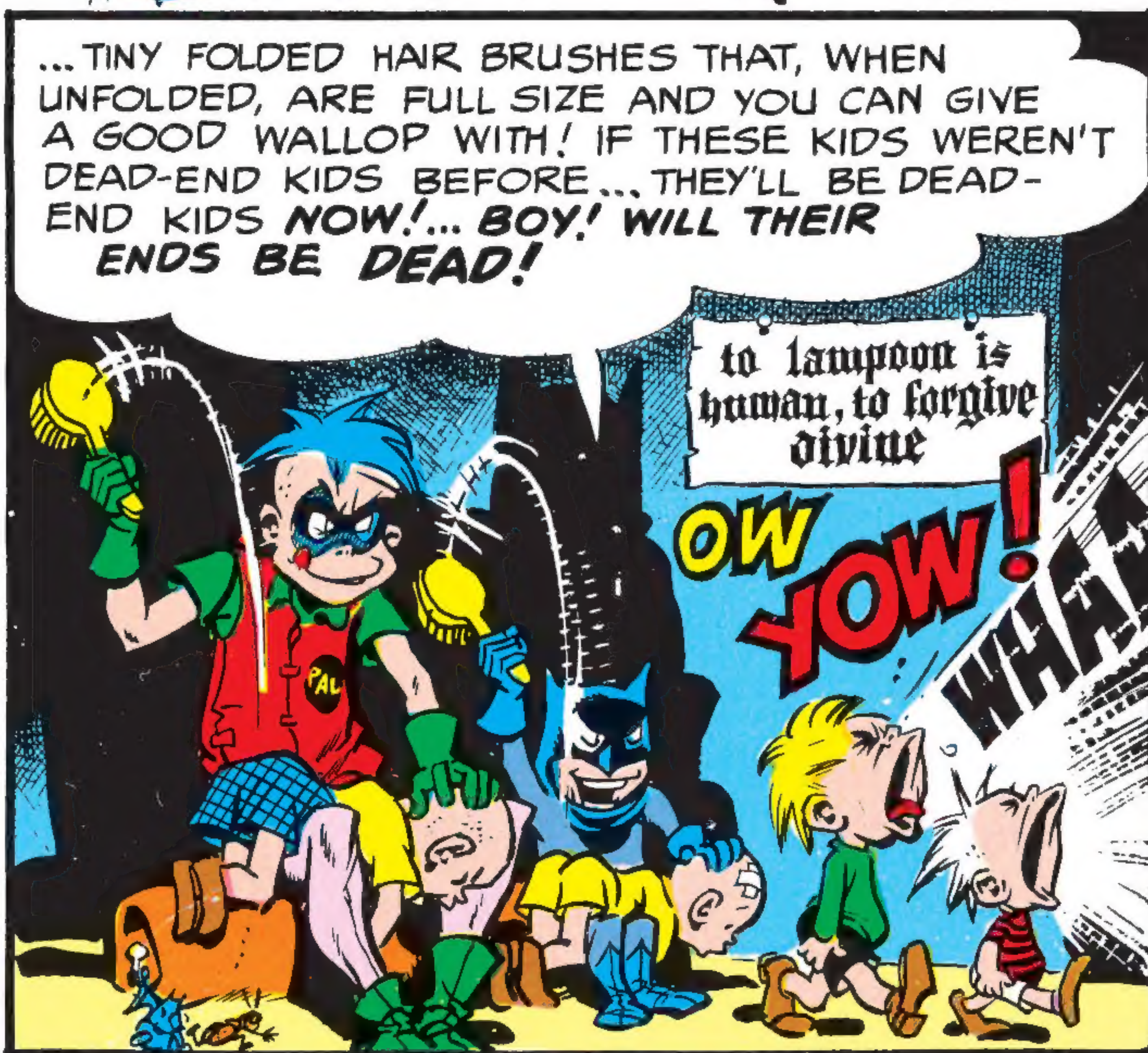
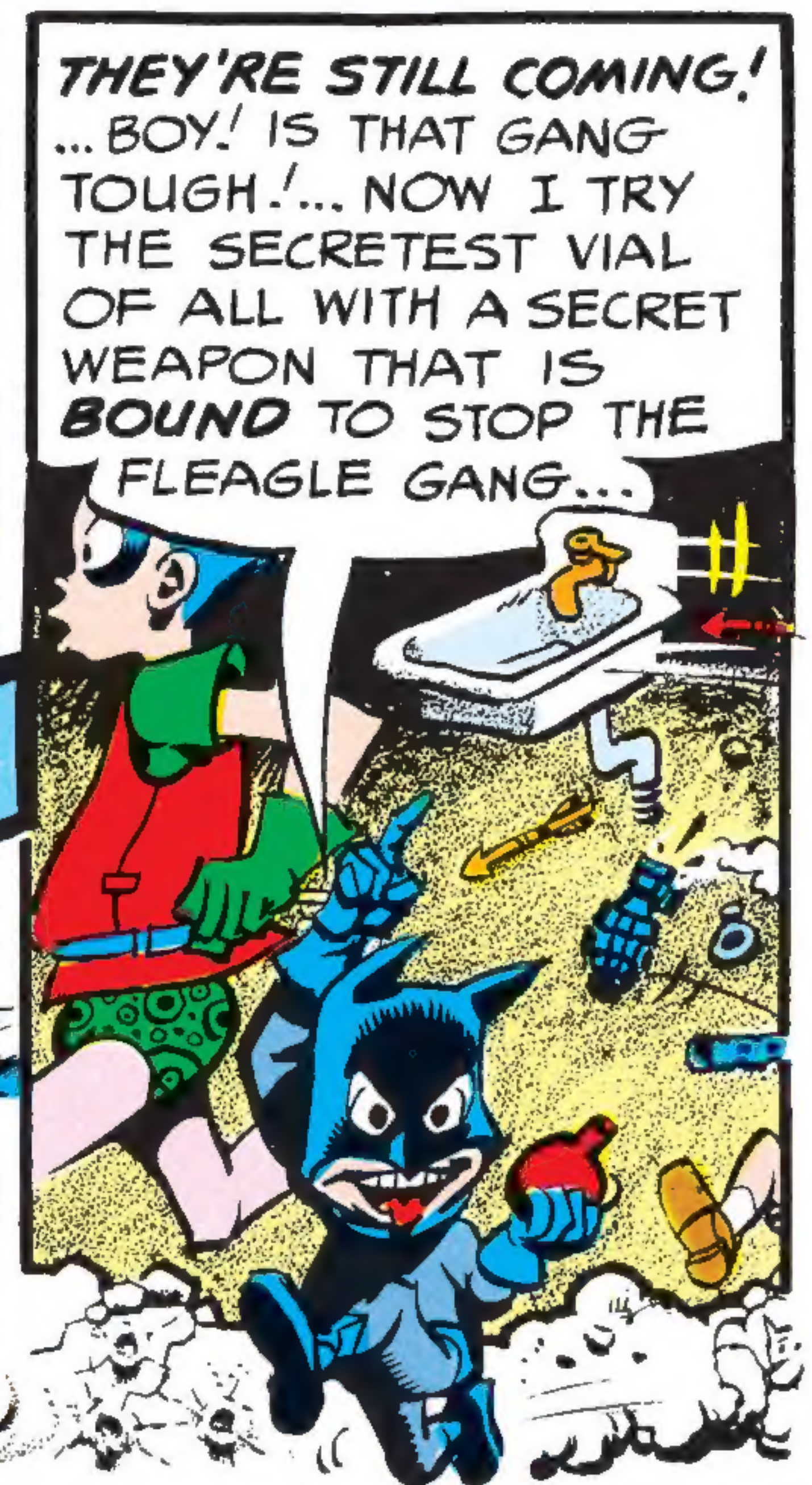
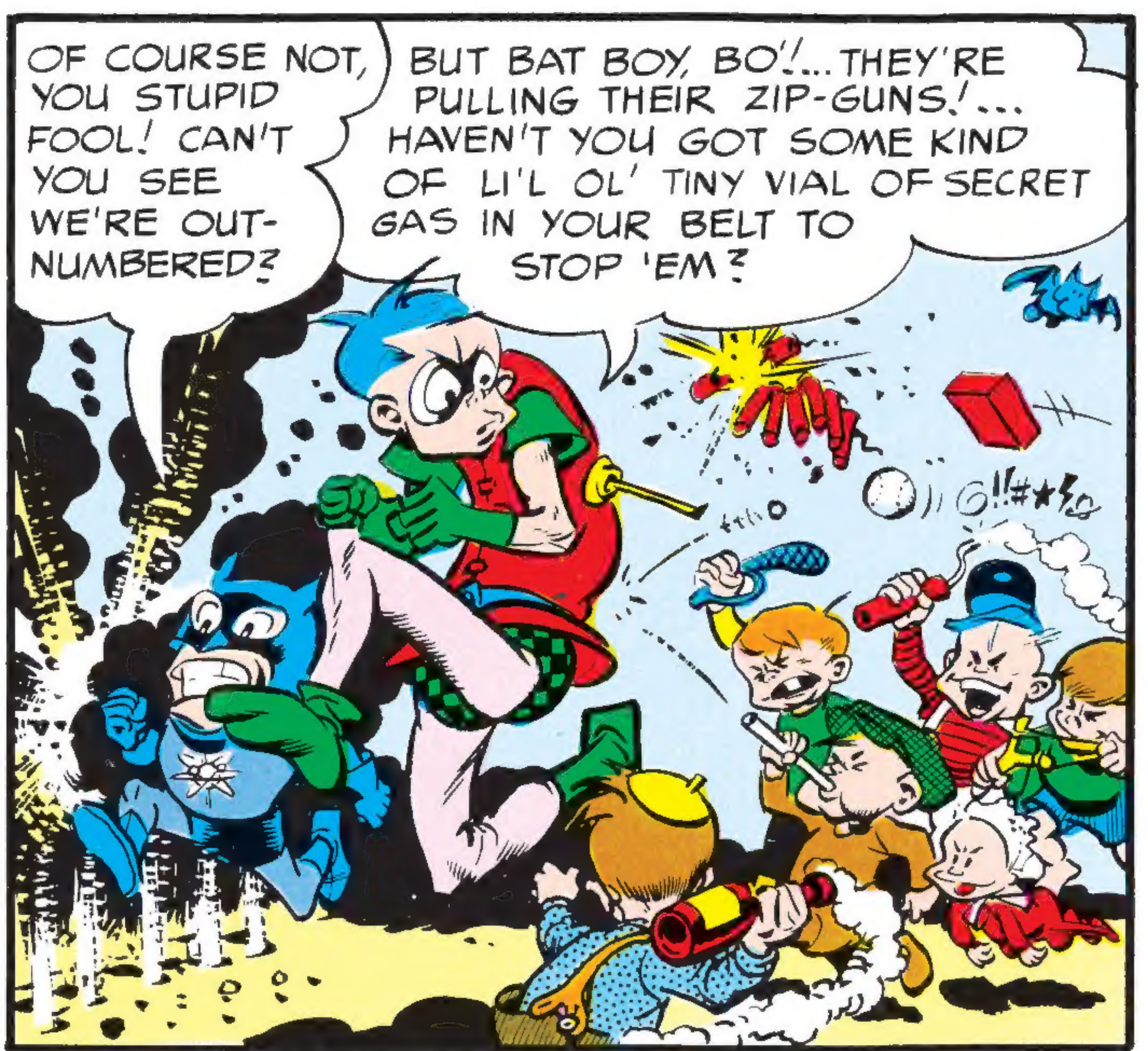
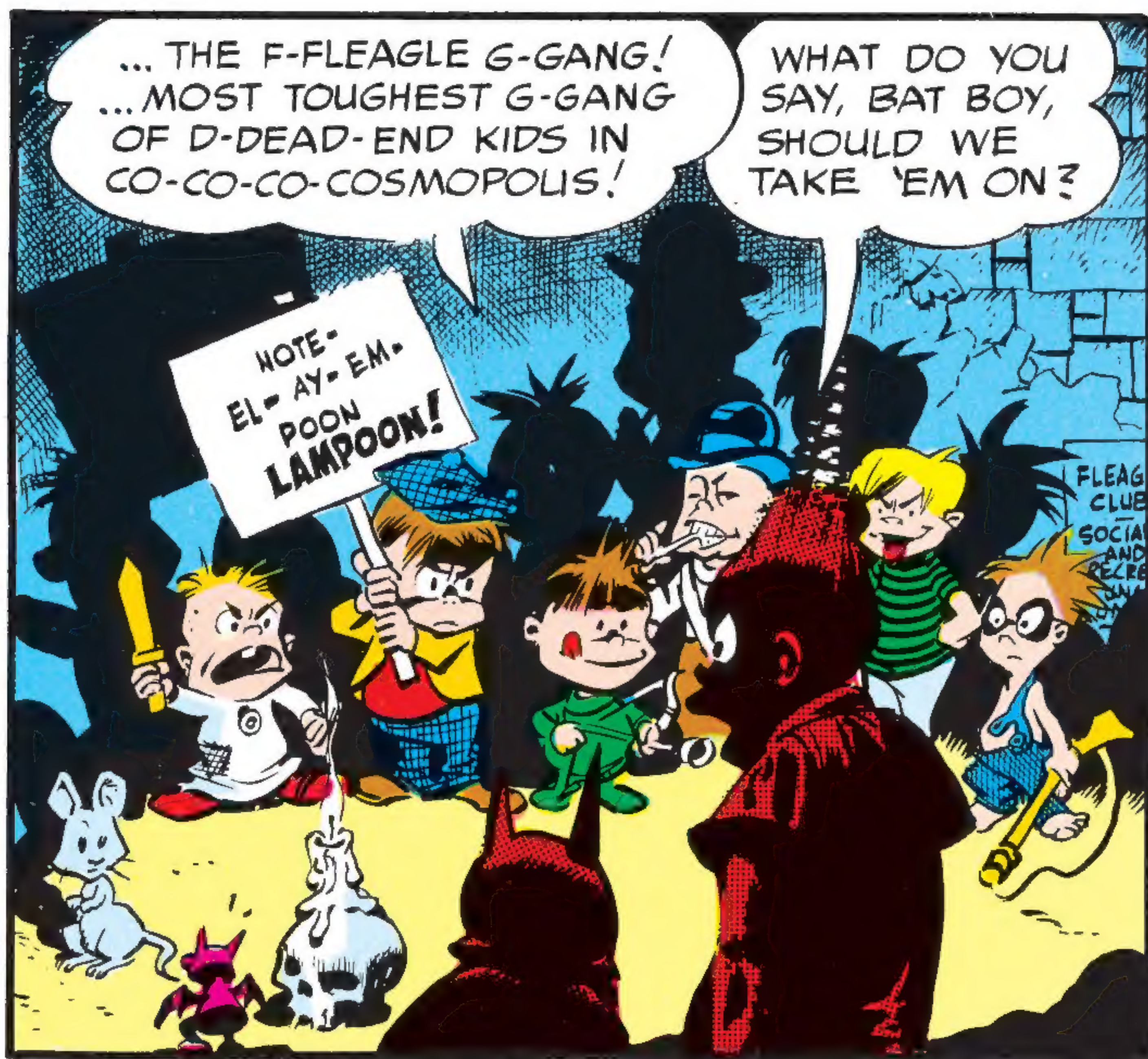
...TAKE 'ER AROUND AGAIN!

**BROOM POK BR-RUP**

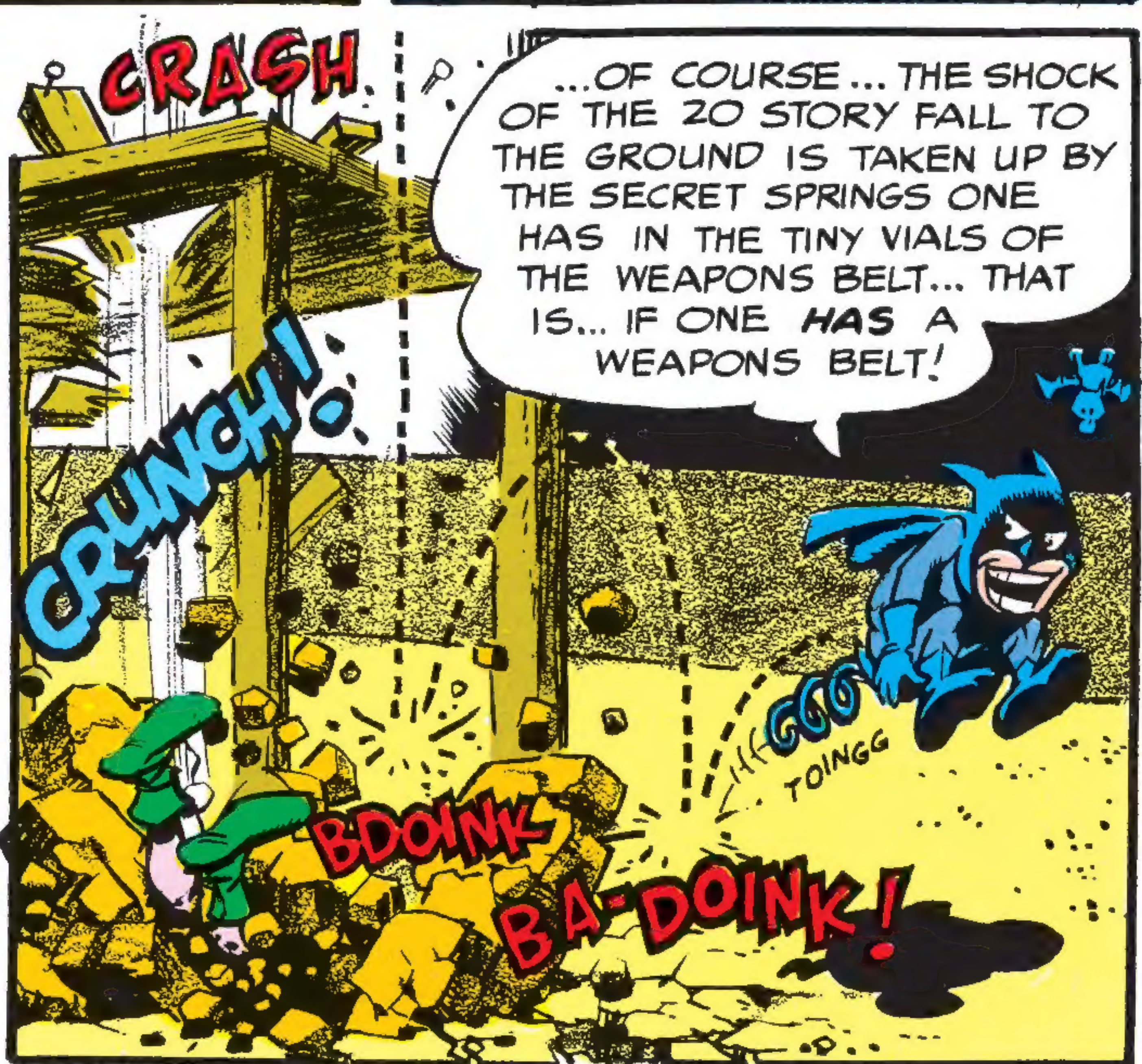
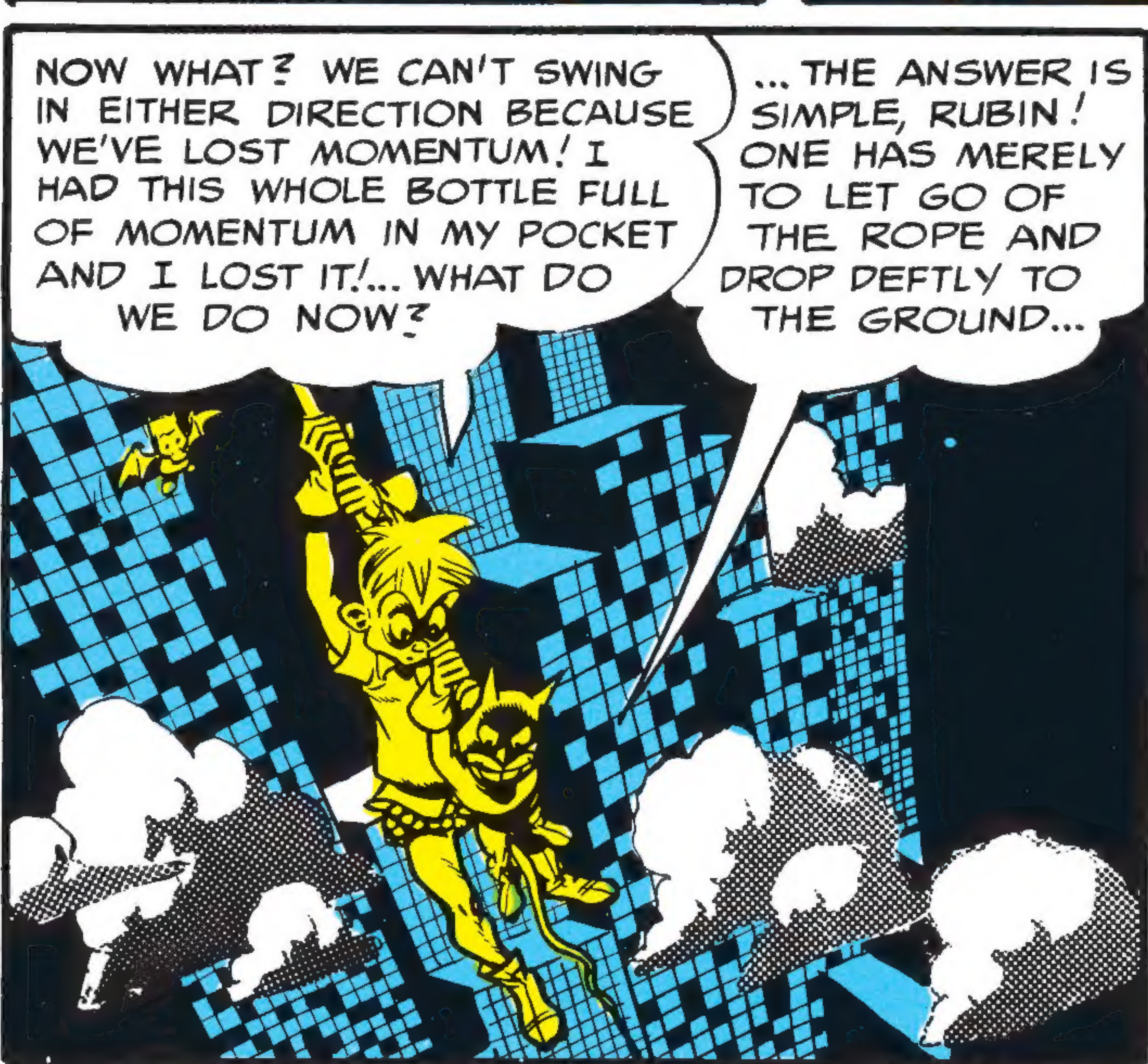
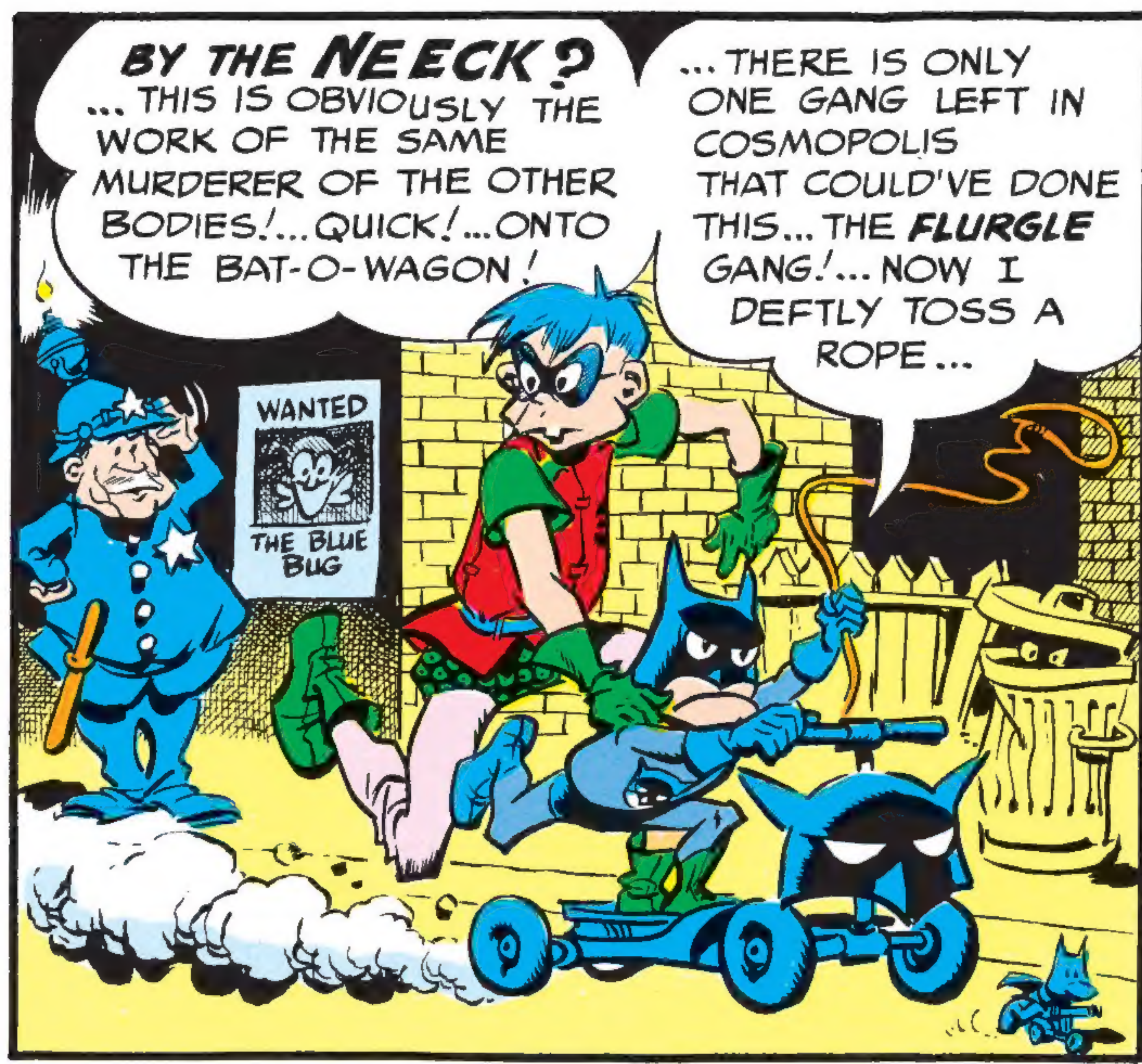
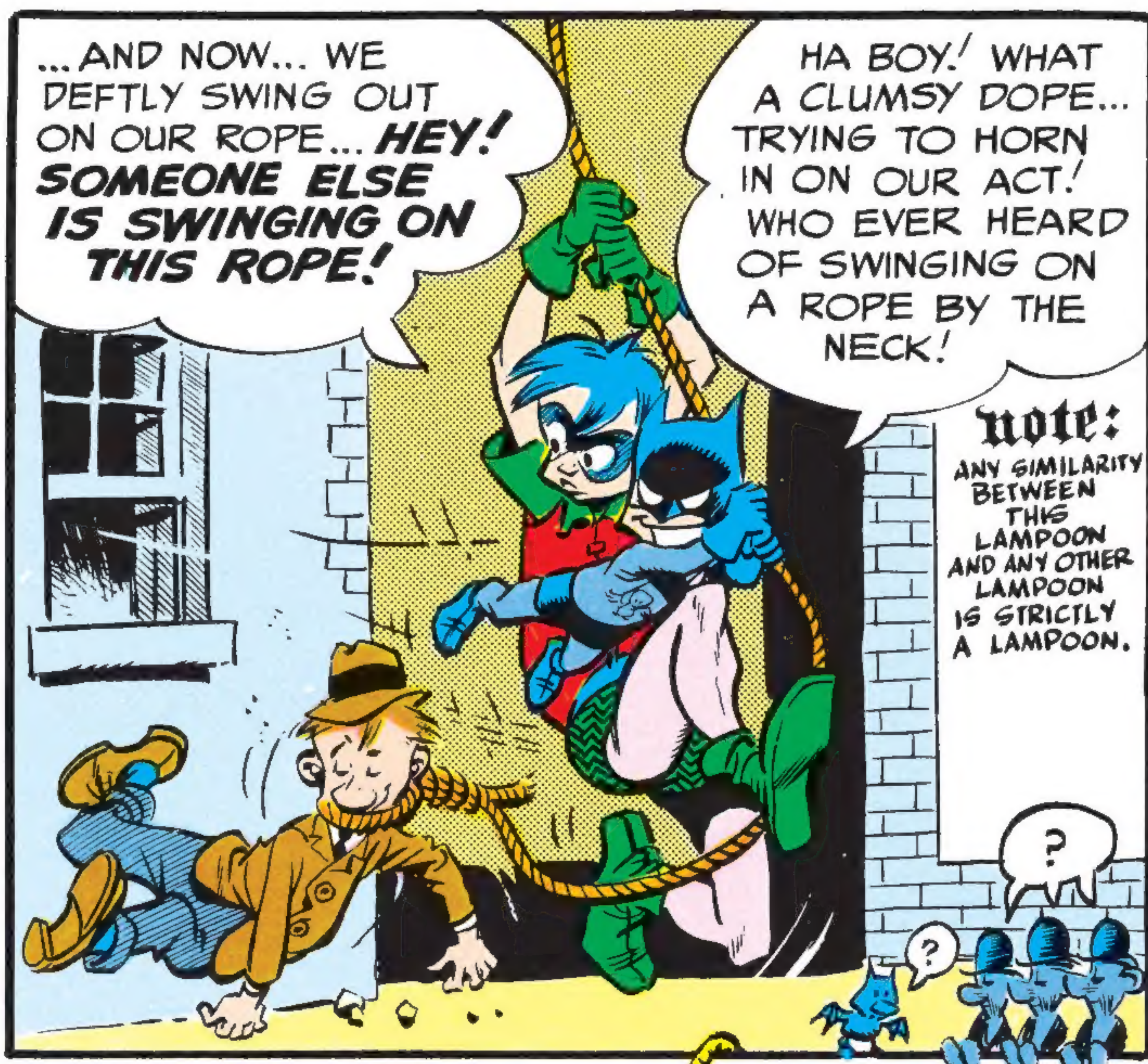








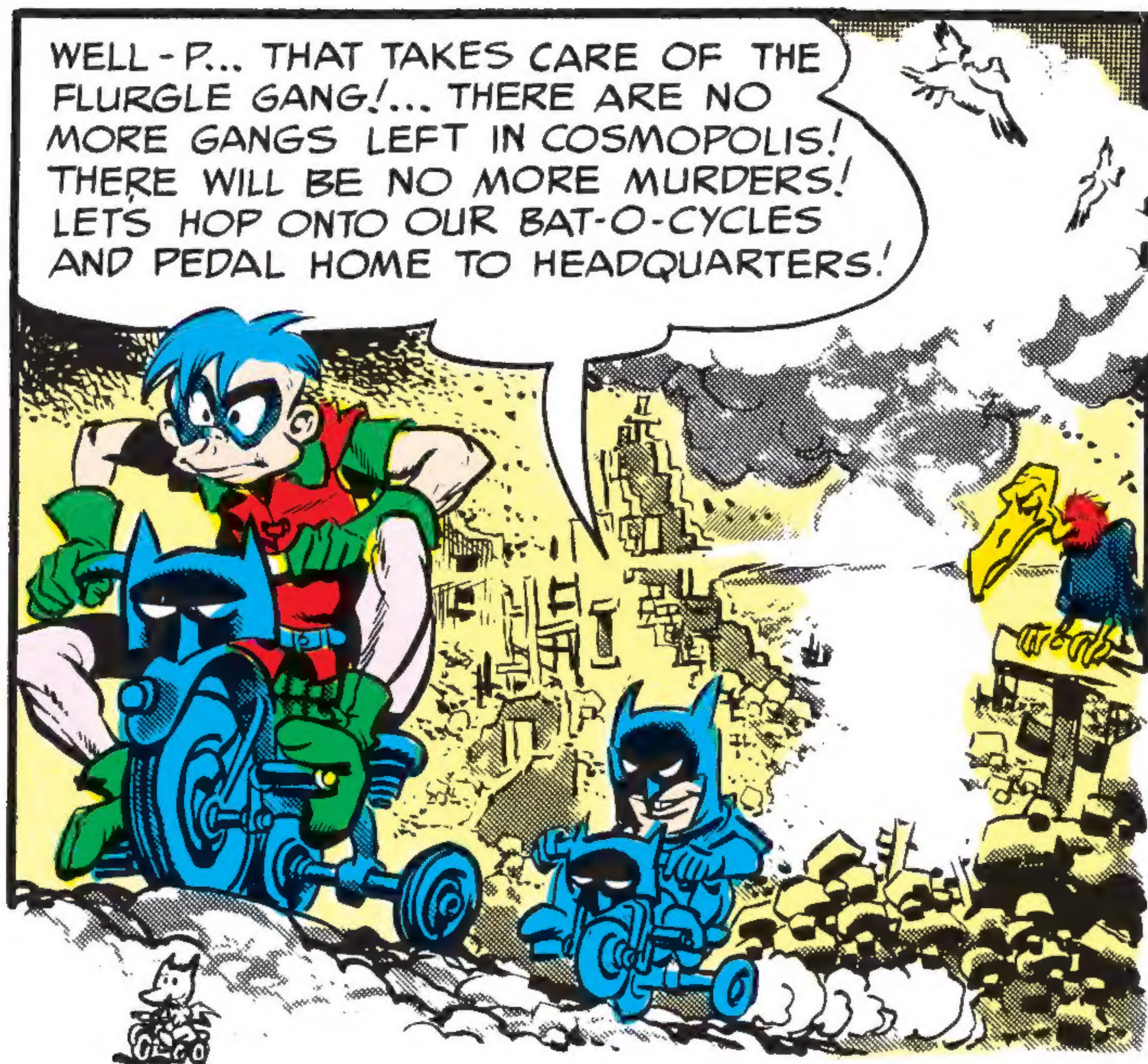




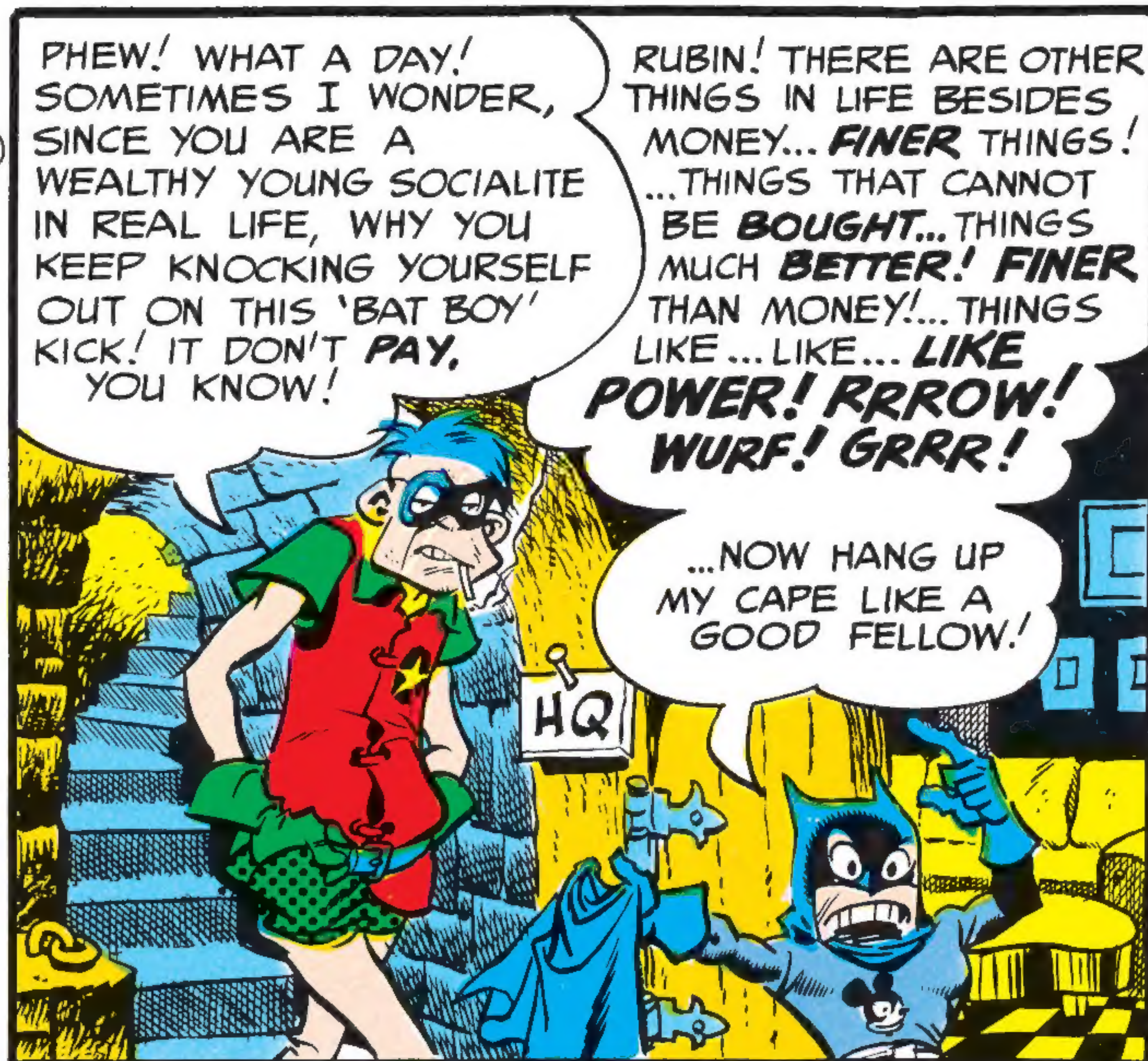








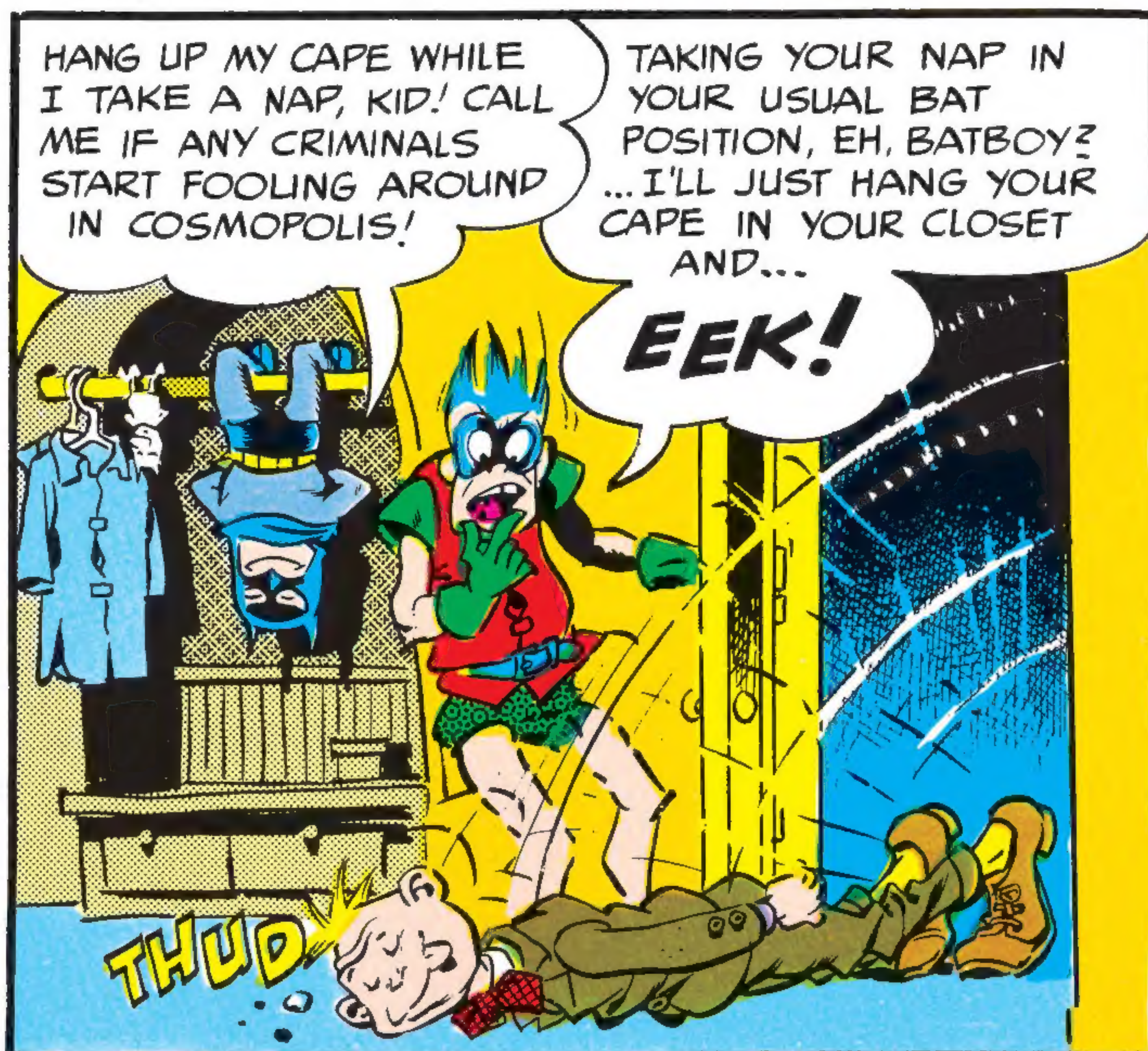
WELL - P... THAT TAKES CARE OF THE FLURGLE GANG!... THERE ARE NO MORE GANGS LEFT IN COSMOPOLIS! THERE WILL BE NO MORE MURDERS! LETS HOP ONTO OUR BAT-O-CYCLES AND PEDAL HOME TO HEADQUARTERS!



PHEW! WHAT A DAY! SOMETIMES I WONDER, SINCE YOU ARE A WEALTHY YOUNG SOCIALITE IN REAL LIFE, WHY YOU KEEP KNOCKING YOURSELF OUT ON THIS 'BAT BOY' KICK! IT DON'T PAY, YOU KNOW!

RUBIN! THERE ARE OTHER THINGS IN LIFE BESIDES MONEY... **FINER** THINGS! ...THINGS THAT CANNOT BE **BOUGHT**... THINGS MUCH **BETTER!** **FINER** THAN MONEY!... THINGS LIKE ... LIKE... **LIKE POWER! RRROW! WURF! GRRR!**

...NOW HANG UP MY CAPE LIKE A GOOD FELLOW!

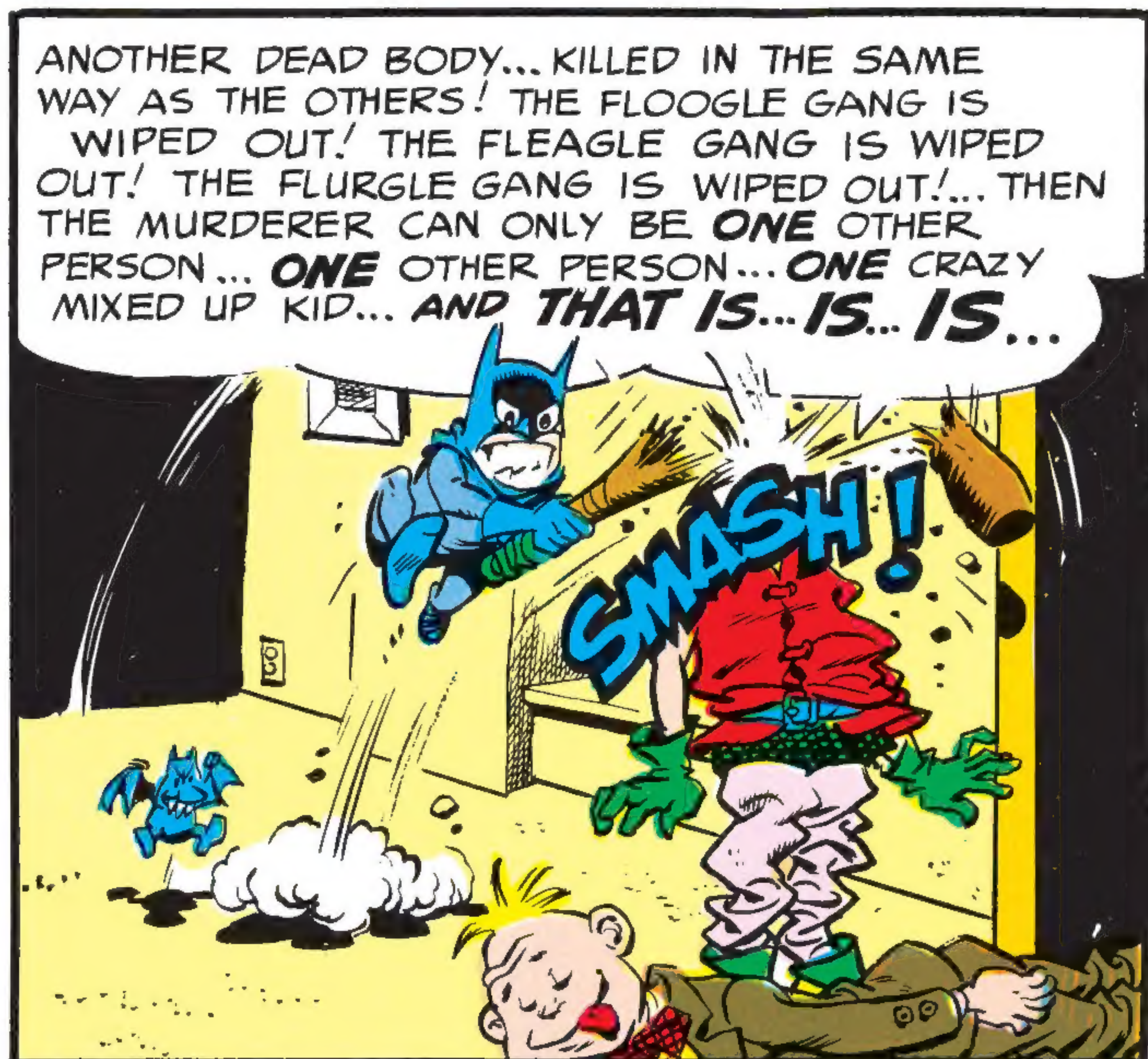


HANG UP MY CAPE WHILE I TAKE A NAP, KID! CALL ME IF ANY CRIMINALS START FOOLING AROUND IN COSMOPOLIS!

TAKING YOUR NAP IN YOUR USUAL BAT POSITION, EH, BATBOY? ...I'LL JUST HANG YOUR CAPE IN YOUR CLOSET AND...

**E EK!**

**THUD**



ANOTHER DEAD BODY... KILLED IN THE SAME WAY AS THE OTHERS! THE FLOOGLE GANG IS WIPED OUT! THE FLEAGLE GANG IS WIPED OUT! THE FLURGLE GANG IS WIPED OUT!... THEN THE MURDERER CAN ONLY BE **ONE** OTHER PERSON... **ONE** OTHER PERSON... **ONE** CRAZY MIXED UP KID... **AND THAT IS... IS... IS...**

**SMASH!**

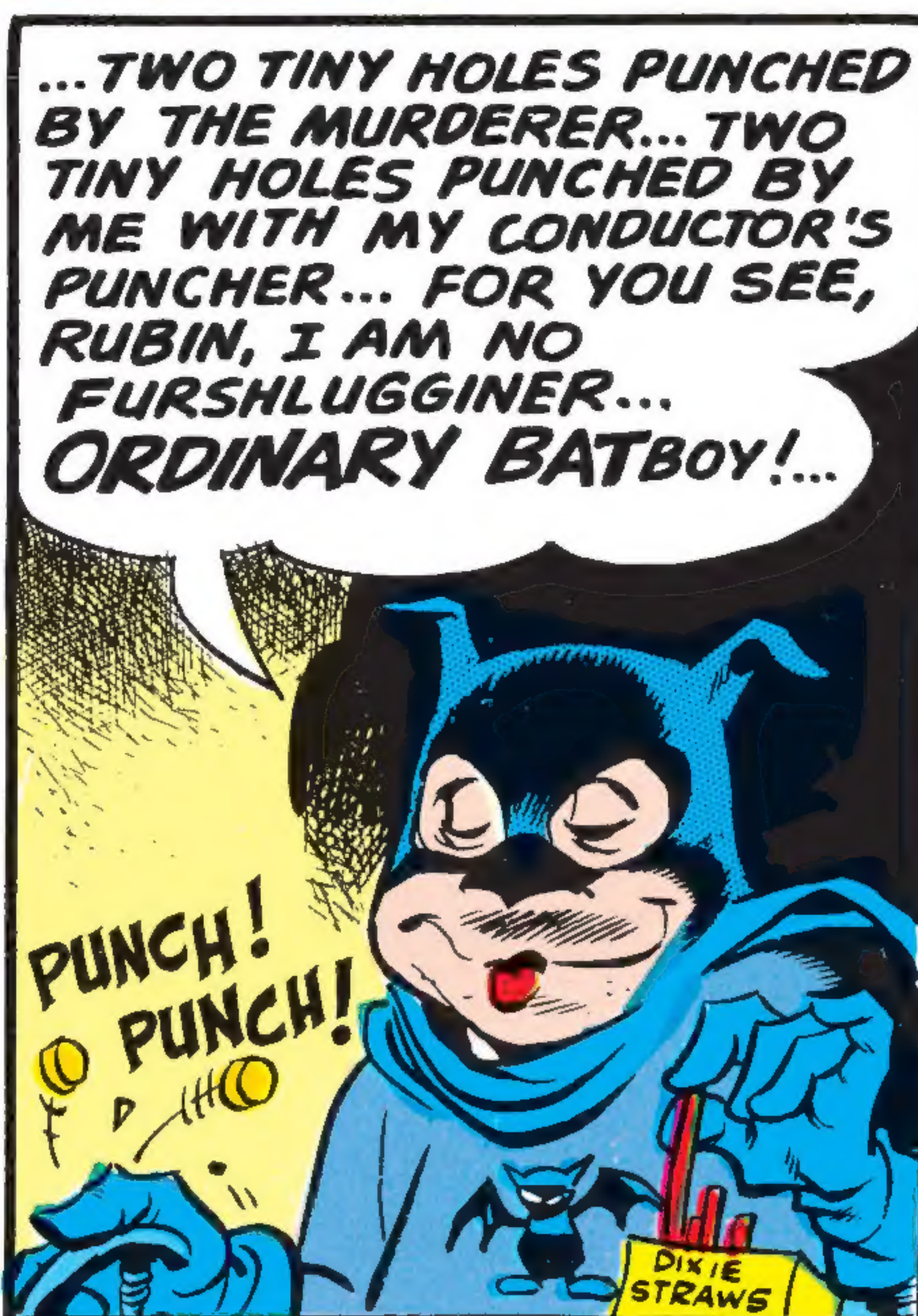


YES, RUBIN! THE VICTIM IS KILLED IN THE SAME WAY!... **TWO TINY HOLES ON THE VICTIM'S BODY... TWO TINY HOLES IN THE VEIN OF THE VICTIM'S BIG TOE...**

PFUI

UGH

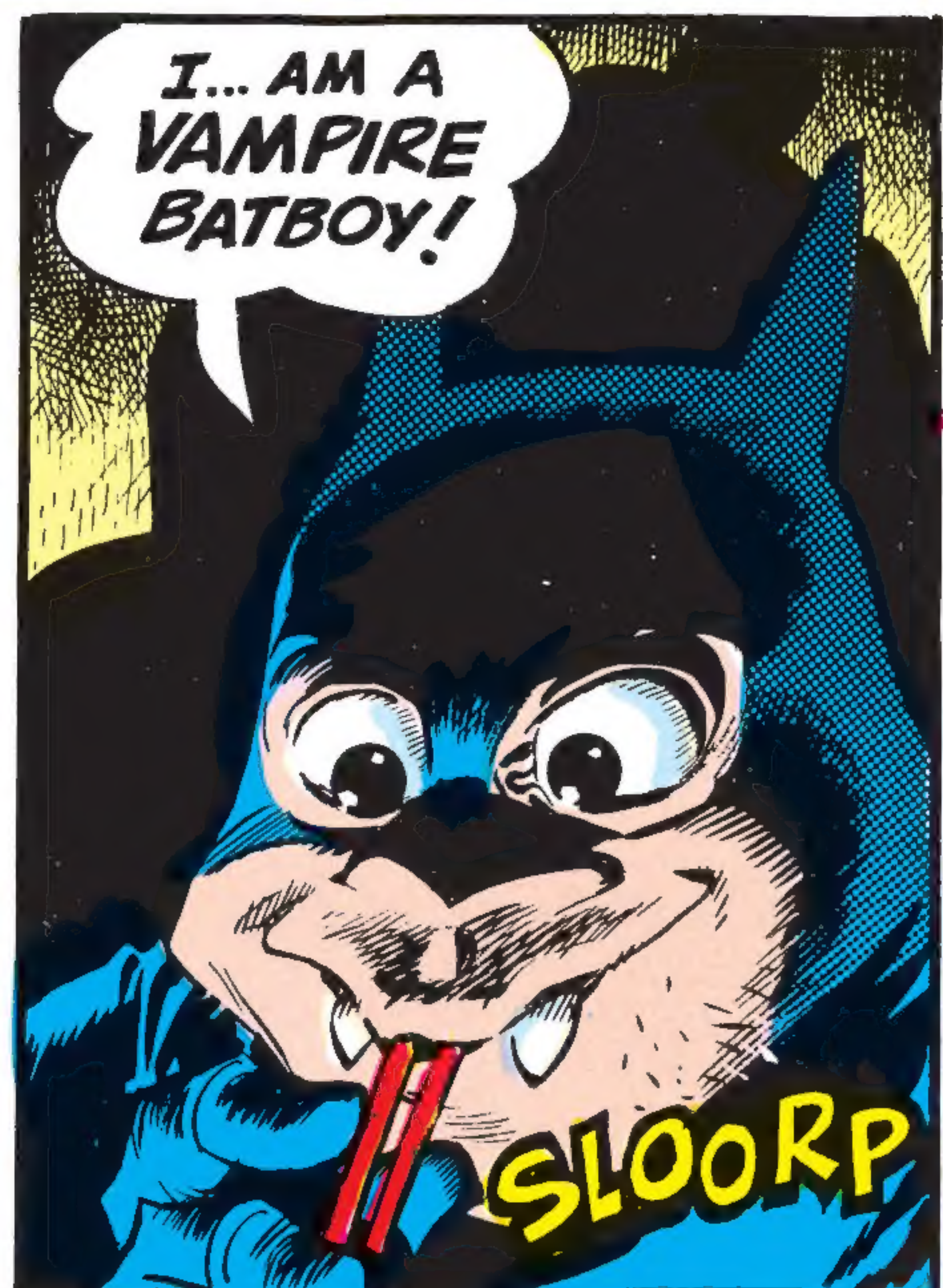
GAG:



...**TWO TINY HOLES PUNCHED BY THE MURDERER... TWO TINY HOLES PUNCHED BY ME WITH MY CONDUCTOR'S PUNCHER... FOR YOU SEE, RUBIN, I AM NO FURSHLUGGINER... ORDINARY BATBOY!...**

**PUNCH! PUNCH!**

DIXIE STRAWS



**I... AM A VAMPIRE BATBOY!**

**SLOORP**

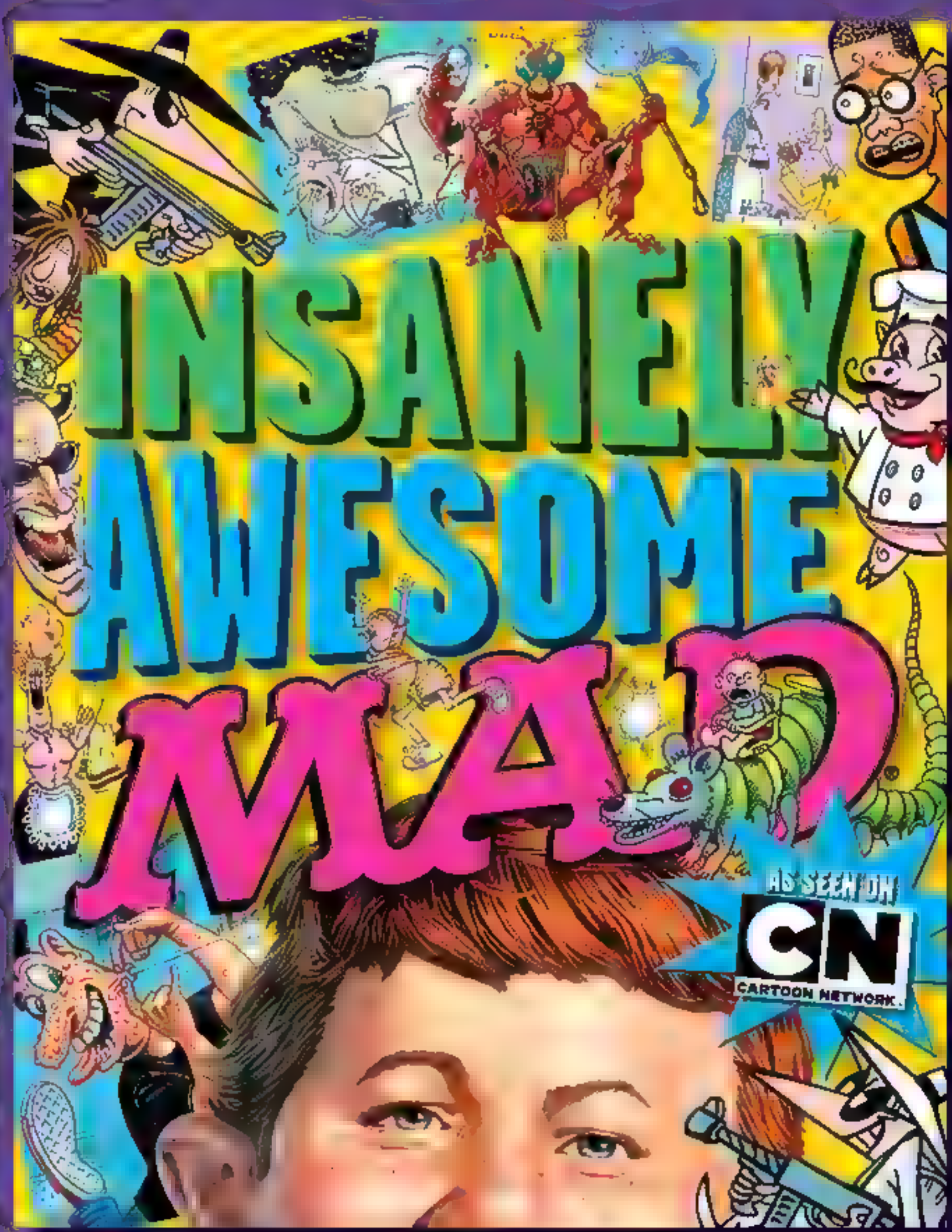
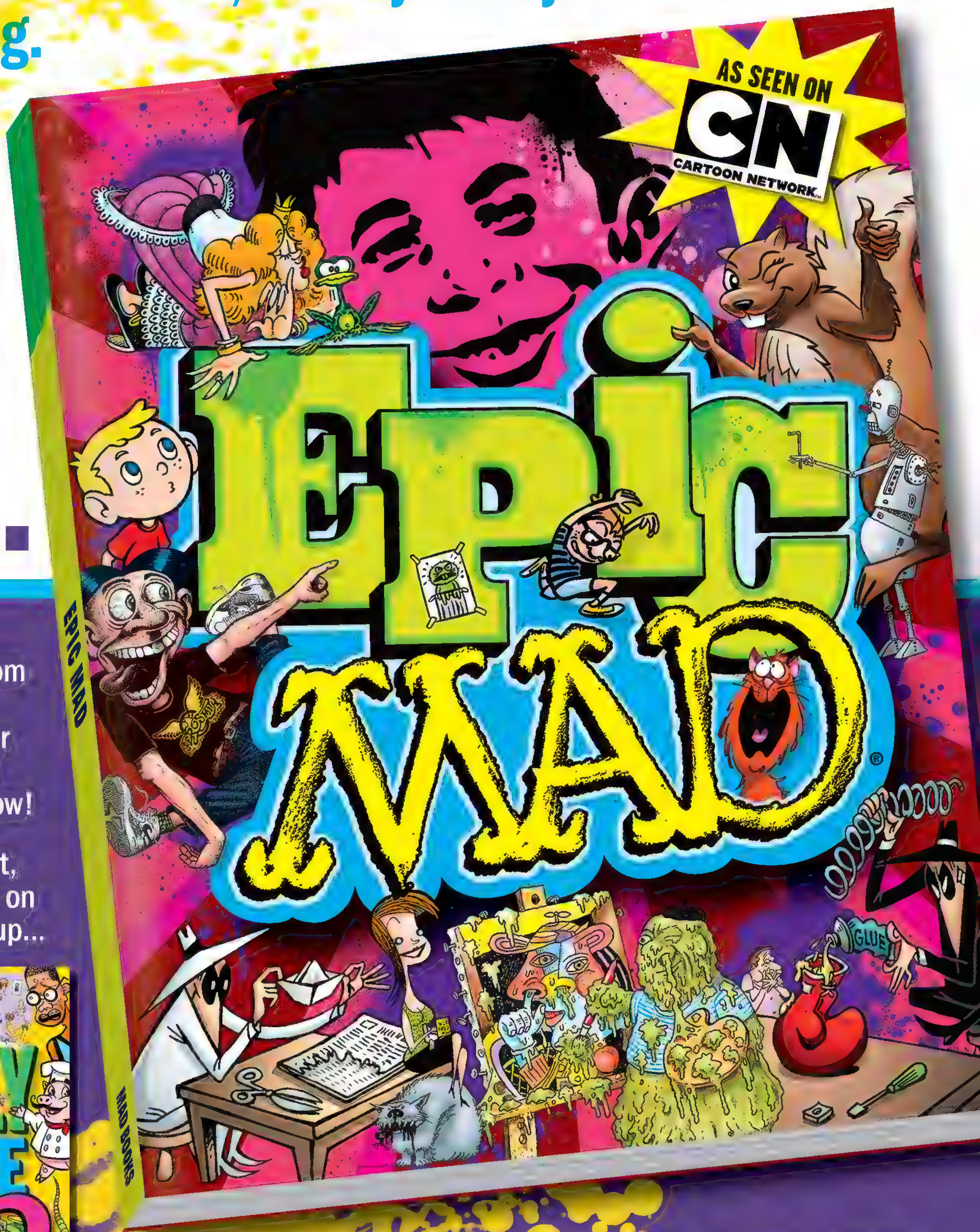


Every Once in a While, a Truly Funny Book Comes Along.

UNTIL  
THAT  
TIME,  
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Odd, stupid and ridiculous articles from the pages of **MAD**. Specially collected for fans of **MAD**, the hit Cartoon Network show!

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BOOKS ARE SOLD!

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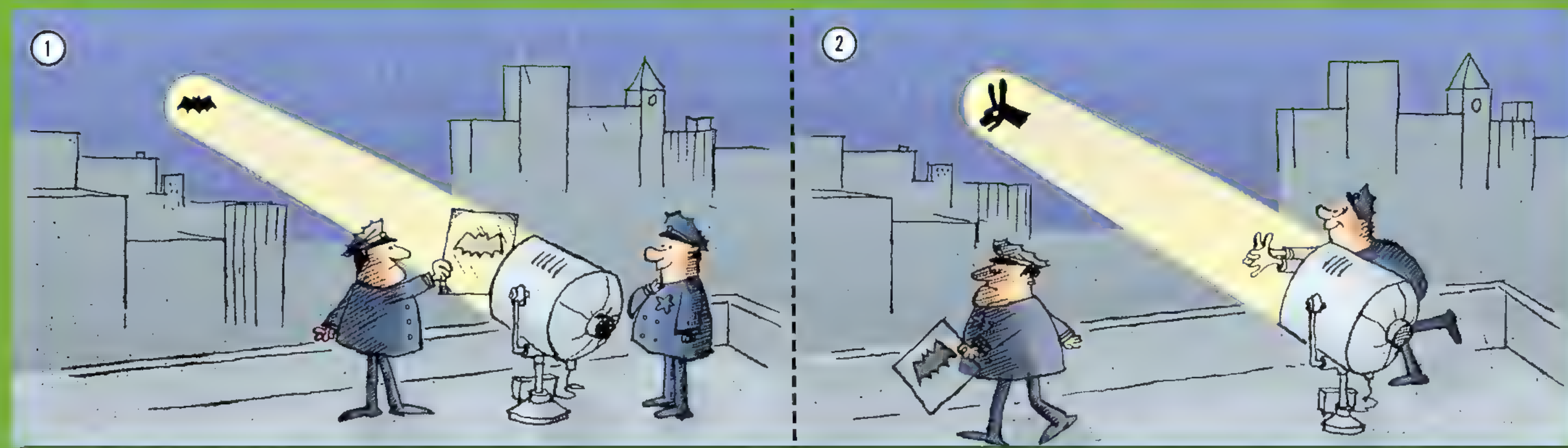
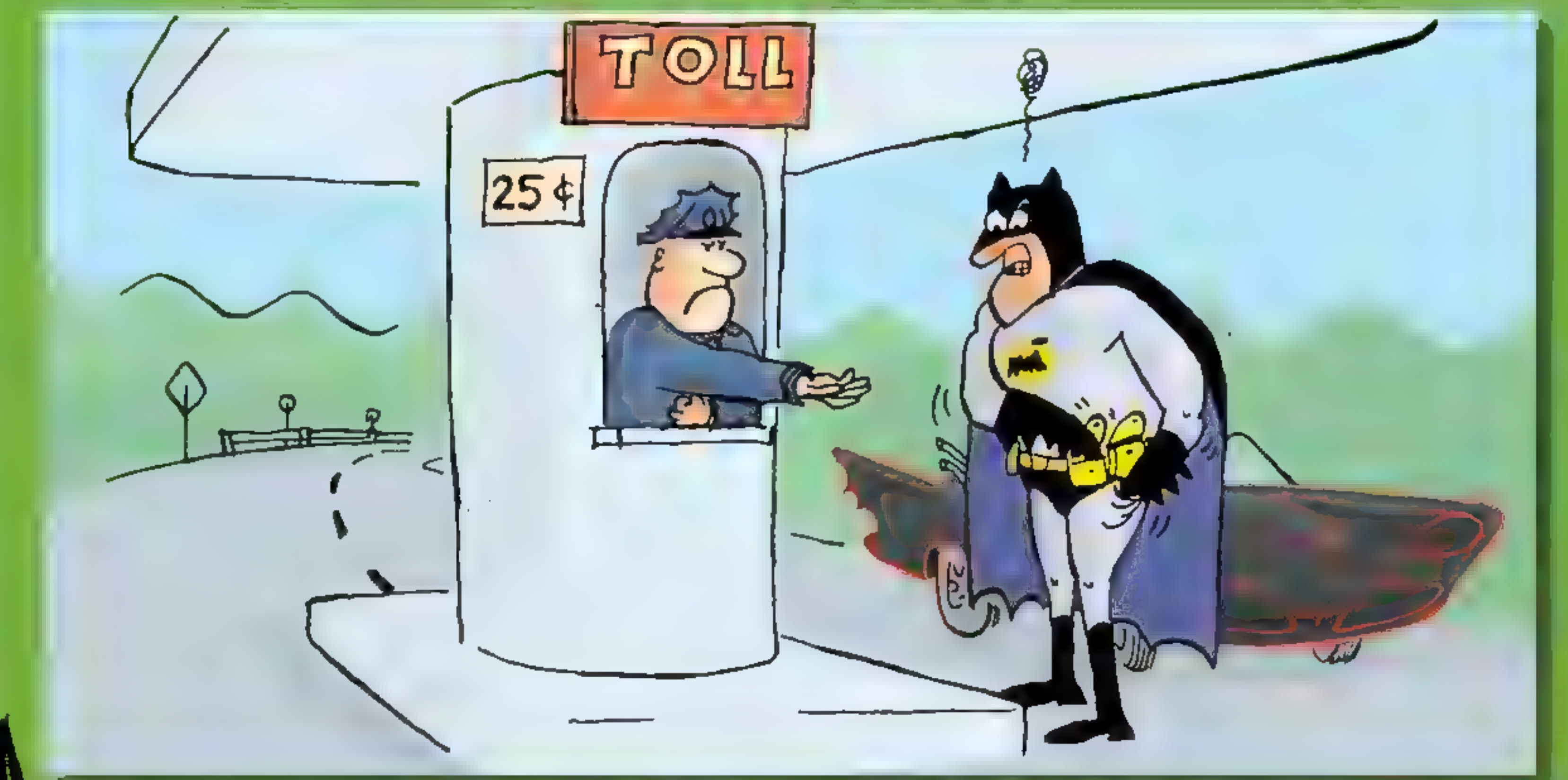
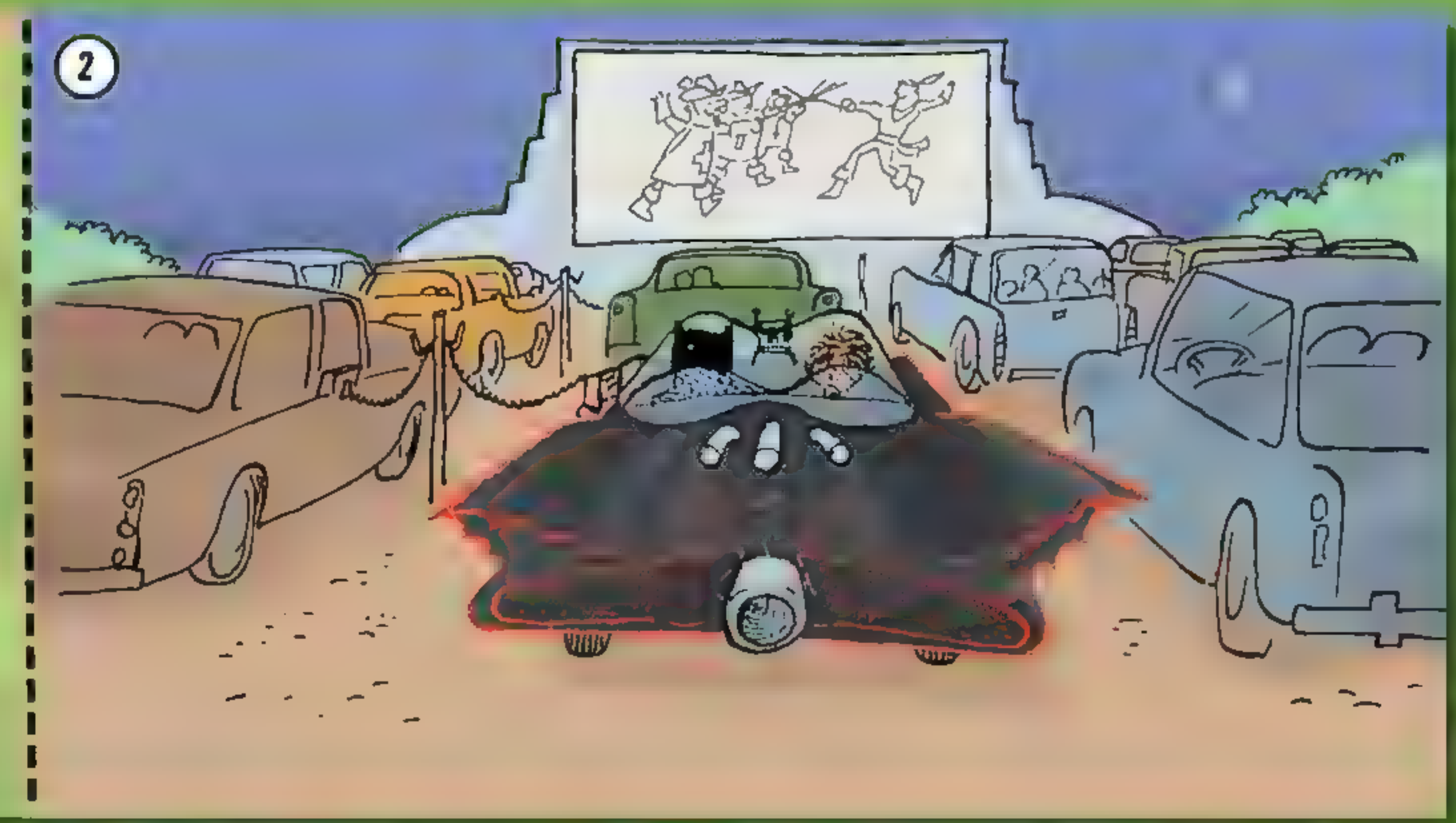
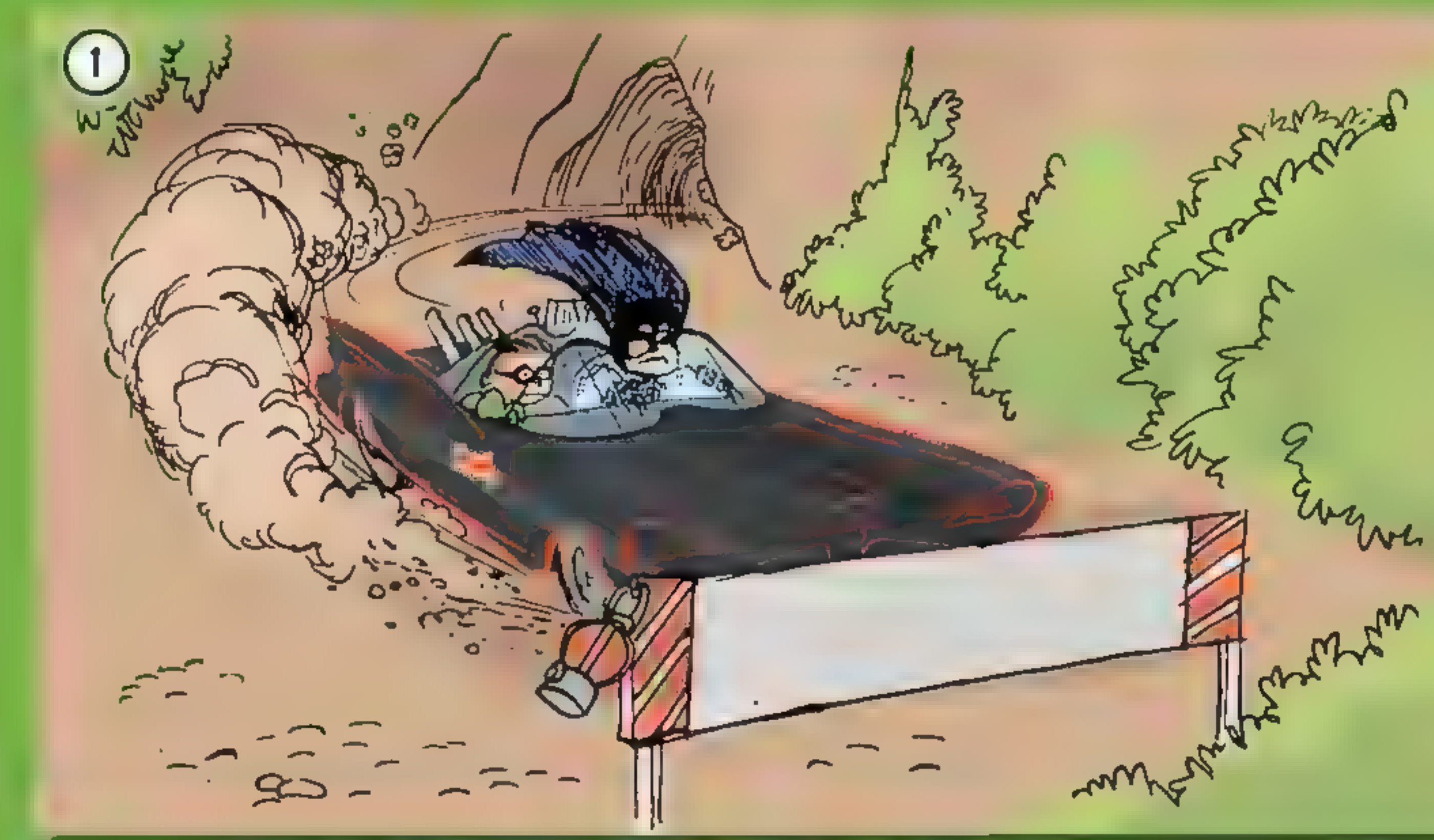
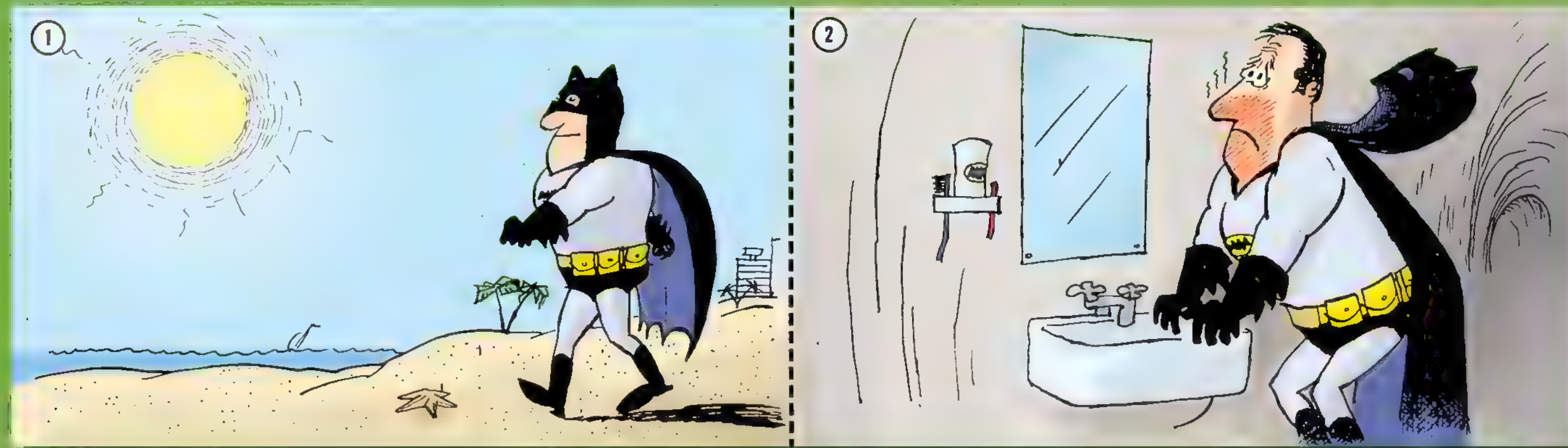
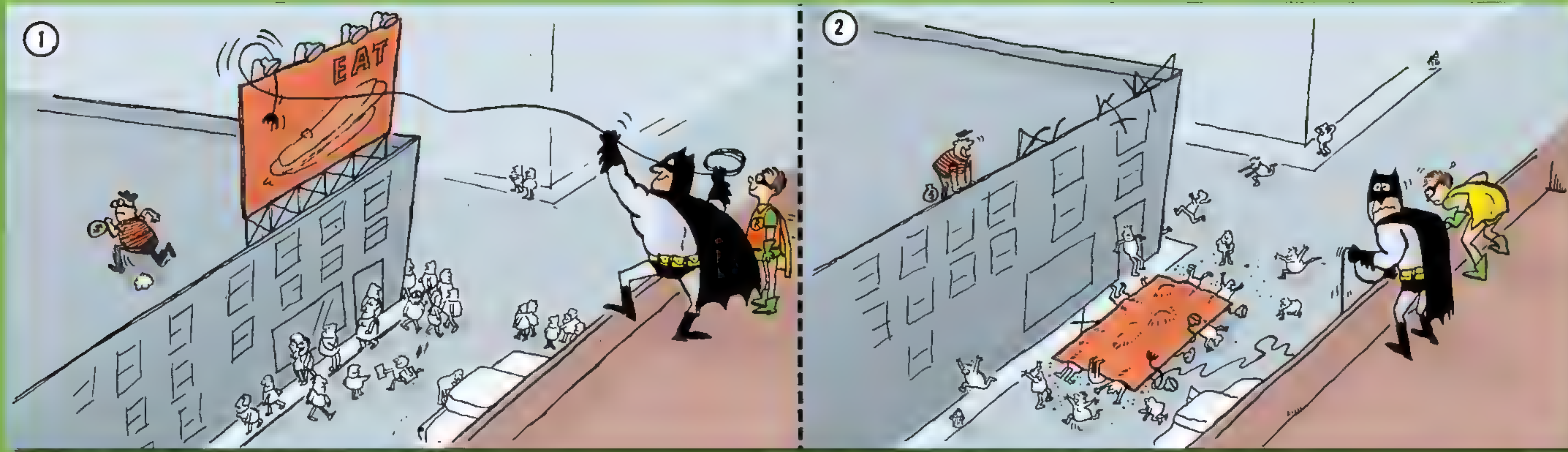


# A MAD LOOK AT BATMAN



WRITER AND ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONÉS

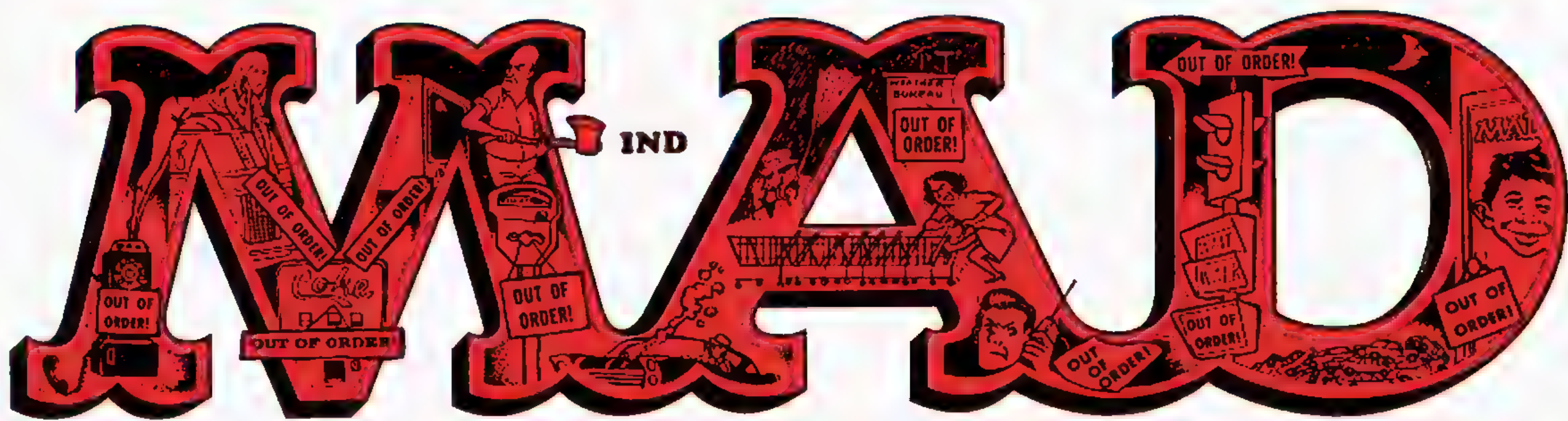
COLORIST: CARL PETERSON





SPECIAL SUMMER "CAMP" ISSUE

No.  
105  
Sept.  
'66



OUR PRICE  
**30<sup>c</sup>**  
CHEAP



Norman Minge



Everybody's going wild over that new TV show featuring "The Caped Crusader" and his teenage side-kick. But has anyone ever wondered what it would really be like as the side-kick of a "Caped Crusader"? Would a typical red-blooded teenage boy really be happy dressing in some far-out costume and spending all of his free time chasing crooks? Or would he much prefer dressing in chinos and go-go boots and spending all of his free time chasing chicks? We at MAD think the latter! In fact, we're ready to prove it! Let's take a MAD look at "Boy Wonderful" as he is slowly being driven

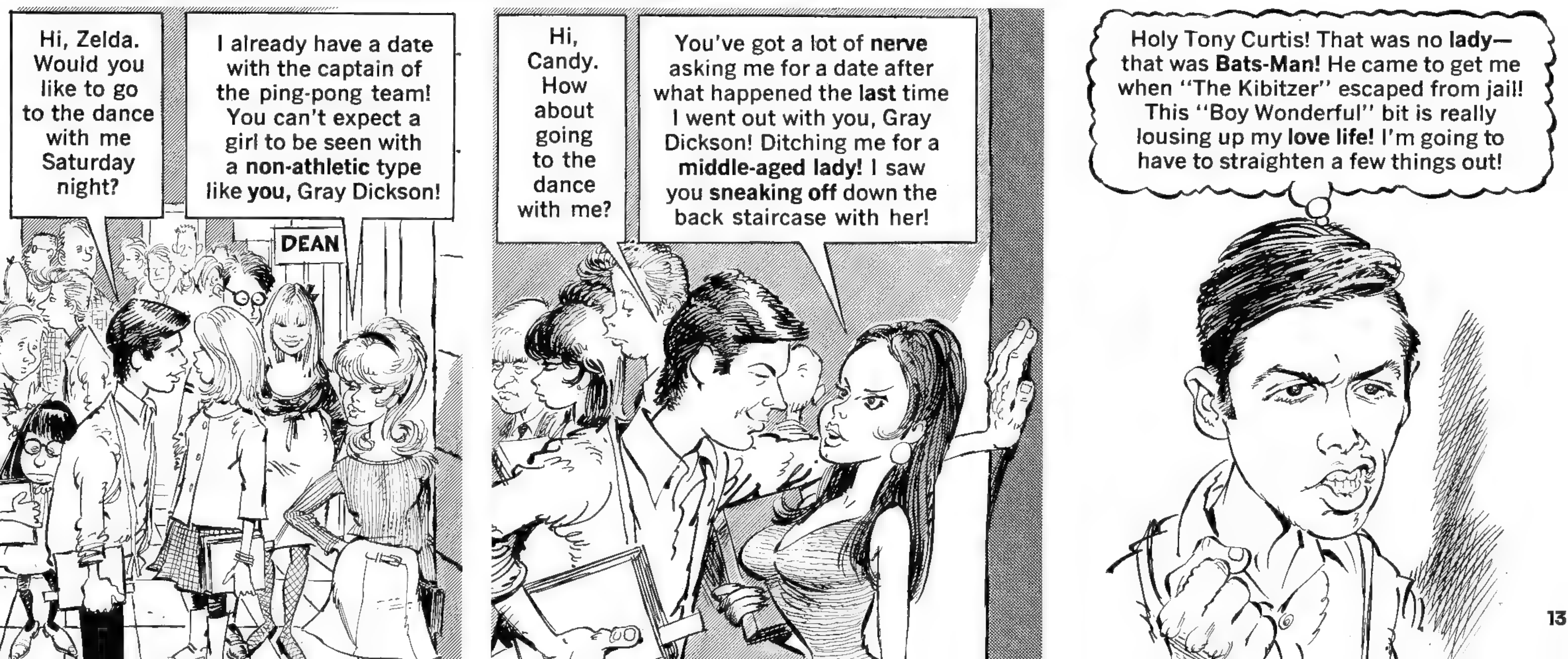
# BATS-MAN

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

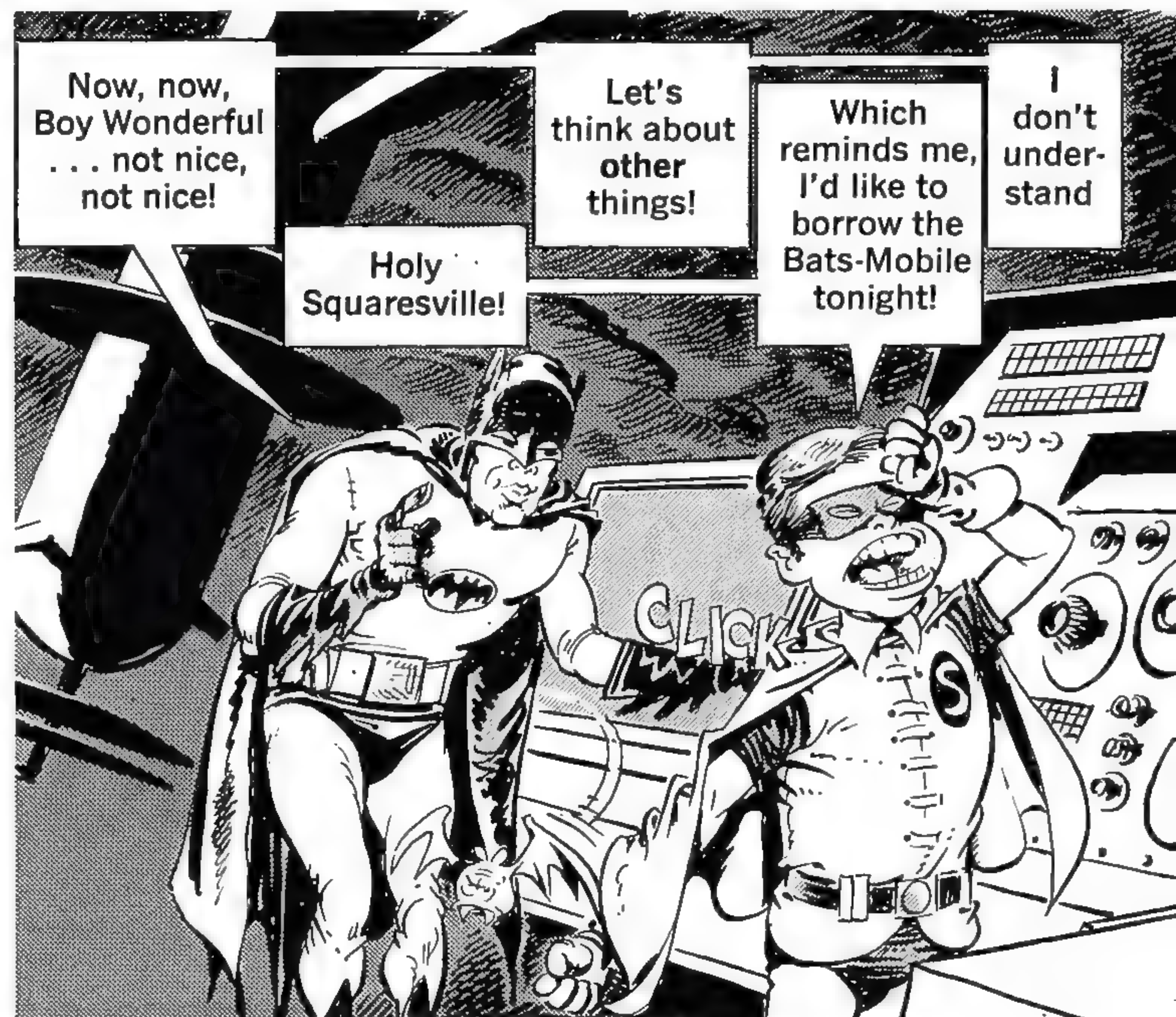
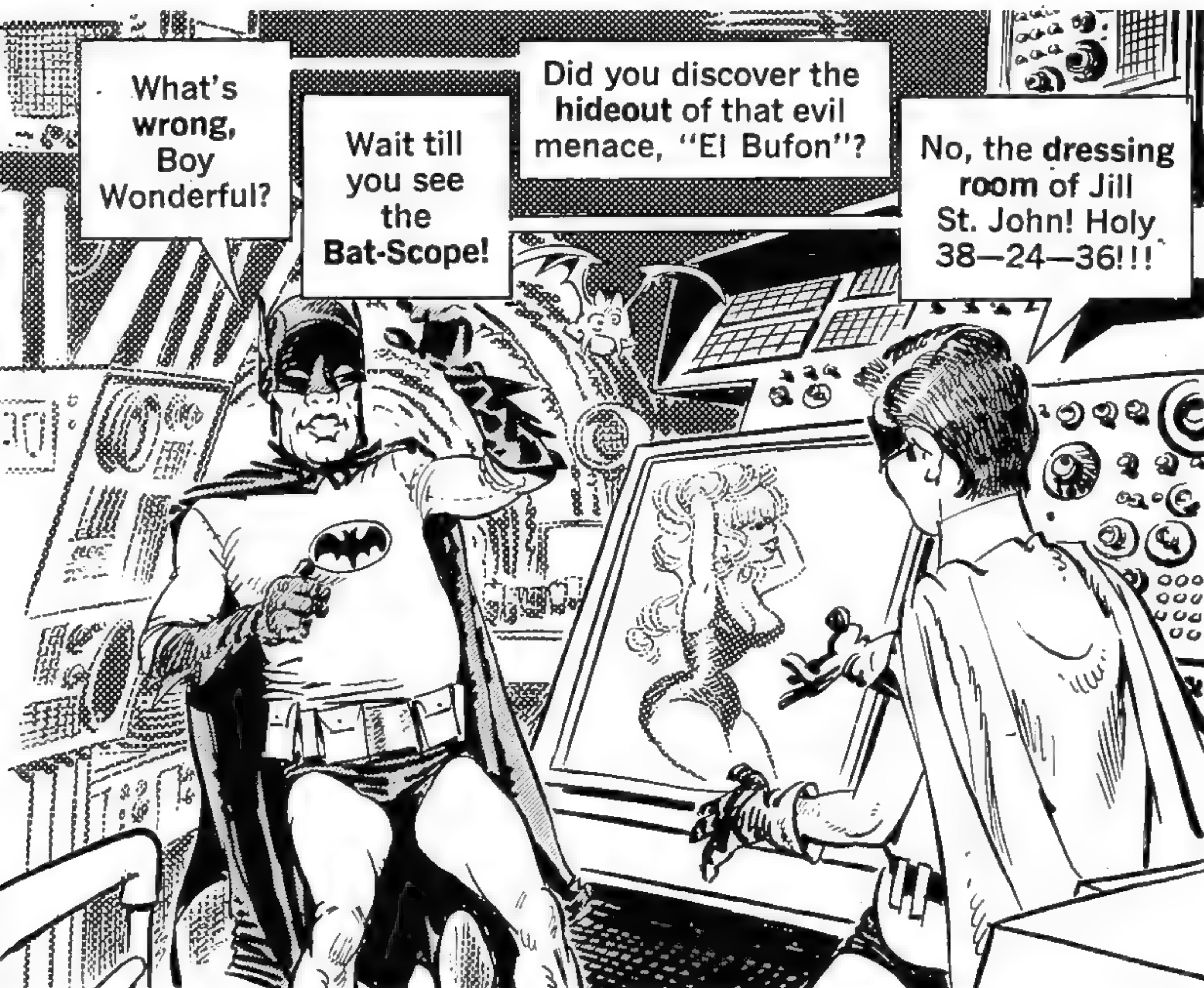
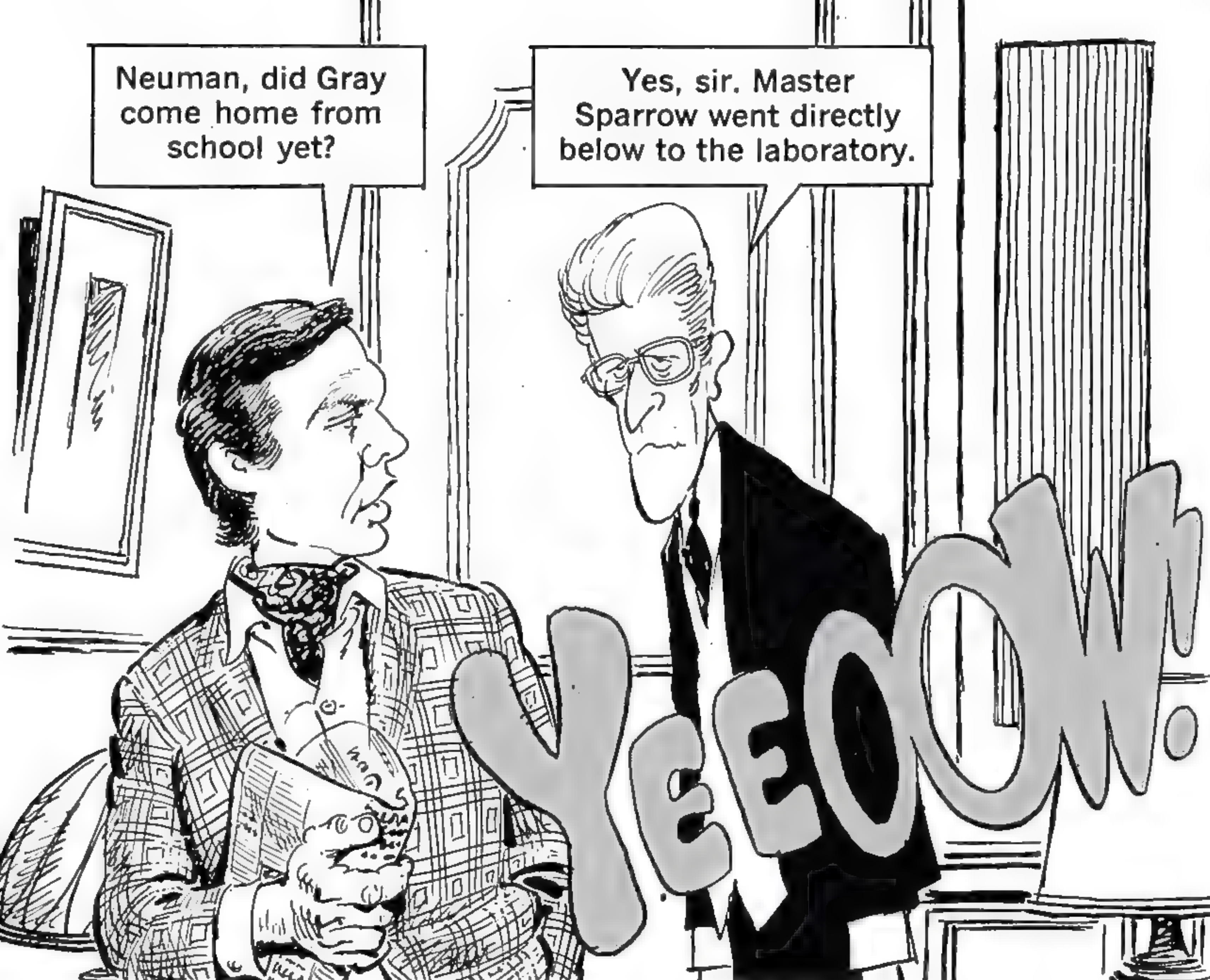
WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE



Meanwhile, at Franklin D. Wilson High School...









Holy Don Ameche!  
Some phone! A  
direct wire to  
the Commissioner's  
office!

It just happens that the Commissioner is  
a very witty conversationalist! And not  
only that . . . wait! The Bats-Phone! Hello,  
Bats-Man here! Oh, Commissioner, we were  
just talking about you! No! Really? Okay!



It was the Commissioner! He's bored out  
of his mind! He said we've been on the air  
15 minutes and we haven't had one fight,  
seen one weird villain, or scaled one wall!  
Better get the Bats-Mobile ready!

But what  
about  
my date  
tonight?



What's wrong with you kids today? Your date  
will have to wait until evil and injustice have  
been erased from Gotham City! And after that,  
we've got problems in Asia! If you really feel  
the need for feminine companionship, there's  
always Aunt Hattie!



Man, that Bat bugs me! I ask for one lousy  
night off and he gives me the whole darn  
Pollyanna schtick! Okay, baby, you asked  
for it! There's only one cat sharp enough  
to knock you off, Bats-Man, and that's me!



**Leapin' Lizards!**  
**It's Sparrow**  
**Versus Bats-Man!**

This bomb  
attached to the  
ignition will  
fix his wagon!

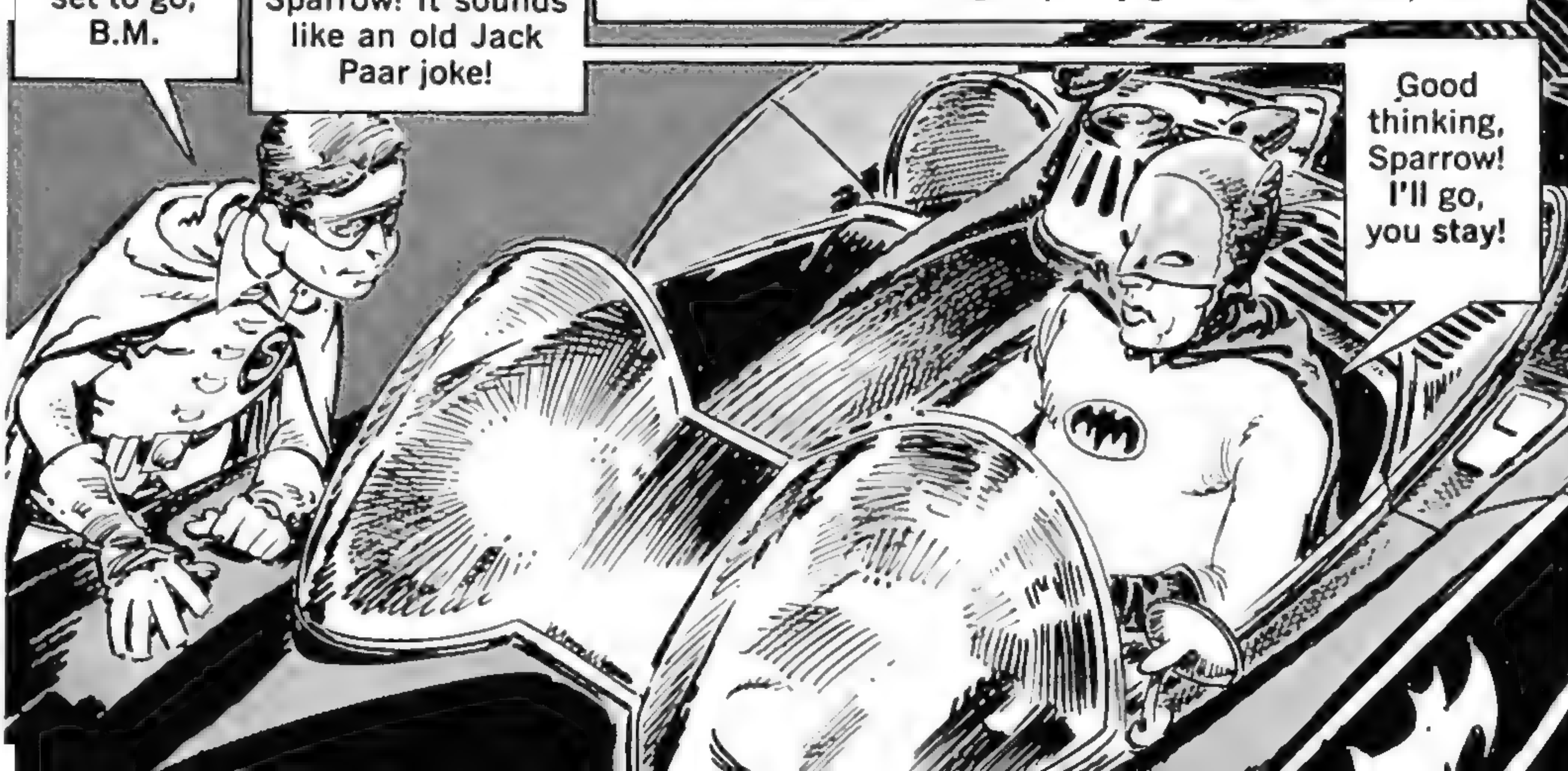


The  
Bats-Mobile  
is all  
set to go,  
B.M.

I wish you wouldn't  
call me that,  
Sparrow! It sounds  
like an old Jack  
Paar joke!

I've been thinking . . . you know how kidnap-prone Aunt  
Hattie is! Well, wouldn't it be wise if one of us stayed  
here to protect her while the other zooms into town in  
the Bats-Mobile, waving at pretty girls on the road, and—

Good  
thinking,  
Sparrow!  
I'll go,  
you stay!



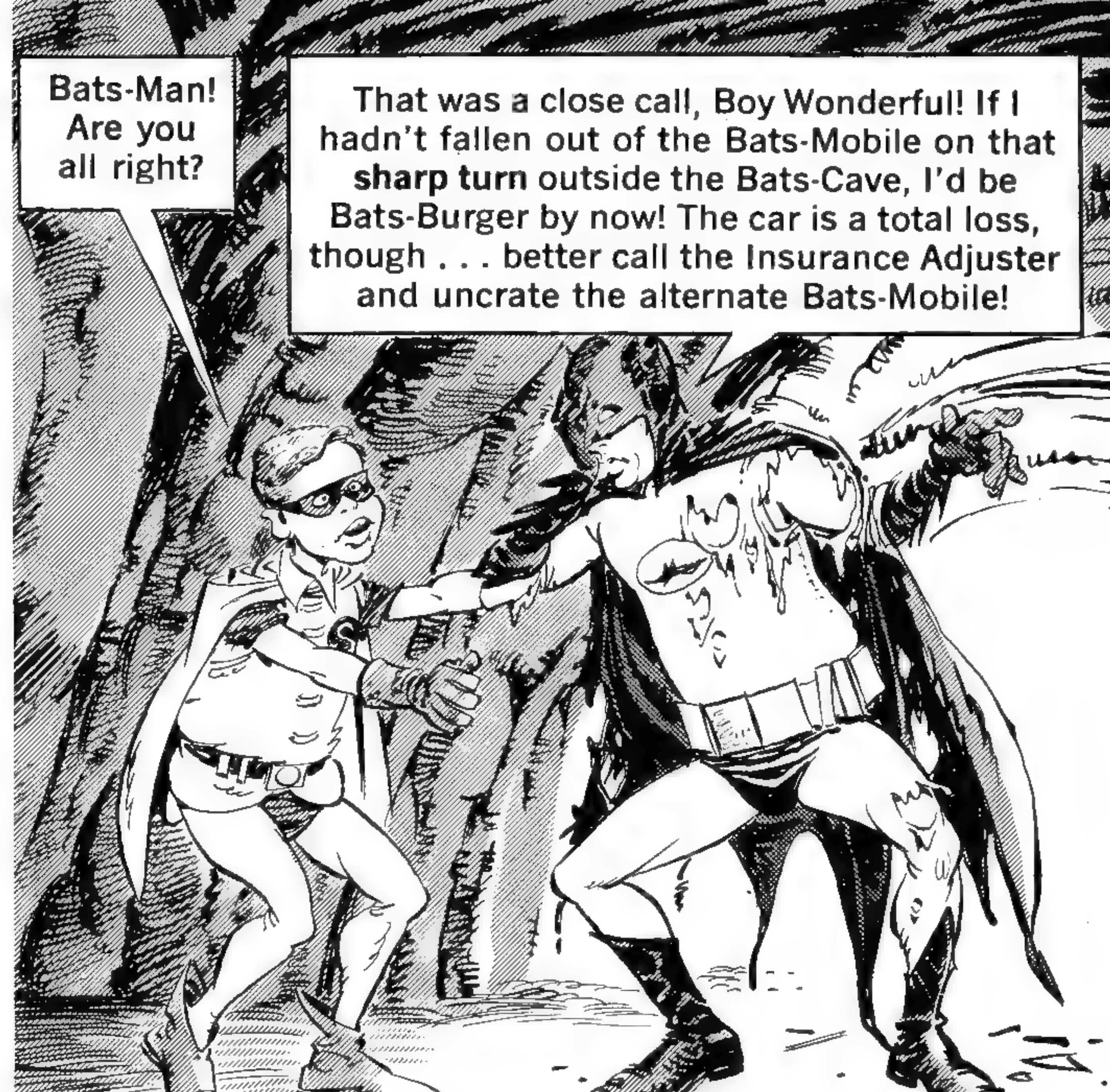
That's better. At least now I  
look like a normal teenager!  
And in a few minutes . . .







**Holy Mushroom  
Cloud! Can  
That Be The End  
Of Bats-Man?!**



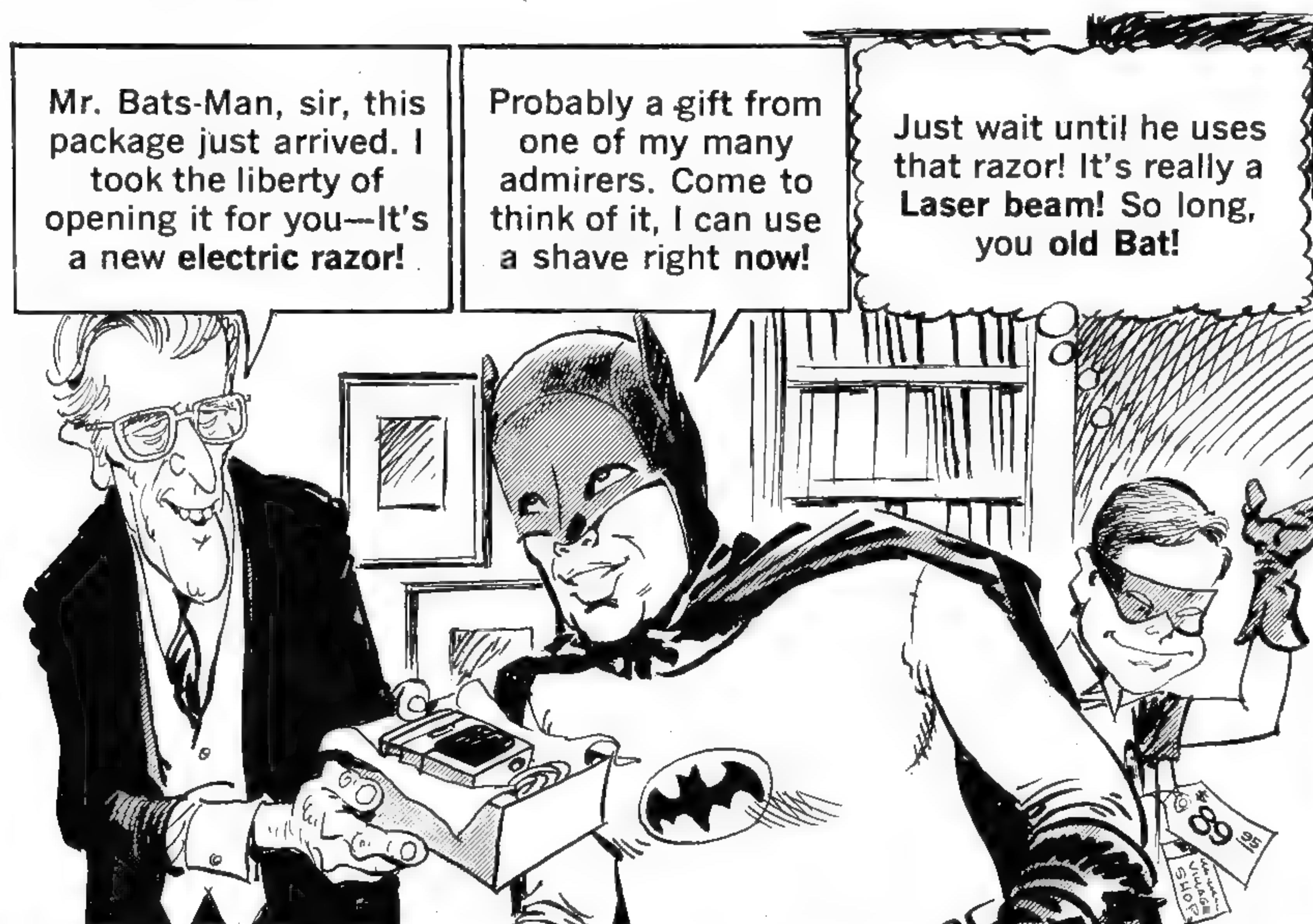
Bats-Man!  
Are you  
all right?

That was a close call, Boy Wonderful! If I hadn't fallen out of the Bats-Mobile on that sharp turn outside the Bats-Cave, I'd be Bats-Burger by now! The car is a total loss, though . . . better call the Insurance Adjuster and uncrate the alternate Bats-Mobile!

Hmmm . . . getting this Bat off my back is going to be tougher than I figured. But my next idea won't fail!



**Holy Socks!  
What  
Bird-Brained  
Scheme  
Is Sparrow  
Hatching Now?**



Mr. Bats-Man, sir, this package just arrived. I took the liberty of opening it for you—it's a new electric razor!

Probably a gift from one of my many admirers. Come to think of it, I can use a shave right now!

Just wait until he uses that razor! It's really a Laser beam! So long, you old Bat!



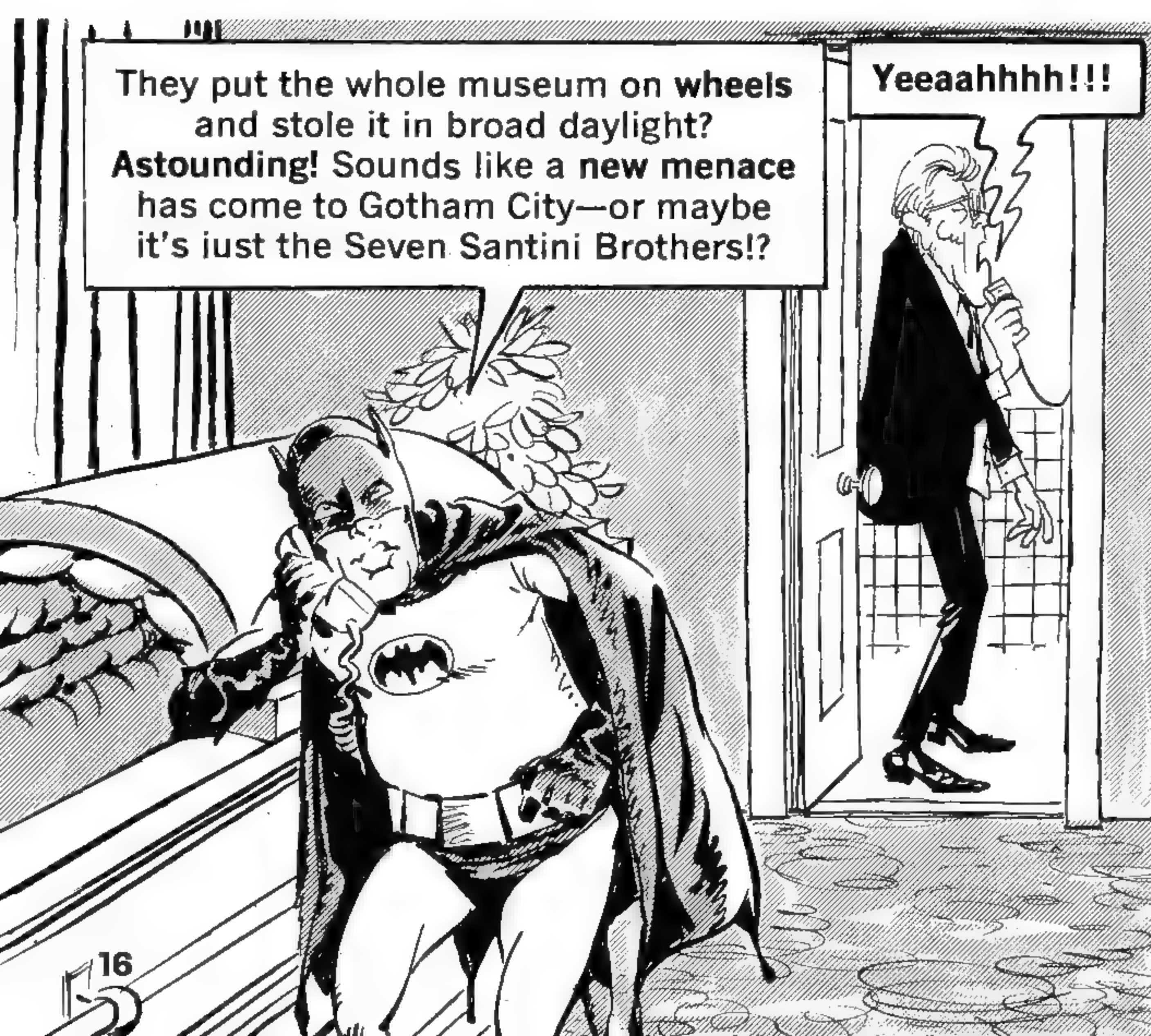
It's the Commissioner, sir. Some diabolical fiend has just robbed the Wessel Foundation Museum . . .

Tell him not to worry—the paintings are all insured for more than they're worth!

Not just the paintings, sir—they stole the whole museum!

What? Give me that phone!

**Suffering Sunbeam! Is This The End For  
Bats-Man, Or Just Another Close Shave?**



They put the whole museum on wheels and stole it in broad daylight? Astounding! Sounds like a new menace has come to Gotham City—or maybe it's just the Seven Santini Brothers!

Yeeeahhhh!!!



Holy Ichabod Crane!

Oh dear, and good domestics are so hard to find, nowadays!

That death ray was meant for me! I'm up against the archest arch-criminal in my career! Warm up the alternate Bats-Mobile!



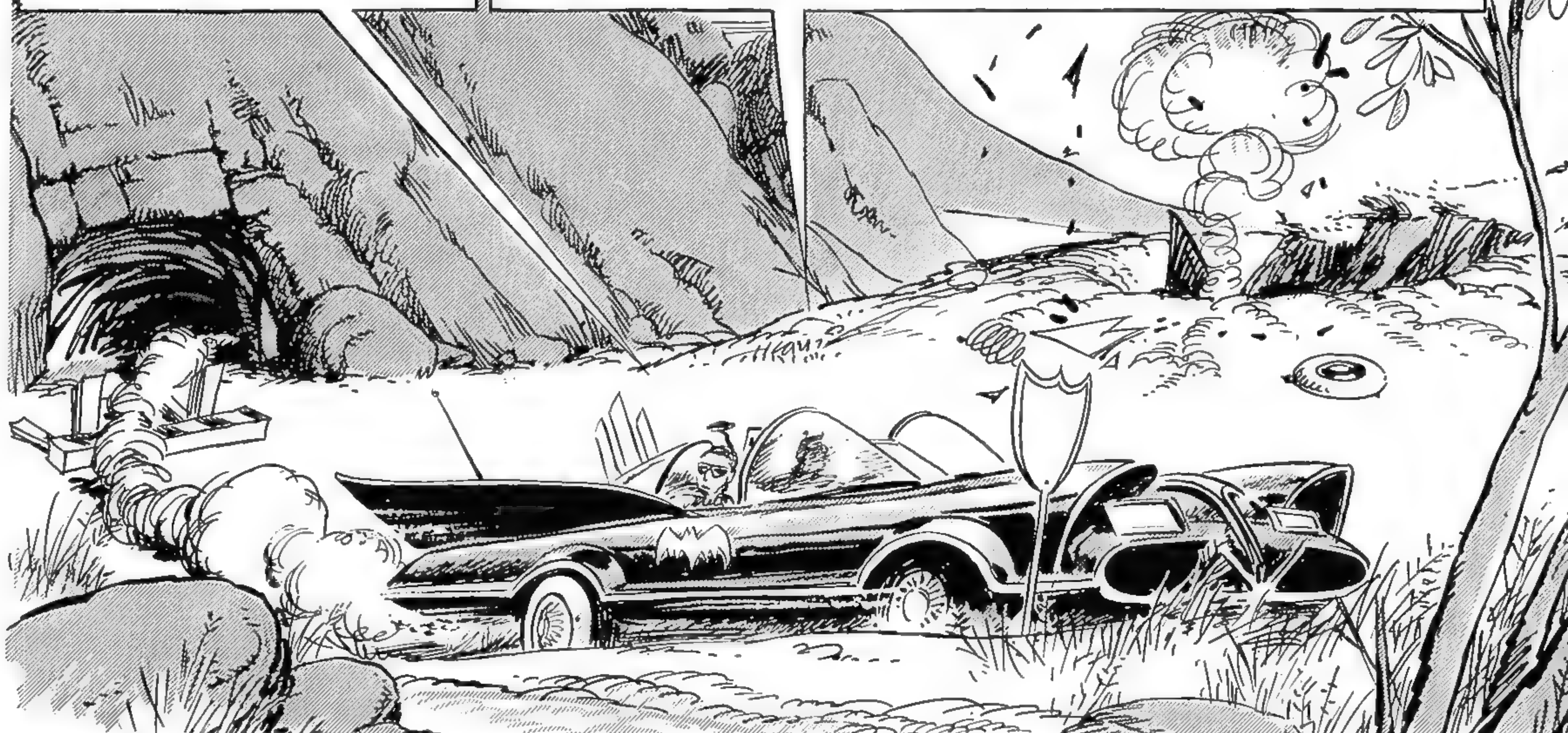
Well, I tried all the conventional TV weapons and nothing worked. There's only one way left to destroy Bats-Man—expose him!



**Holy Perversion, Sparrow! That Would Be Indecent!**

Don't you think we ought to close the cave and put the roadblock back up, Bats-Man?

Don't worry about it, Sparrow. If they really wanted to find out where the Bats-Cave is, all they'd have to do is trace the line from the Bats-Phone in the Commissioner's office. TV writers have no logic at all!



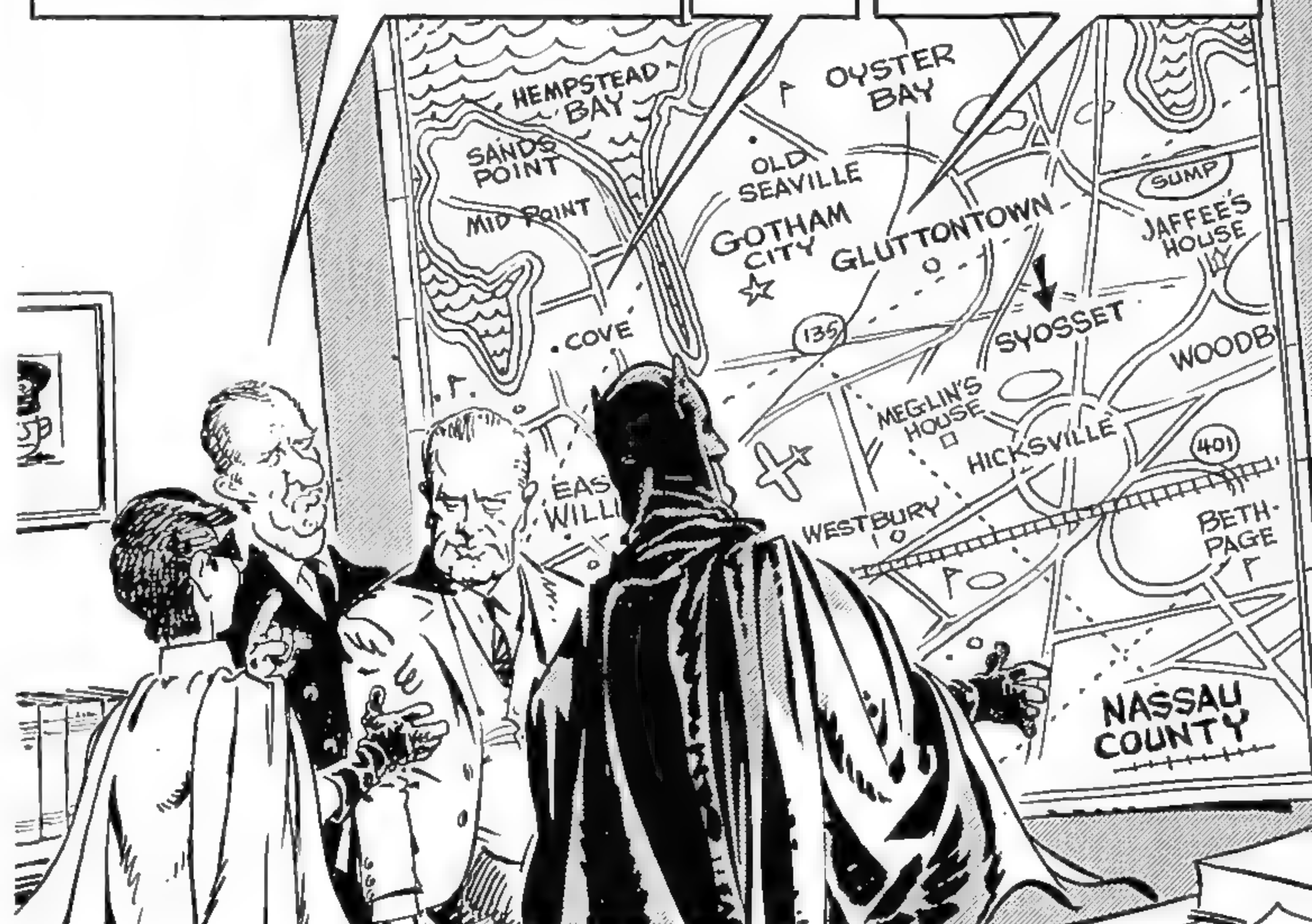
Bats-Man! I just received a call from a fiend who calls himself "El Capon". He said that at midnight tonight he's going to reveal your true identity on TV!

Great Scott! We'll have to forget about the museum robbery! There are thousands of Rembrandts and Da Vincis, but only **ONE** Bats-Man!

If I know my super-crooks, the evil El Capon is holed up in a deserted warehouse at the edge of town!

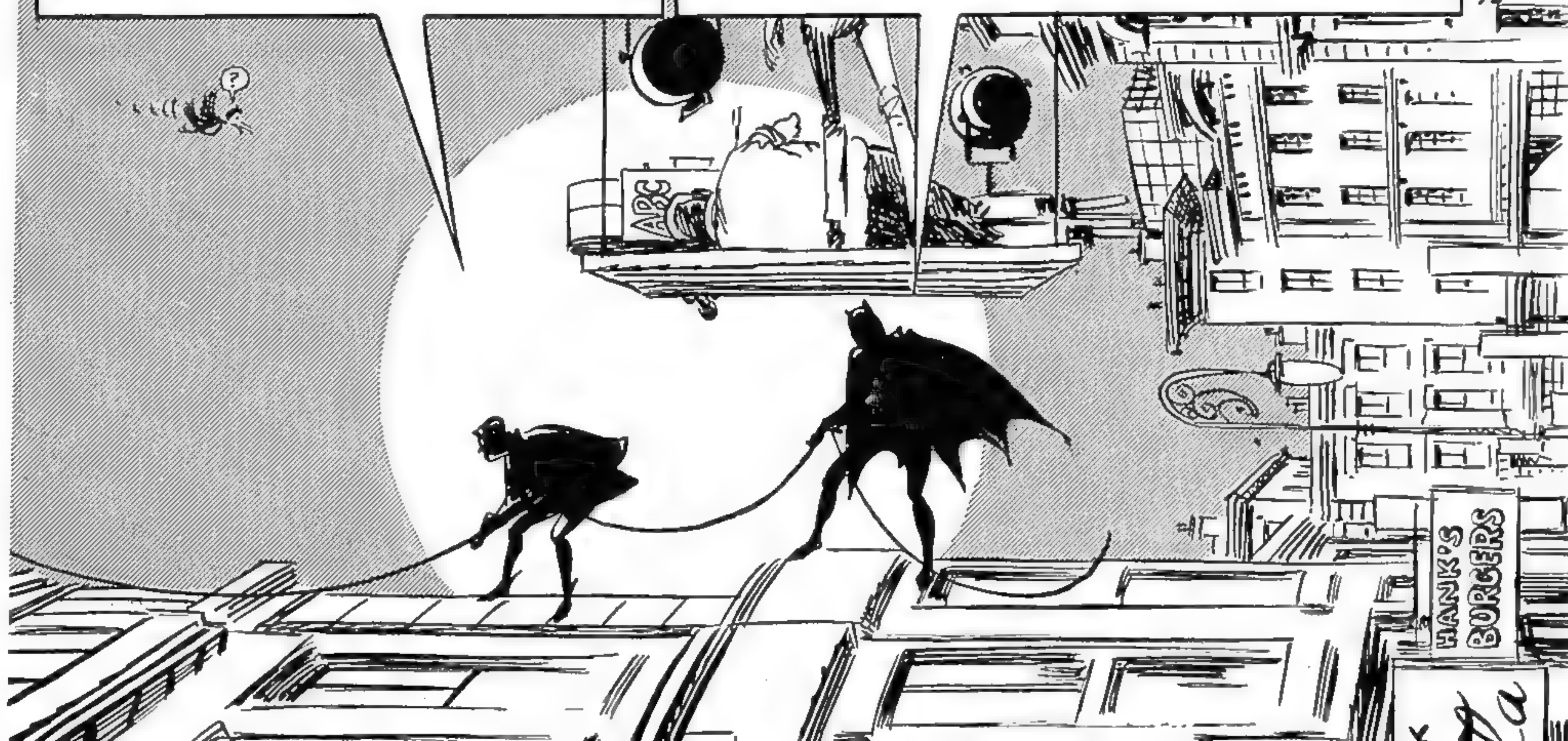
They always are!

Come on, Sparrow. We haven't a moment to lose!!



Listen, Bats-Man . . . let's use Bats-Plan #5 where **you** go through the window and I go through the skylight! Sort of surround El Capon!

Good thinking, Boy Wonderful! In the meantime, let's enjoy the way they shoot this scene holding the camera **sideways** to give the impression that we're climbing a wall!



It's a trap!

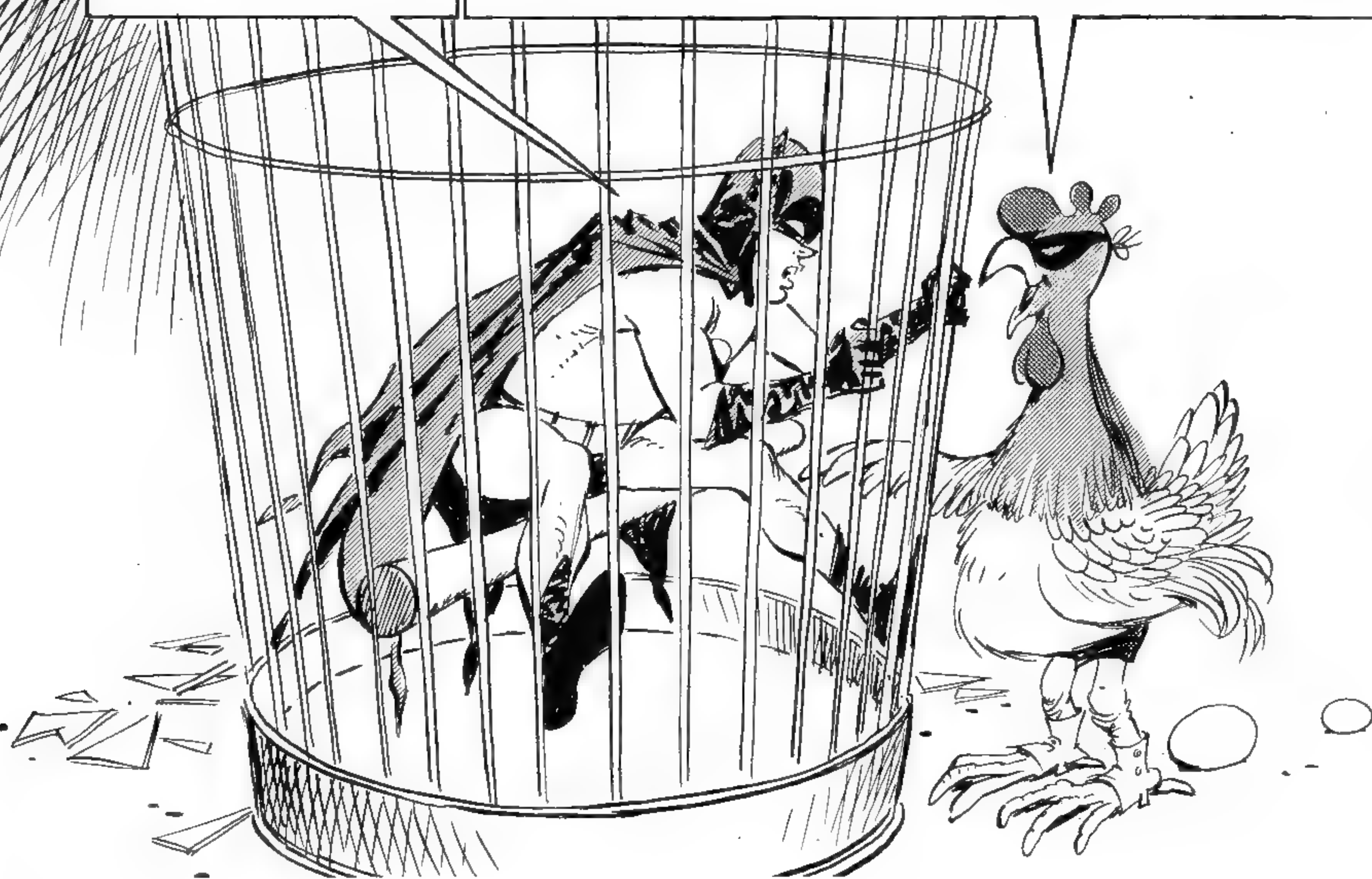
Welcome, Bats-Man! I've been expecting you!





What have you done with Sparrow, you fiend?

Holy Benedict Arnold! If you only knew! But don't bother to struggle—that cage is escape proof! And in exactly one hour, the entire country will learn your identity!



Wait a second! I'd know that voice anywhere! I know who you really are, El Capon—you're Aunt Hattie!

Close, Bats-Man, but not close enough! You seem surprised . . .



Of course I am! I thought tonight's guest villain was supposed to be Laurence Olivier! But how were you able to make that phone call to the Commissioner? I was with you all the time! And how were you able to change into that costume so fast?

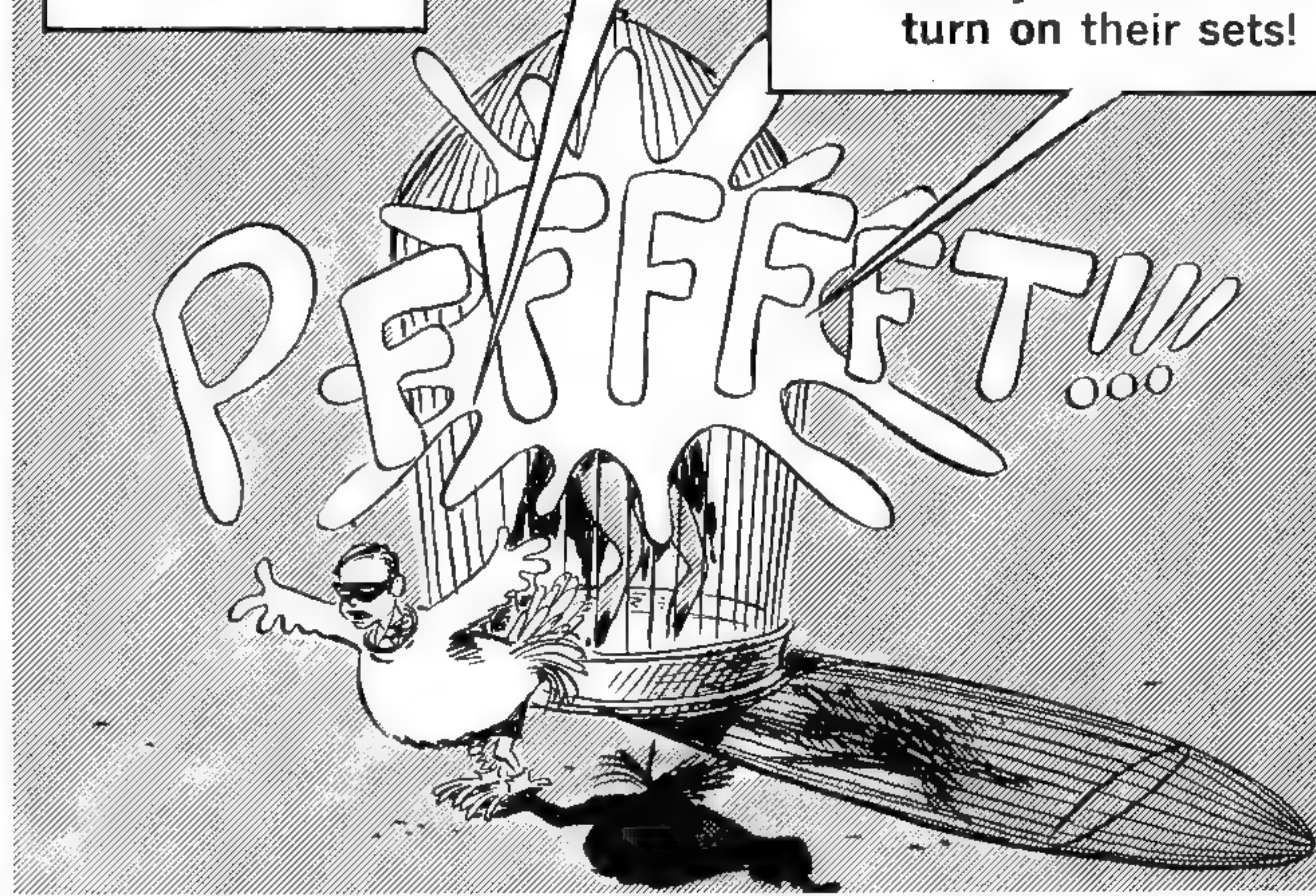
A lesson I learned from you in one of your many boring speeches! Remember the one about logic and TV writers? You were right! They have none! That's how come we can do things like starting down our Bat-Slide wearing street clothes and ending up in the Bats-Cave in full costume! But all that doesn't matter now. In a short time you'll be all washed up! Finished!



Sparrow, don't go through with your devilish scheme! You can't toss all this away—ratings, money, fame . . .

Fame? You call it fame having all my hip friends laughing at me?

What difference does it make if they laugh, as long as they watch the program! For years, TV tried to reach the so-called sophisticates with "Playhouse 90", "The Defenders", etc. But they wouldn't even turn on their sets!



Then along came "Bats-Man" and the industry made a revolutionary discovery. Give the "in" group garbage—make the show bad enough and they'll call it "camp" and stay glued to their sets!

Holy Nielsen! You mean the swingers are really squarer than the squares?

Exactly! So let them laugh! Because we laugh too—all the way to the bank! And about your little problems, Boy Wonderful . . . remember, I promised you a Bluebird of Happiness? Now that you're . . . shall we say "old enough" . . . you can start sharing the show's fringe benefits! Like, why do you think we have these gorgeous-doll guest stars?

I dig, Bats-Man, I dig! Yeah! Yeah! YEAH!





# MAD<sup>IND</sup>®

No. 289 Sept. 1989 Our Price \$1.95 Cheap!

**IN THIS ISSUE WE...**

**BATTER**

**BATMAN**

**DOWN**

**MURPHY BROWN**

**UNWIND**

**VIDEO RENTALS**

**CRASH**

**DRIVER'S ED**

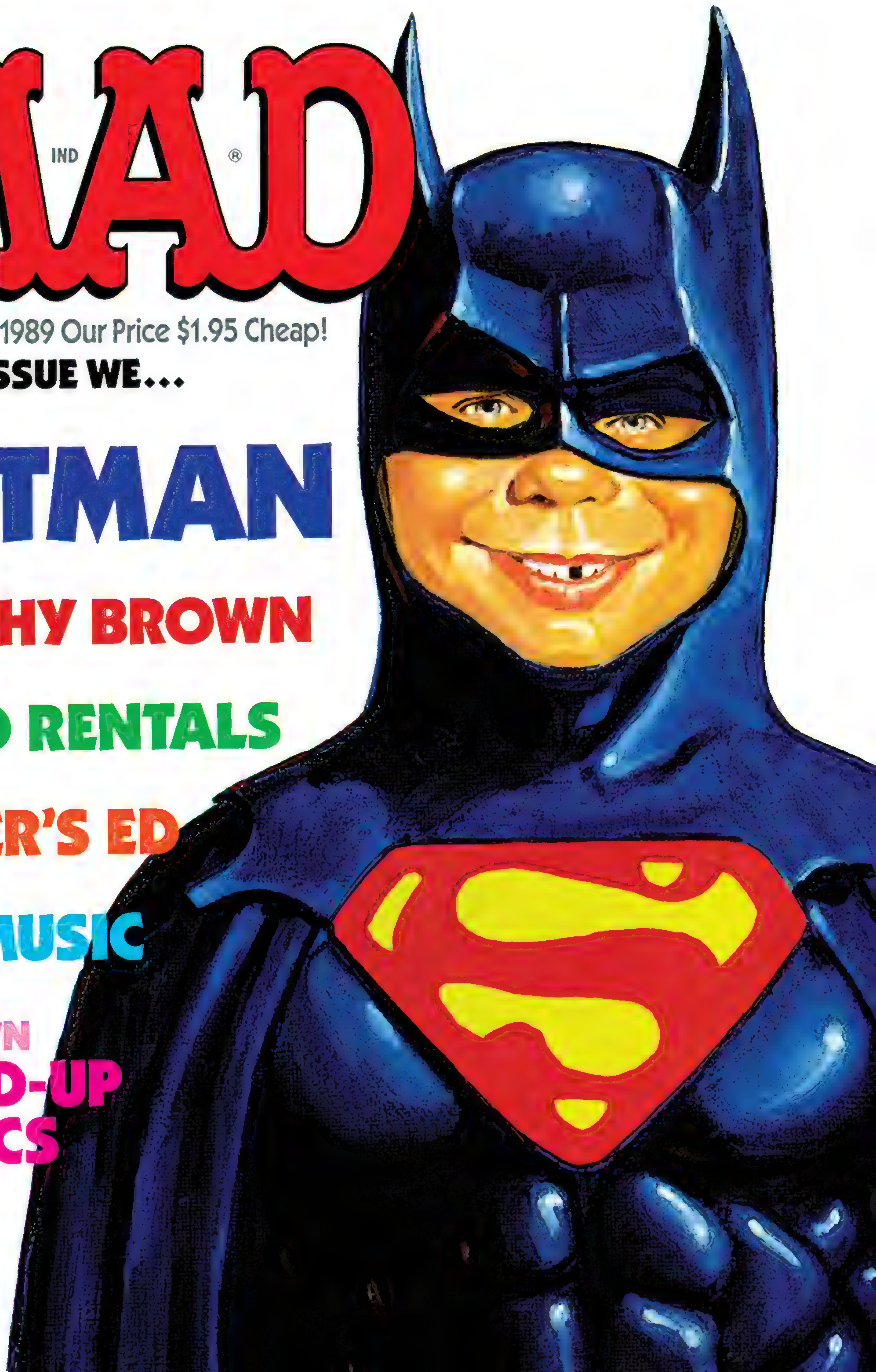
**SLAP**

**RAP MUSIC**

**AND**

**PUT-DOWN**

**STAND-UP  
COMICS**





THE DYNAMIC UNO DEPT.

What's the hot-action, feel-good hit of the summer that people are flocking to see? *Ghostbusters II*, of course! Which is why MAD now proudly presents its satire of...

# BATTYMAN



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: STAN HART

In the past five years, Gotham has become a city with the worst crime rate in the nation! Thank God that a good citizen like Battyman has come forth to clean it all up!

Yeah. But where was that "Good Citizen" during the five years that the city was getting this bad?!

I am Battyman! Creature of the Night! Thanks to me, crimes after dark have decreased 50%!

Creature of the Night! Hah! Us criminals have just become more active in the mornings and afternoons! Daylight crimes have increased 150% since you showed up!

Geez, bullets don't have any effect! Doesn't anything hurt you?!

If you say that my outfit looks a little fruity, that really hurts!

Ha, ha! Shake hands with 40,000 volts!!!

That's some practical joke!

You should see his "Whoopie Cushion"!

This is terrible!

Where?

Not really. You can see things like this all the time!

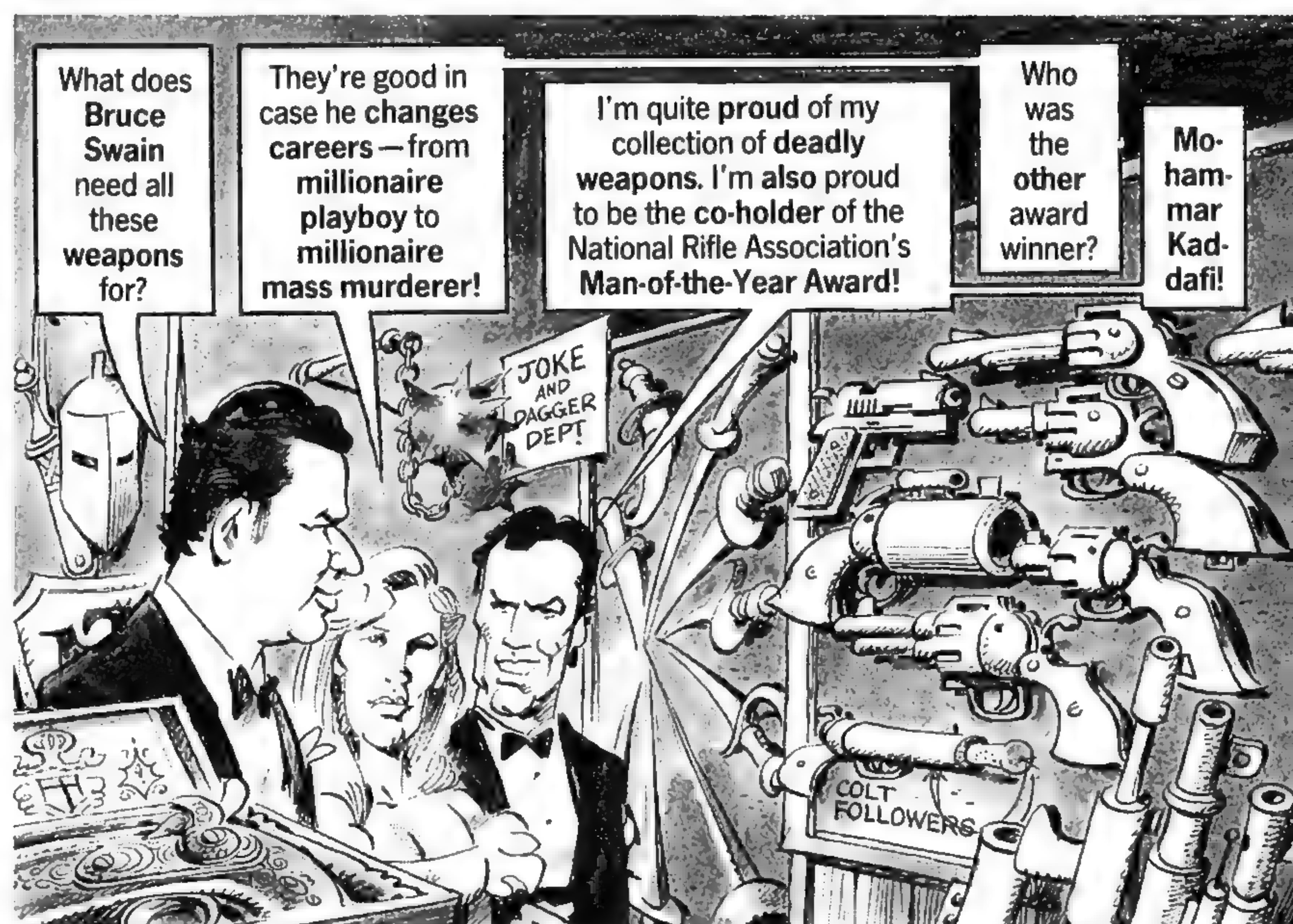
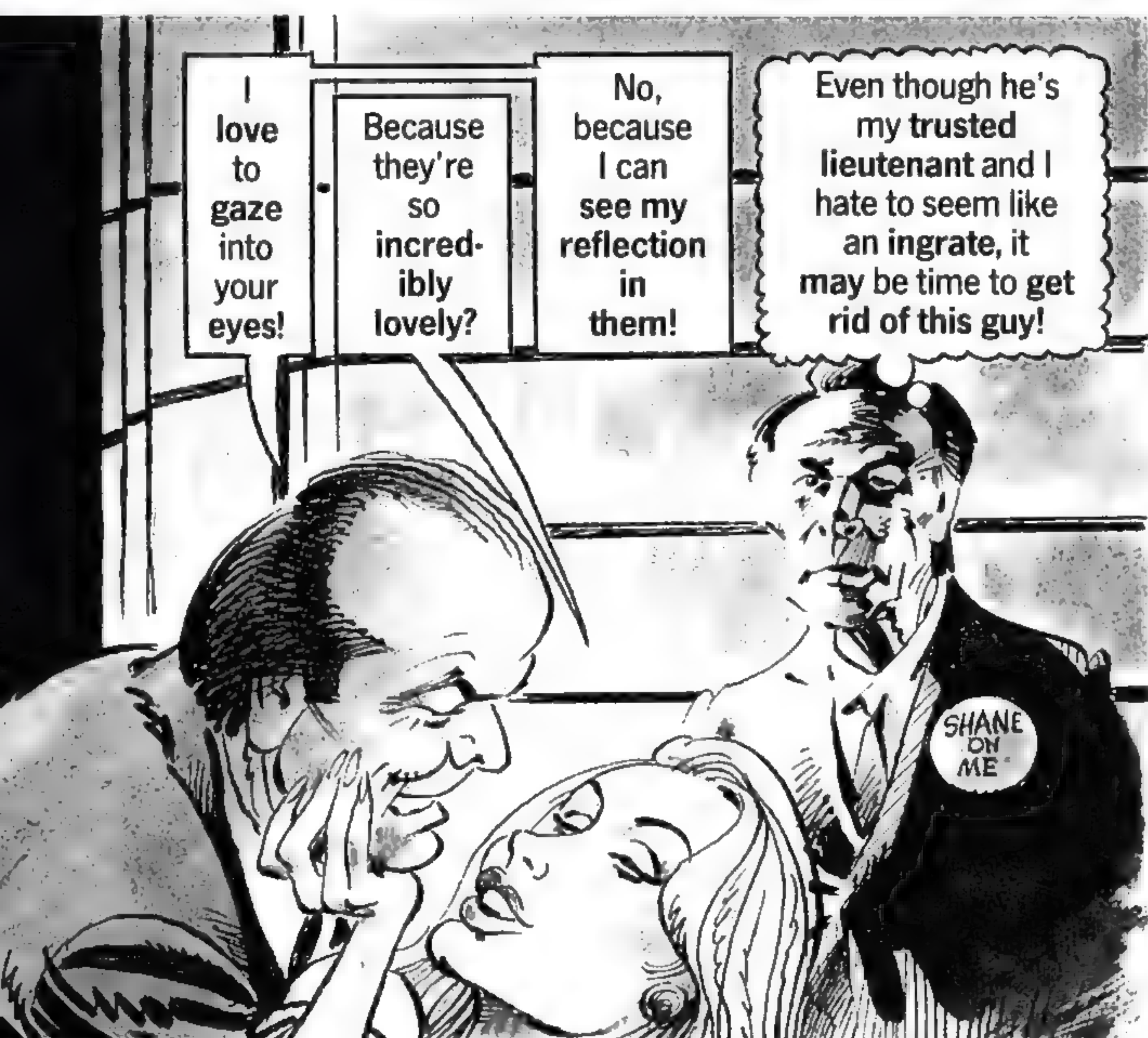
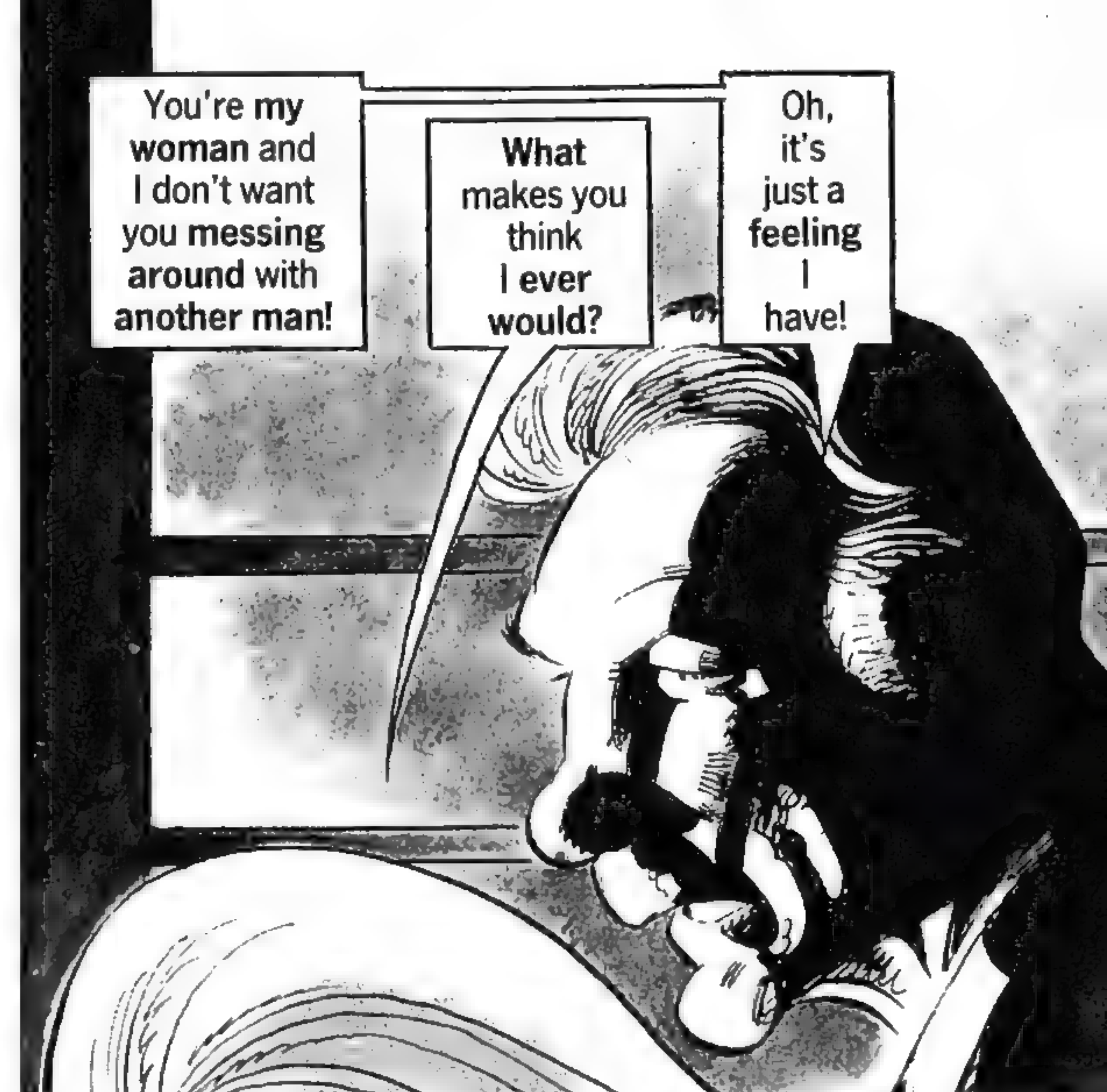
On New York, L.A., Chicago or Miami's Eleven O'Clock Evening News!

I wonder why Battyman needs such exotic looking vehicles as the Batty-mobile and the Battywing?

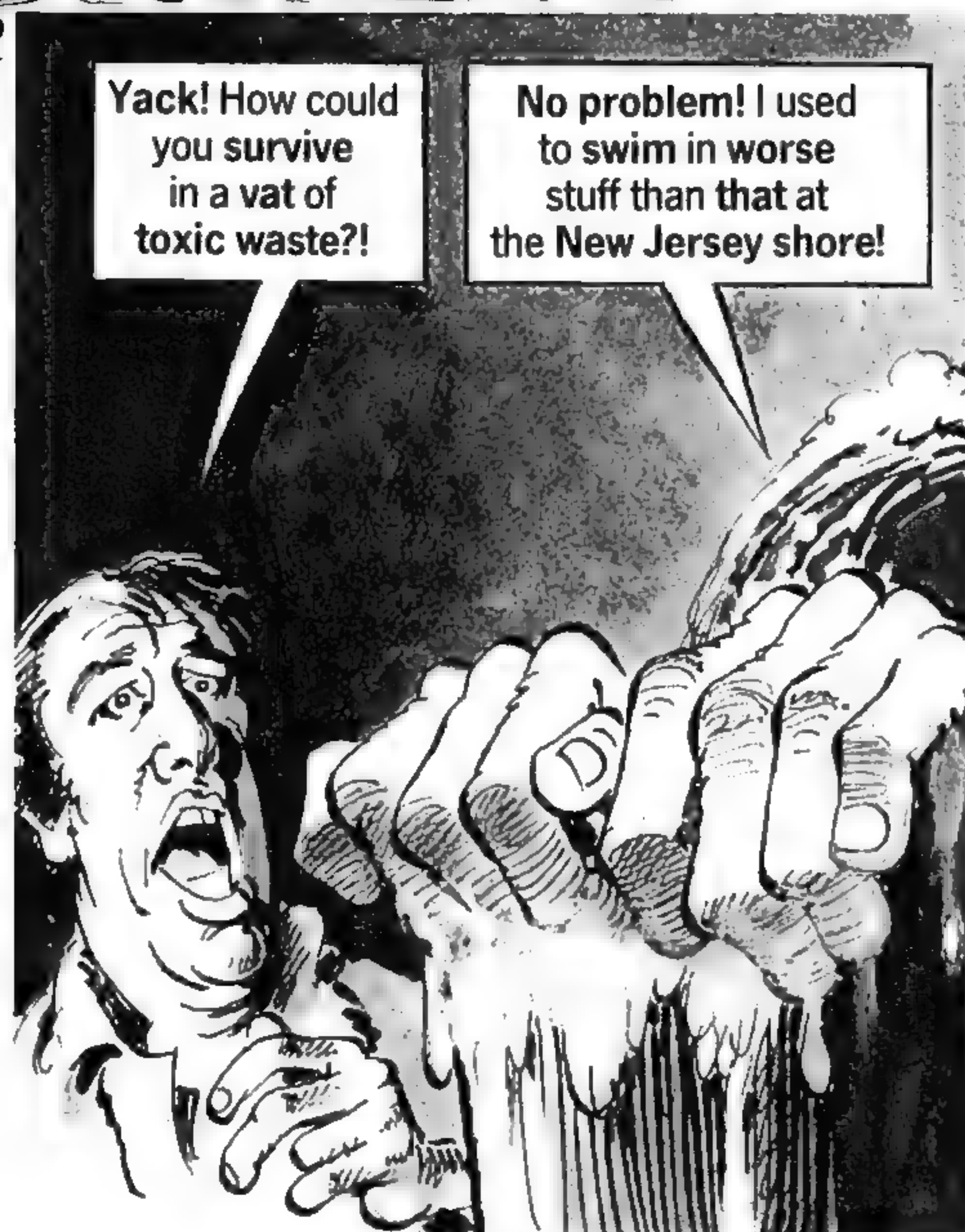
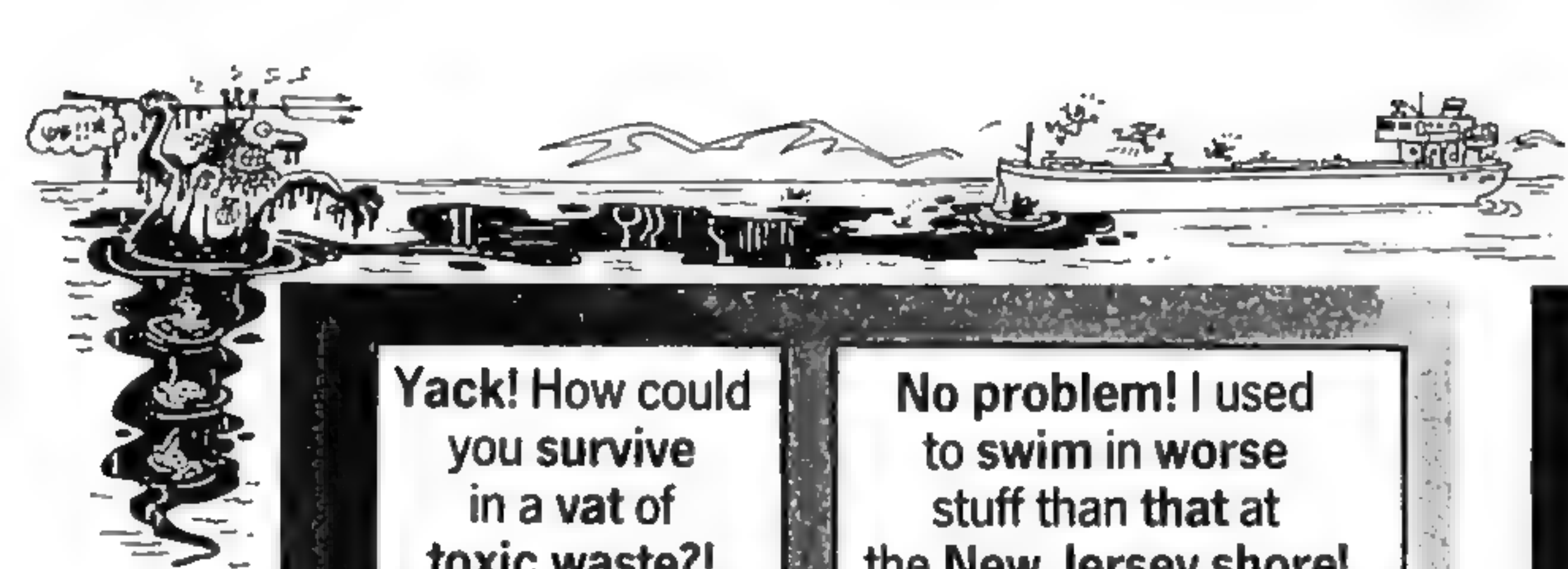
Actually, he doesn't! Toy manufacturers do! While Battyman uses the Batty-mobile and the Battywing to fight criminals, desperate toy makers will use them to fight Nintendo!

MORT DRUCKER



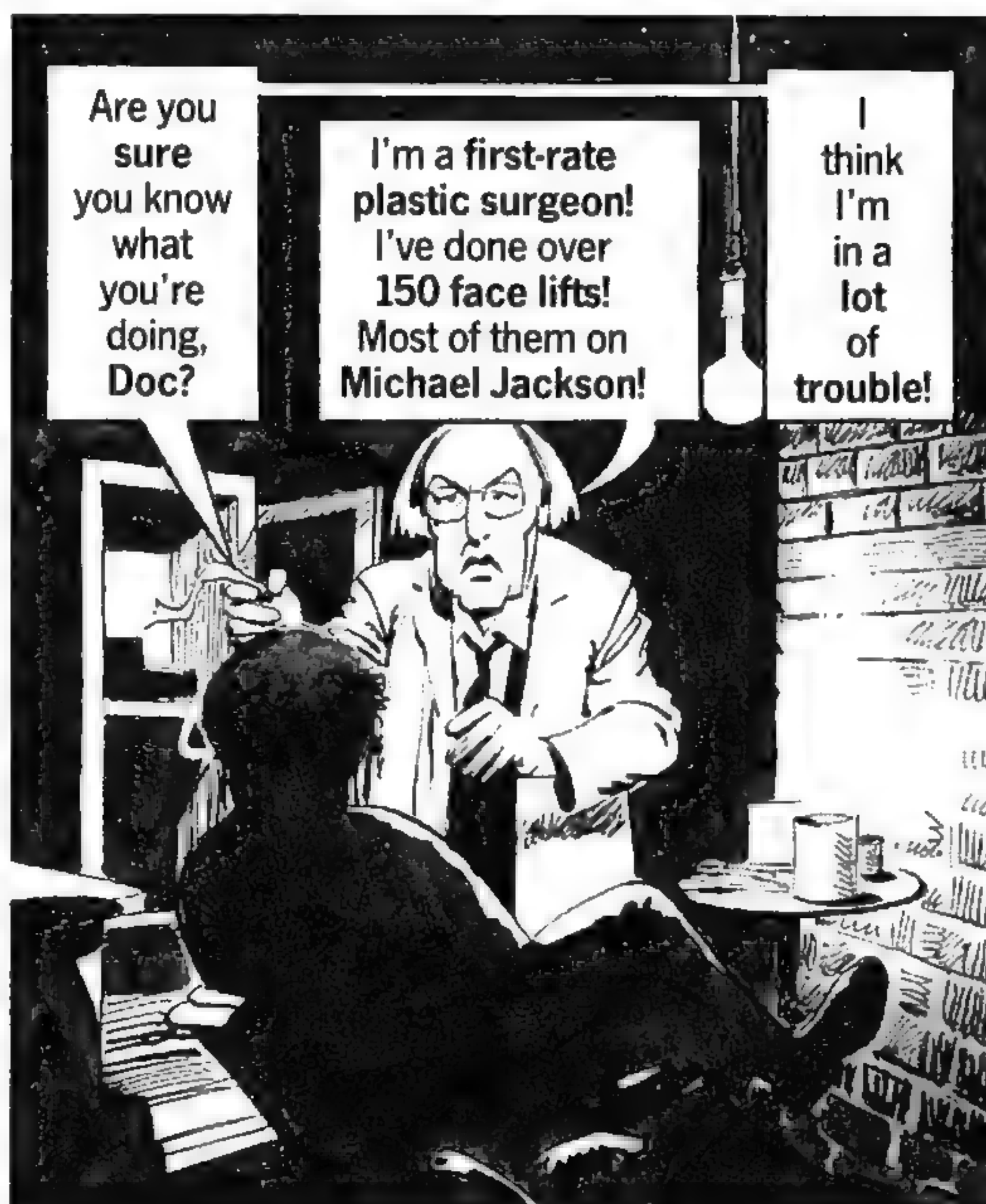






Yack! How could you survive in a vat of toxic waste?!

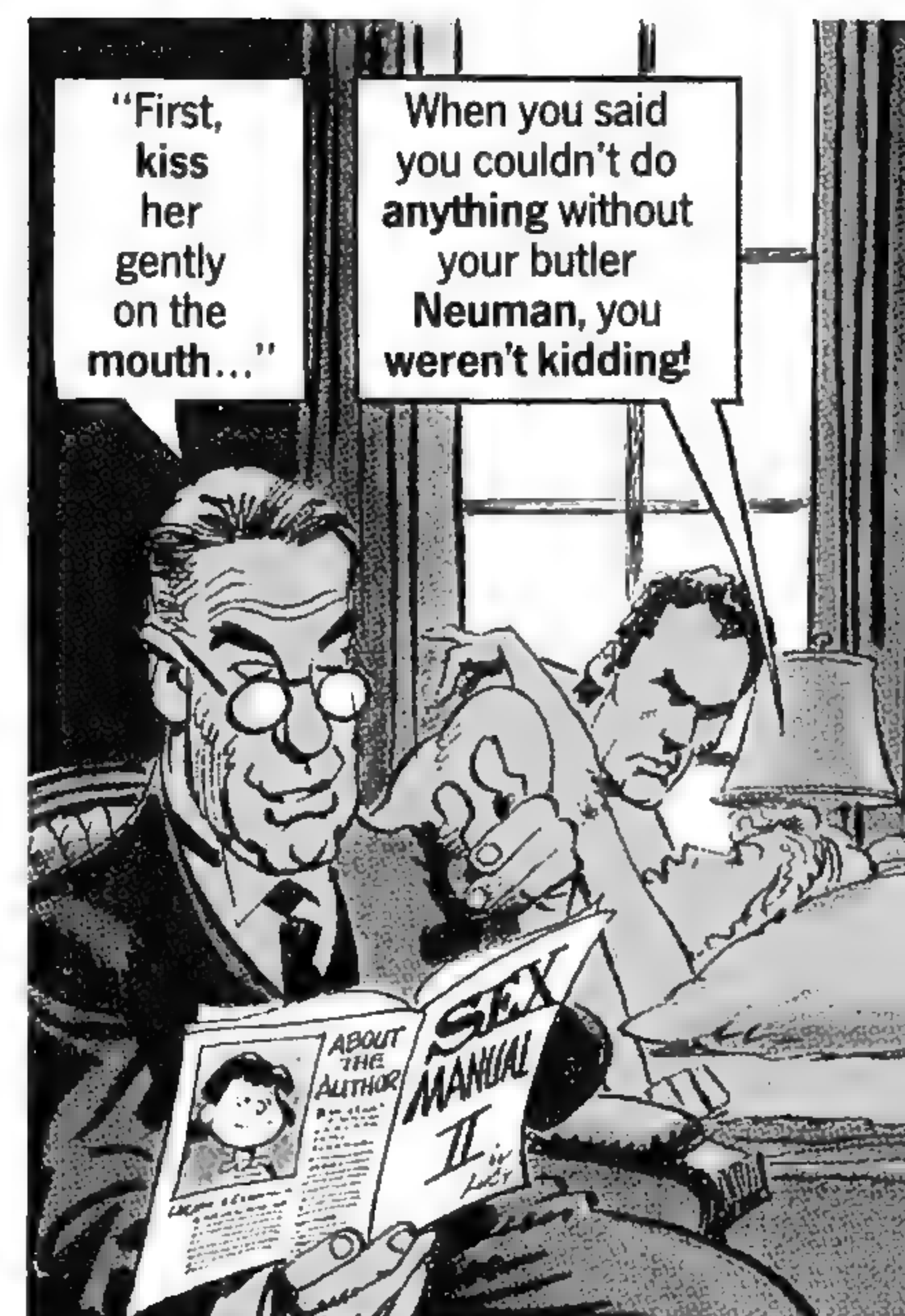
No problem! I used to swim in worse stuff than that at the New Jersey shore!



Are you sure you know what you're doing, Doc?

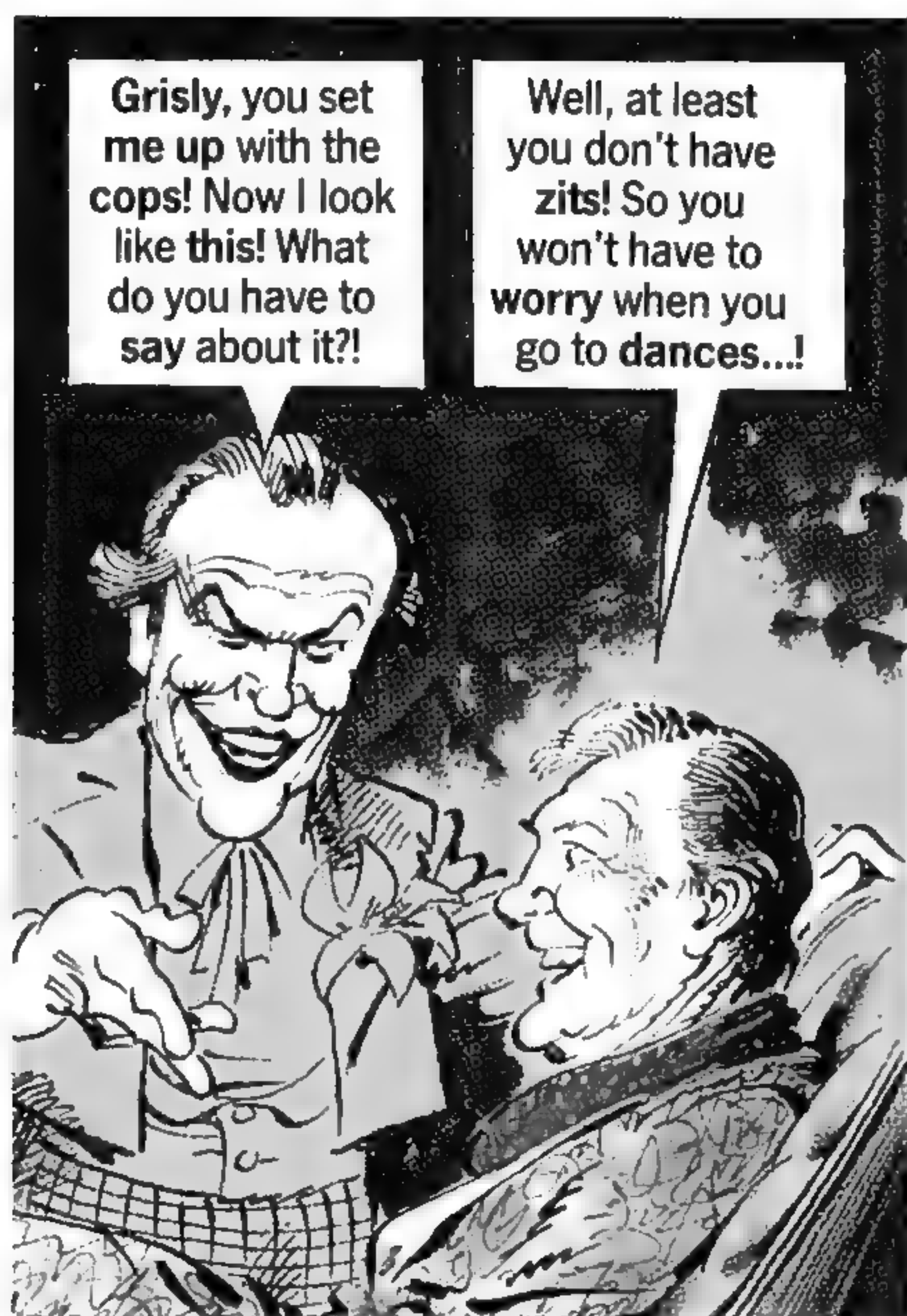
I'm a first-rate plastic surgeon! I've done over 150 face lifts! Most of them on Michael Jackson!

I think I'm in a lot of trouble!



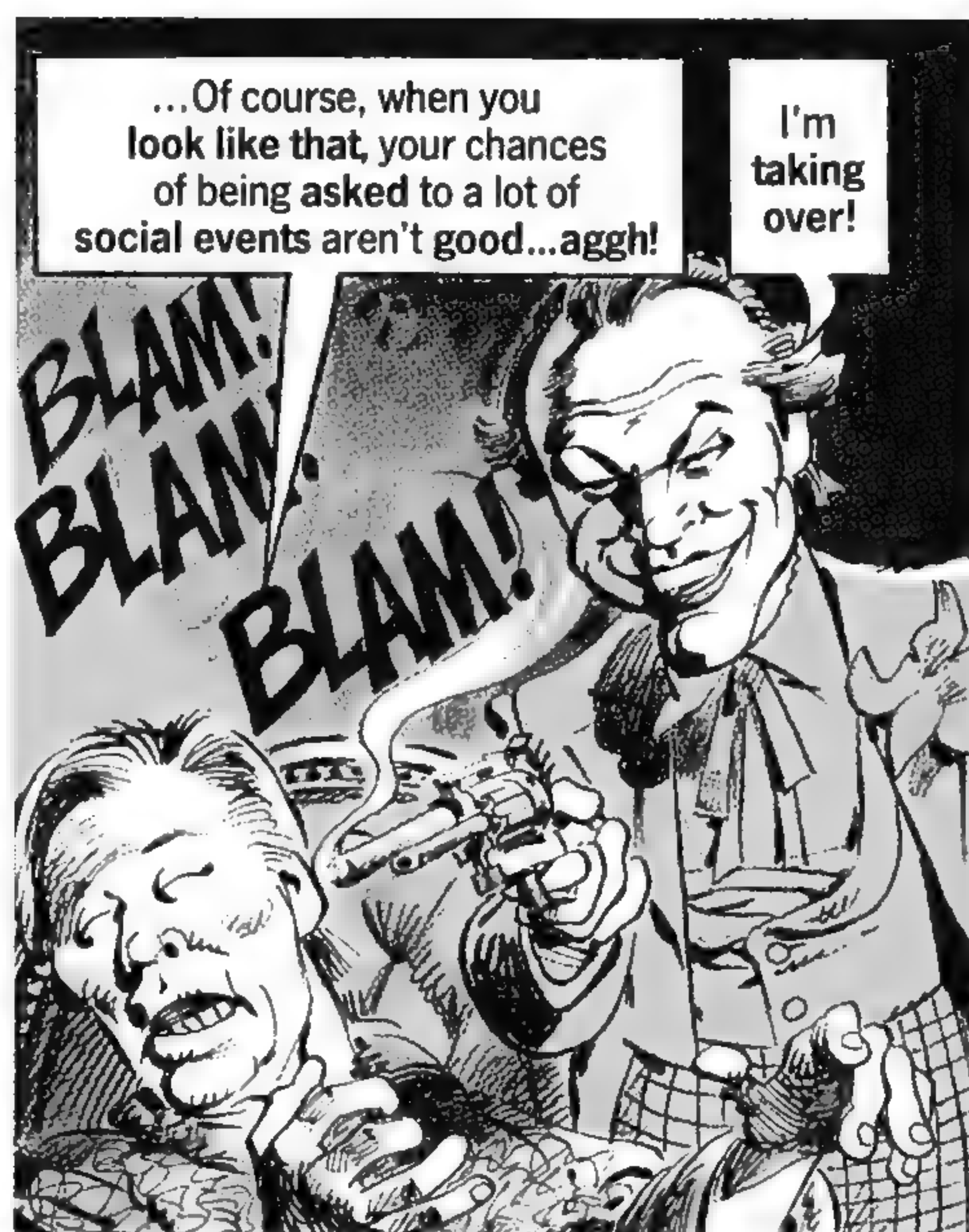
"First, kiss her gently on the mouth..."

When you said you couldn't do anything without your butler Neuman, you weren't kidding!



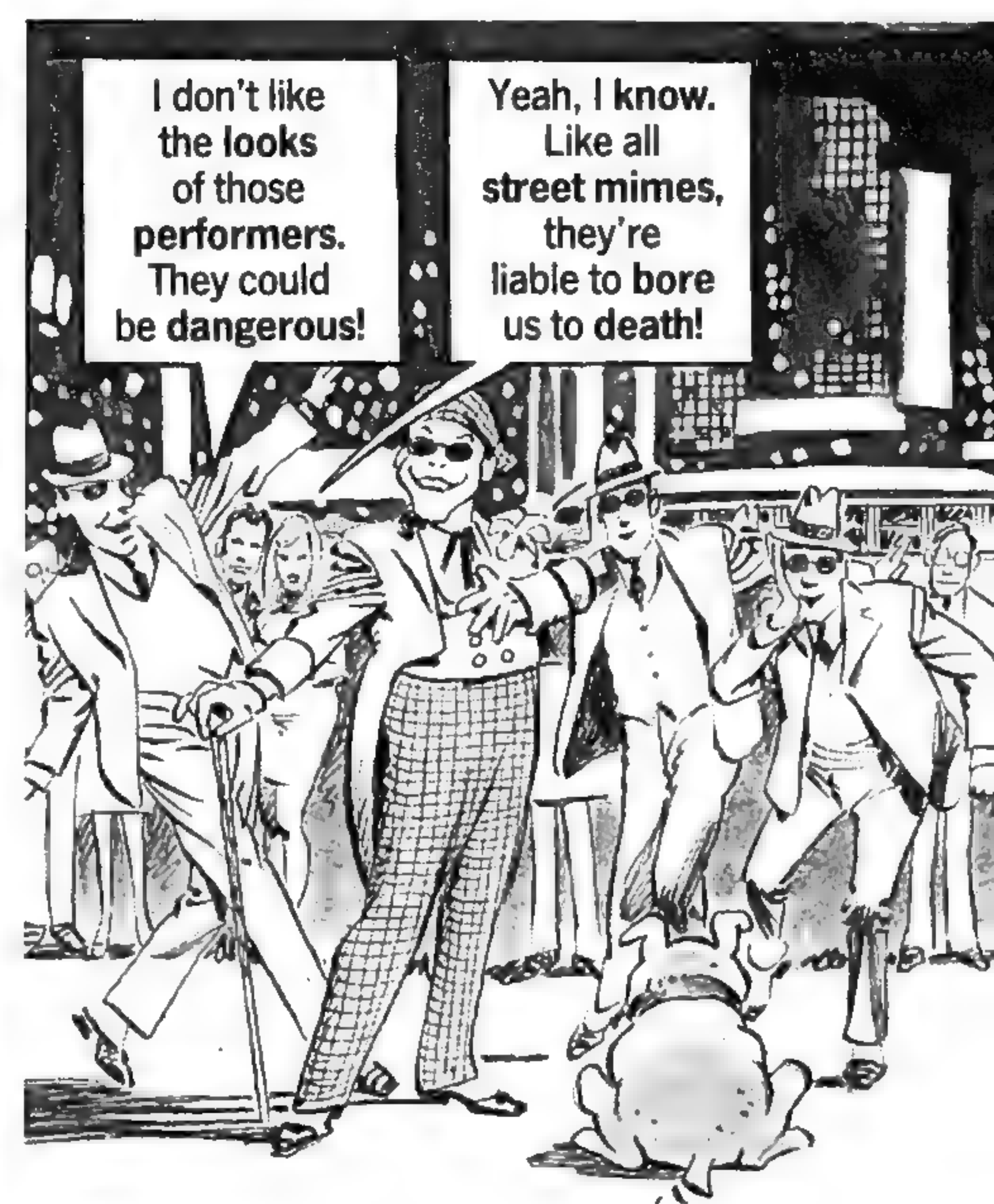
Grisly, you set me up with the cops! Now I look like this! What do you have to say about it?!

Well, at least you don't have zits! So you won't have to worry when you go to dances...!



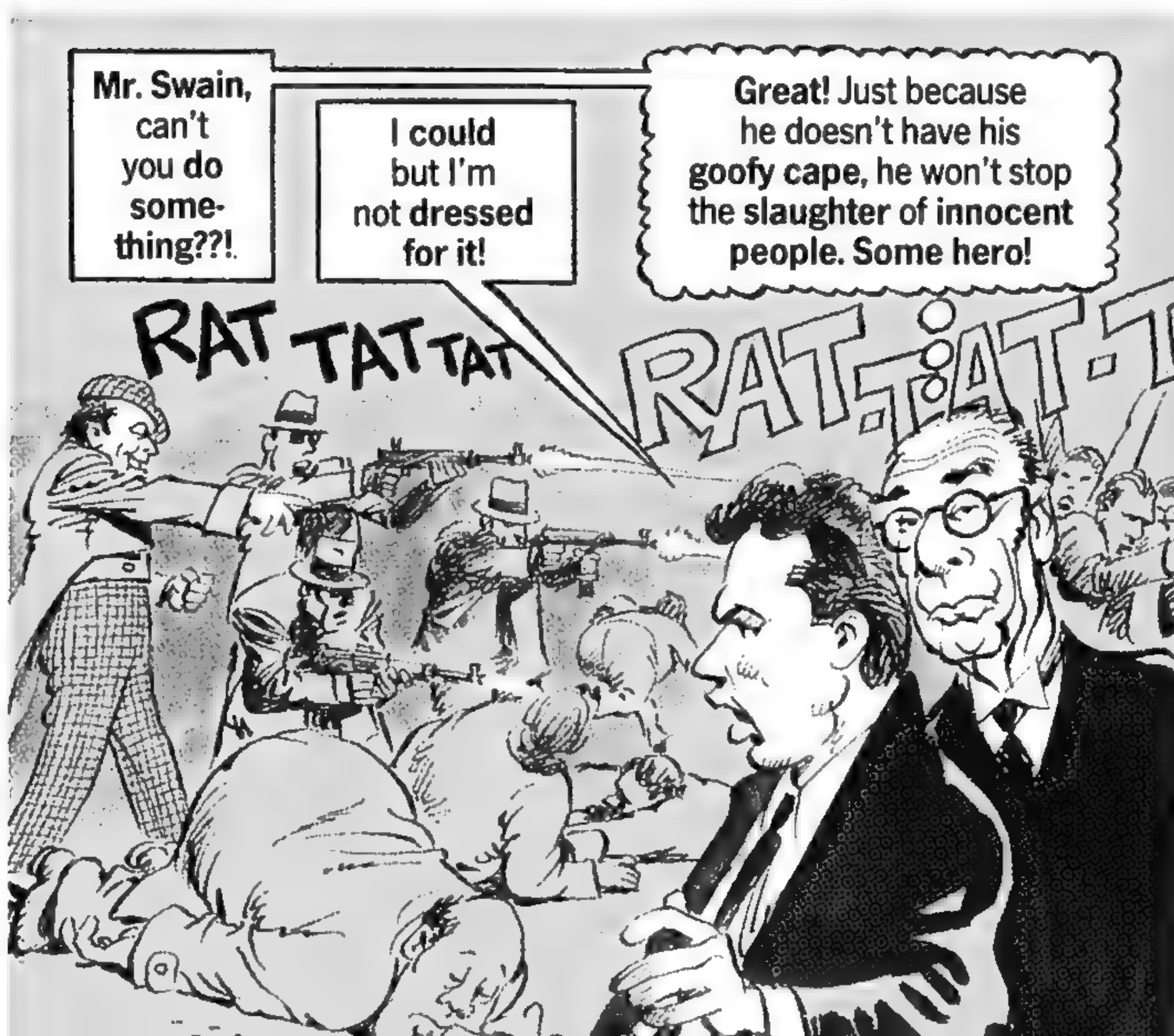
...Of course, when you look like that, your chances of being asked to a lot of social events aren't good...aggh!

I'm taking over!



I don't like the looks of those performers. They could be dangerous!

Yeah, I know. Like all street mimes, they're liable to bore us to death!



Mr. Swain, can't you do something??!

I could but I'm not dressed for it!

Great! Just because he doesn't have his goofy cape, he won't stop the slaughter of innocent people. Some hero!

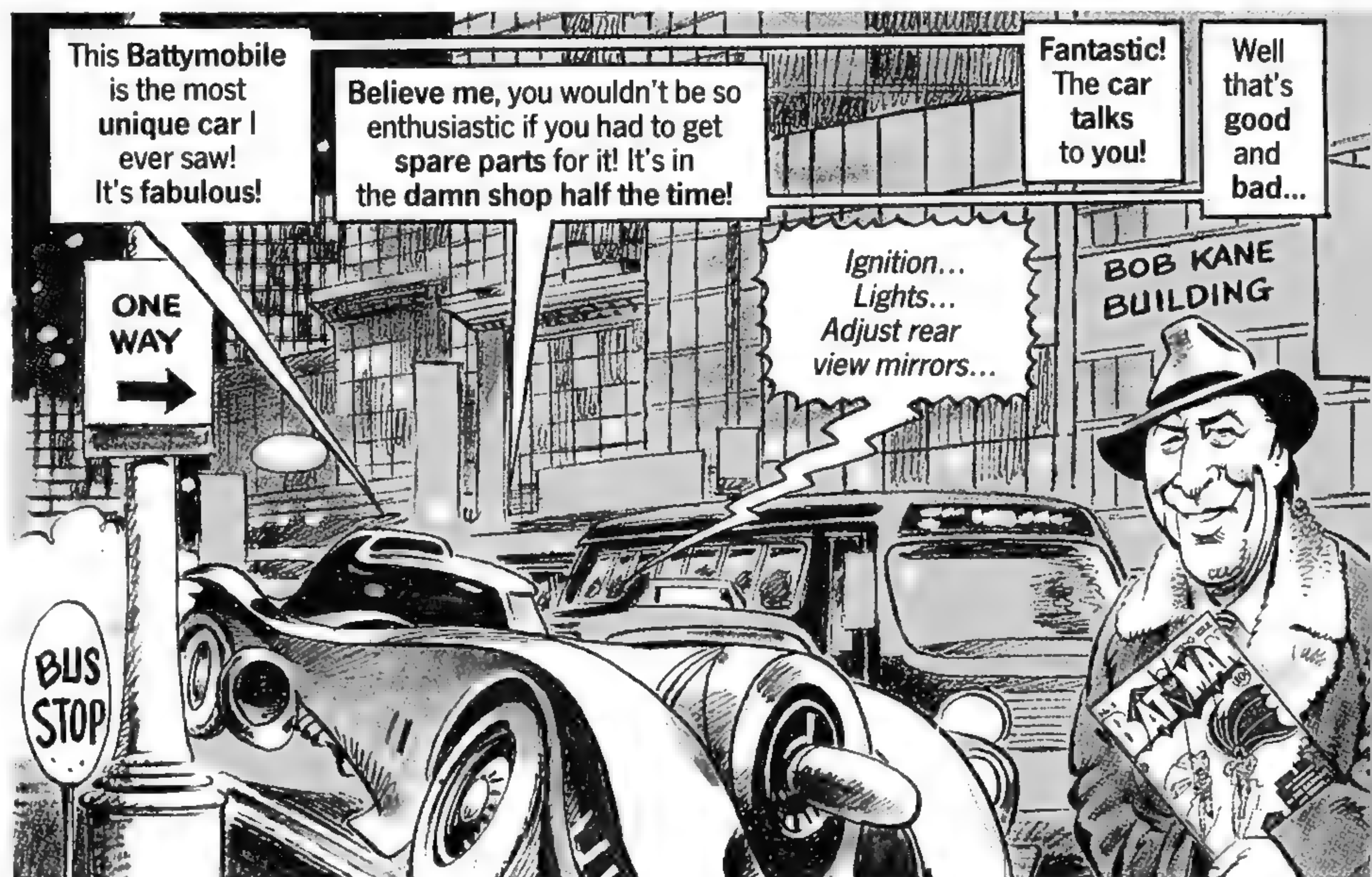
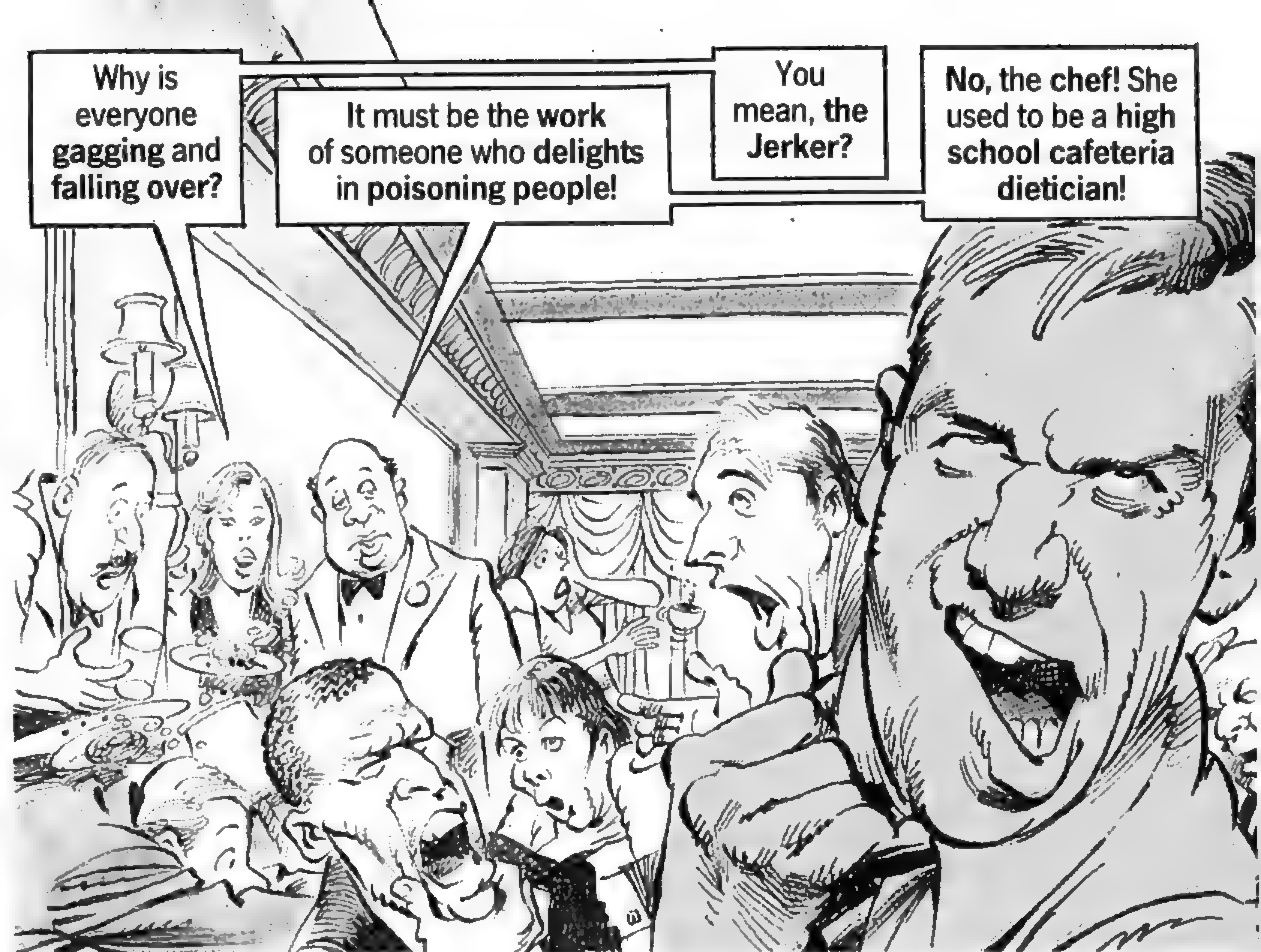
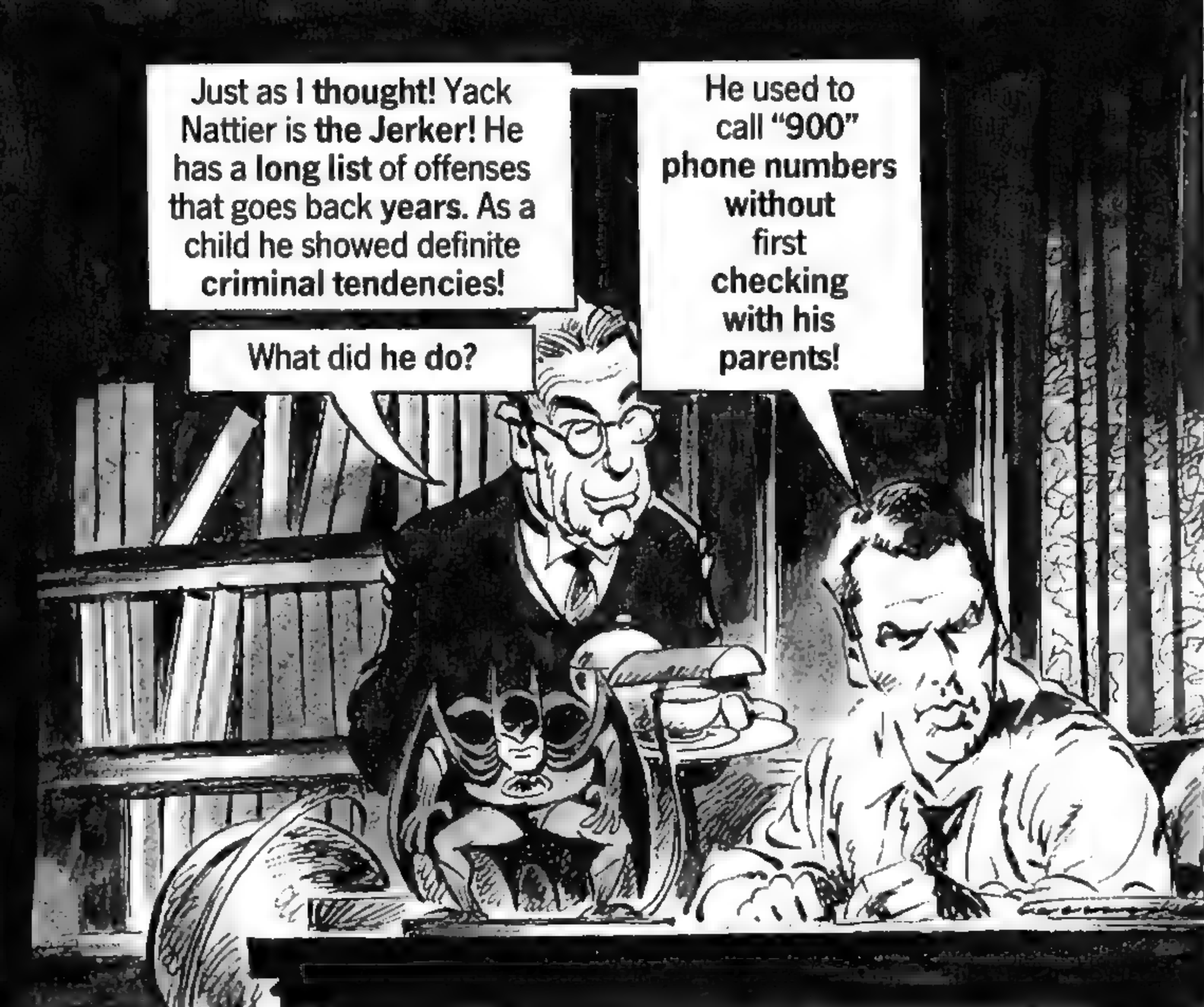


My god! They're dead! Isn't this horrible?!!

Not really. It's the first time since I was six that a pretty girl smiled at me!

They used cosmetics containing my special ingredient, "Smylex." They'll be saying "Cheese!" throughout eternity!









Must you drive so fast?... Who's the bimbo?... When's the last time you thought about your parents?... Did you have a good, healthy lunch today?... Tsk, tsk, such a boy could really drive you crazy...

Why is the Batty-mobile saying such annoying things?

It was originally programmed by my mother!

Doesn't driving like this frighten you?

No, I'm used to it!

How come?

I used to teach Driver's Ed to teenagers!

The Batty-mobile was supposed to turn into a helicopter and fly over tight spots like this!

Who told you that?

The salesman who sold it to me, some fellow named Joe Isuzu!

**BLAM**

**THE NEXT DAY...**

Neuman! The Jerker just kidnapped Icky from her apartment! How long will it take you to bring my Batty costume to the alley near 10 Street and Lois Lane?

At least two hours!

That's too long! Tell you what, put my costume in a Domino's Pizza box and have them deliver it! They'll get it here in 15 minutes!

Hey!

Get your own alley to change in!!

MISSING - HAVE YOU SEEN THIS BOY?

Citizens of Gotham, I'm running things now and I promise you a kinder, gentler society! There'll be a thousand points of light!

Do you think the people are stupid enough to believe him?

Sure, the last joker who said that was elected president!

200

This city is faced with a new threat! Our police force has been disabled!

What happened?

The Jerker slipped a sleeping potion into the water used by the police!

Just how serious is it?

The cops are sleeping even when they're OFF duty!

Wow! Now that really is serious!



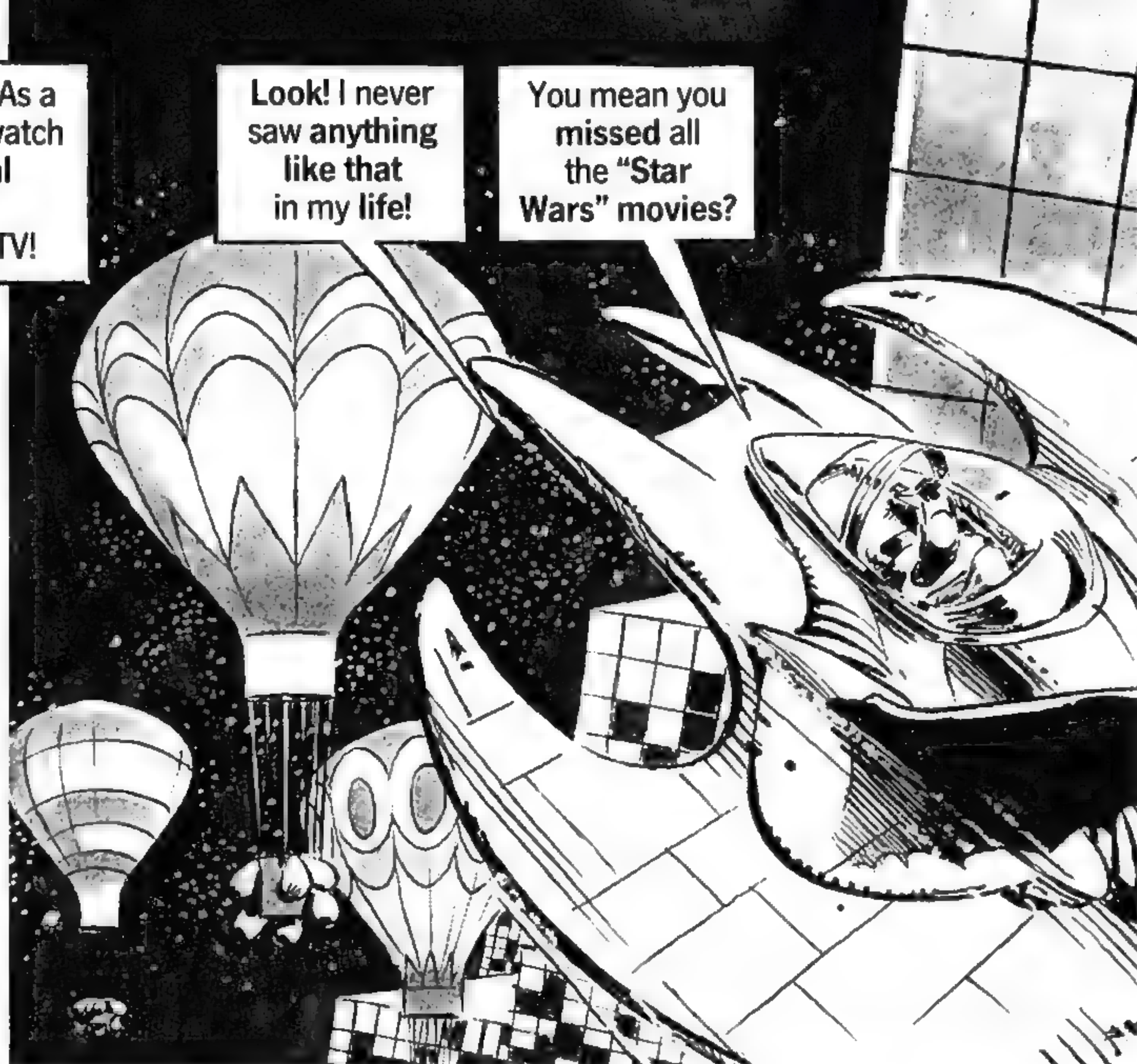
Listen, Battyman! I'm going to get you and when I do, I'm going to chop you into little bat pieces and sprinkle you over the city. Yeah, yeah, yeah!!!

Something must have influenced him in his childhood to make him sound so wild and strange!

Something did. As a kid he used to watch professional wrestling interviews on TV!

Look! I never saw anything like that in my life!

You mean you missed all the "Star Wars" movies?

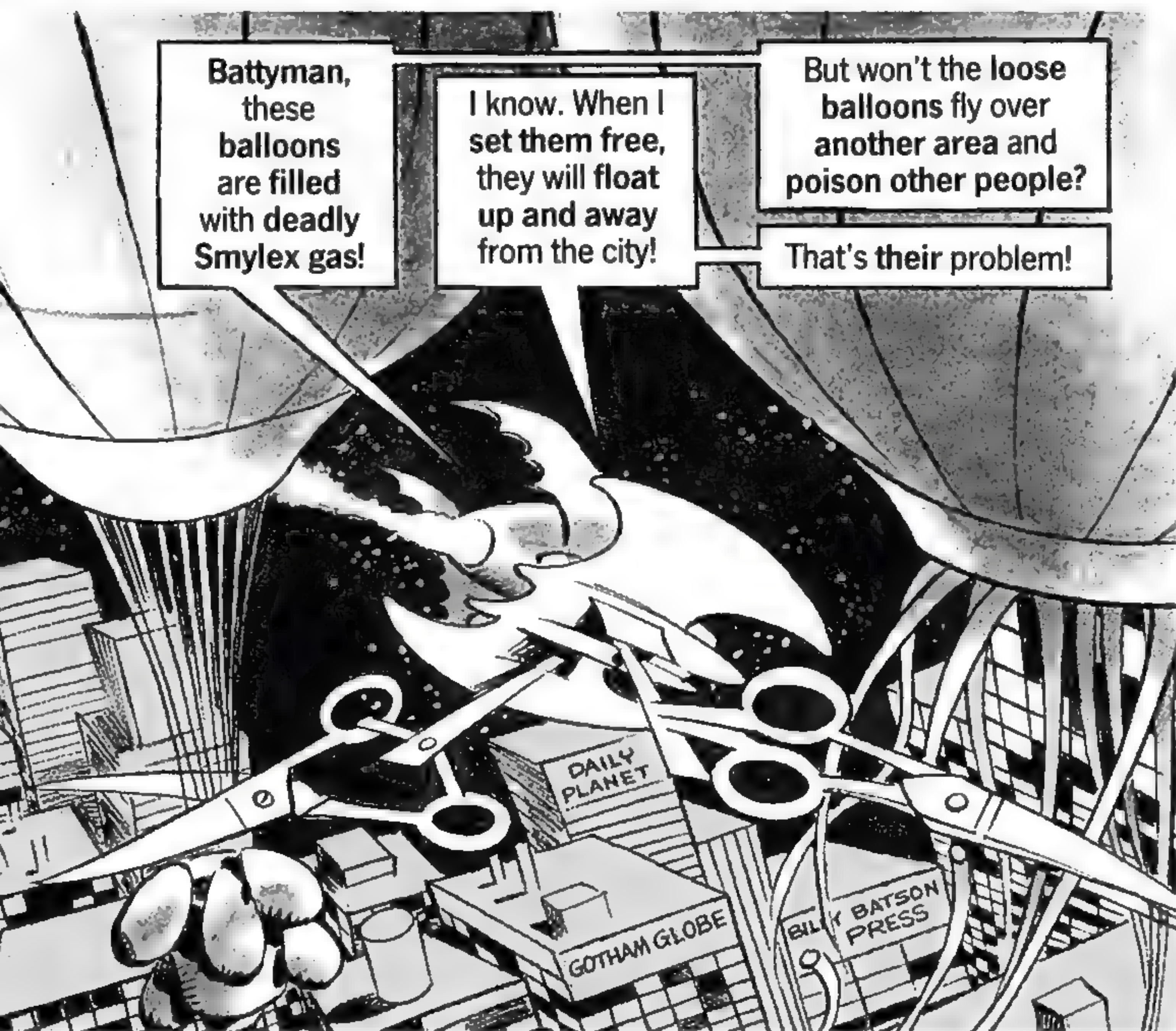


Battyman, these balloons are filled with deadly Smylex gas!

I know. When I set them free, they will float up and away from the city!

But won't the loose balloons fly over another area and poison other people?

That's their problem!



Take that!

Take that!

Take that!

Take that!

Wow! This is a historic event! It's the first "gotcha-last" game to the finish!



WHAT HAPPENED TO K-POW! SOCK! AND WAM?

I know we're mortal enemies, Battyman, but please do me one favor.

Don't save me.

Why not?

Because if I live, they'll just put me in the sequel and I've got an acting career to think about!

What?

Hey, Jerker, I've got a career to consider, too! Wait for me!!!





IN THIS  
ISSUE WE

CLIP  
BATMAN RETURNS

BUZZ CUT  
THE OLYMPICS

TEASE  
BASIC INSTINCT

# MAD<sup>®</sup>

No.  
314  
October  
1992

Our  
Price  
\$1.75  
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1992 is shaping up to be a really miserable year! Our beloved President embarrasses every U.S. citizen by hurling all over the Japanese Prime Minister, Raul Julia is back on Broadway and Country Music continues to gain in popularity! And if all that weren't bad enough, now...

I'm Danny DeVito—also known as **The Penicillin!** In this film I play a **half man/half bird!** The role was a **snap** for me since I had a **big advantage**—I was already **half man!!!**

I'm Michael Keaton—also known as **Buttman!** In my last film I was **romantically linked** with **Vicky Vale!** Unfortunately, I could not give her what she wanted and now she is **no longer with me!**

Tell me, sir, what was it that Miss Vale wanted from you? A **commitment?**

No, Neuman, I'm afraid she wanted a piece of the **gross profits** to appear in this sequel!

I'm Michelle Pfeiffer—also known as **Scatwoman!** In this film I whip Buttman's **cute little buns** all over **Gotham City!** Well, okay, in truth my stunt double whips his stunt double's cute little buns all over **Gotham City!**



That **Scatwoman** disguise is the most transparent one I've ever seen! Do they expect us to believe that **people in Gotham City** can't tell who she really is?

It's a disorder that afflicts people who live in **comic books!** It's the same **stigmatism** they have in **Metropolis** where they can't tell **Cluck Kent** is really **Stuporman** wearing glasses!

If all this **merchandise** was left over from the first **Buttman** movie, just think how much **crap** will be **remaindered** after this bomb!

It would have been a better movie if **Warner Brothers** had spent half as much time on **improving the script** as they did on **pushing the merchandise!**

Wasn't **Rappin'**, the **Boy Blunder**, supposed to be in this one?

How soon? As soon as **Macaulay Culkin** puts on enough **muscle** not to look **idiotic** in **Rappin's** outfit!

Well, he might be in a **Buttman** film soon!

IIIQT DRUCKER

# BUTTMAN RETURNS



He was born **three months** ago and we still haven't found a **suitable** name for him!

A **suitable** name? We haven't found a **suitable** **biological** classification for him!

THIRTY YEARS AGO



When you said it was **time** for the **baby** to be **baptized** I didn't know this was what you had in **mind!**

**Water** is **water!**



I've heard of parents flushing **soiled** **diapers** down the **toilet** and into the **sewers**, but they usually **take the baby** out of them first!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: STAN HART



Saltina, you understand as my **secretary**, you'll have to work **late** some nights!

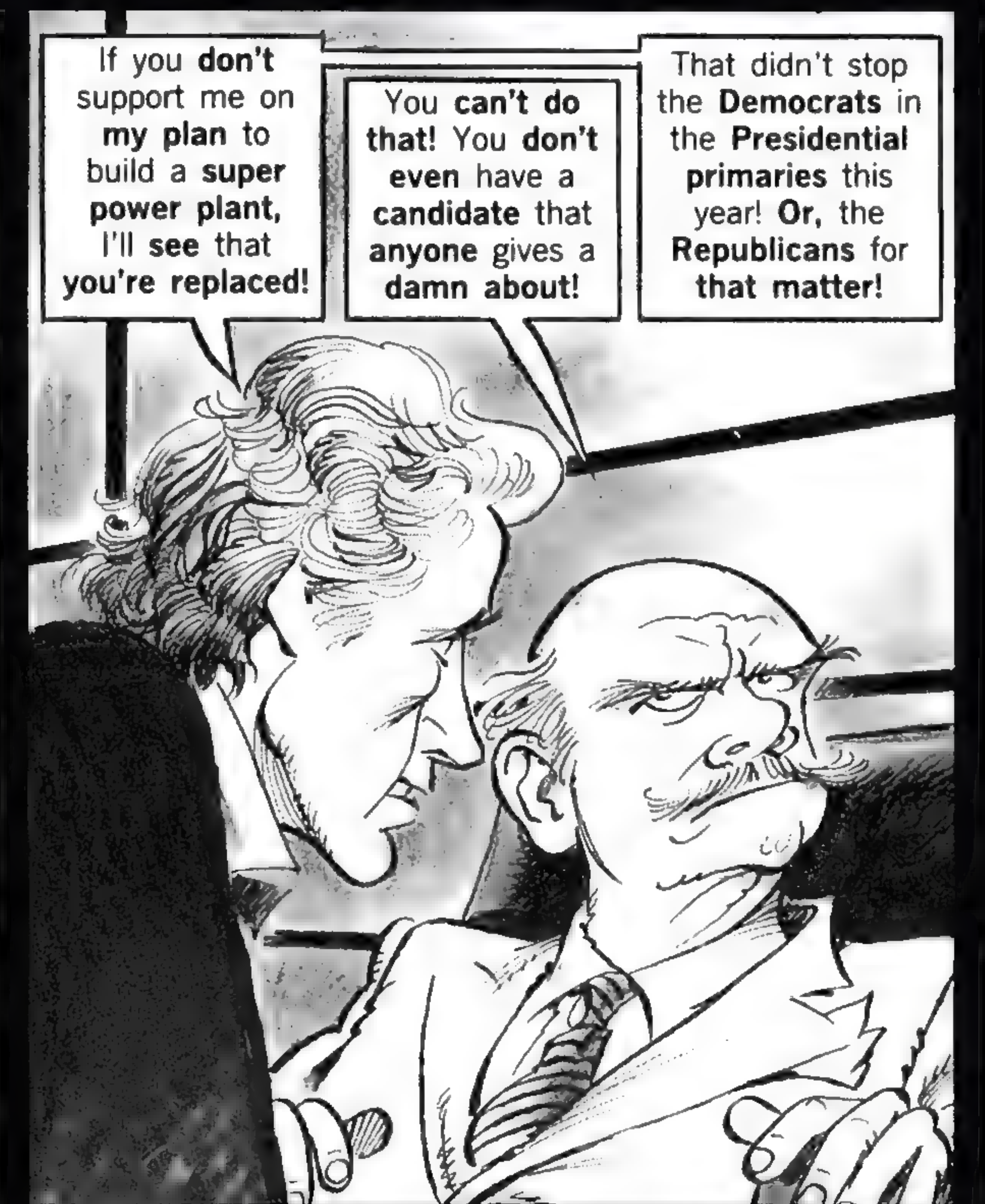
You mean when you get **really** busy?

No, I mean when I get **really** **horny!**

Didn't you **male chauvinists** learn anything from the **Anita Hill** Senate Hearings?

**Sure** did! When **Clarence Thomas** was approved as a **Supreme Court** Justice it taught us that we could get away with things like this!

NOW

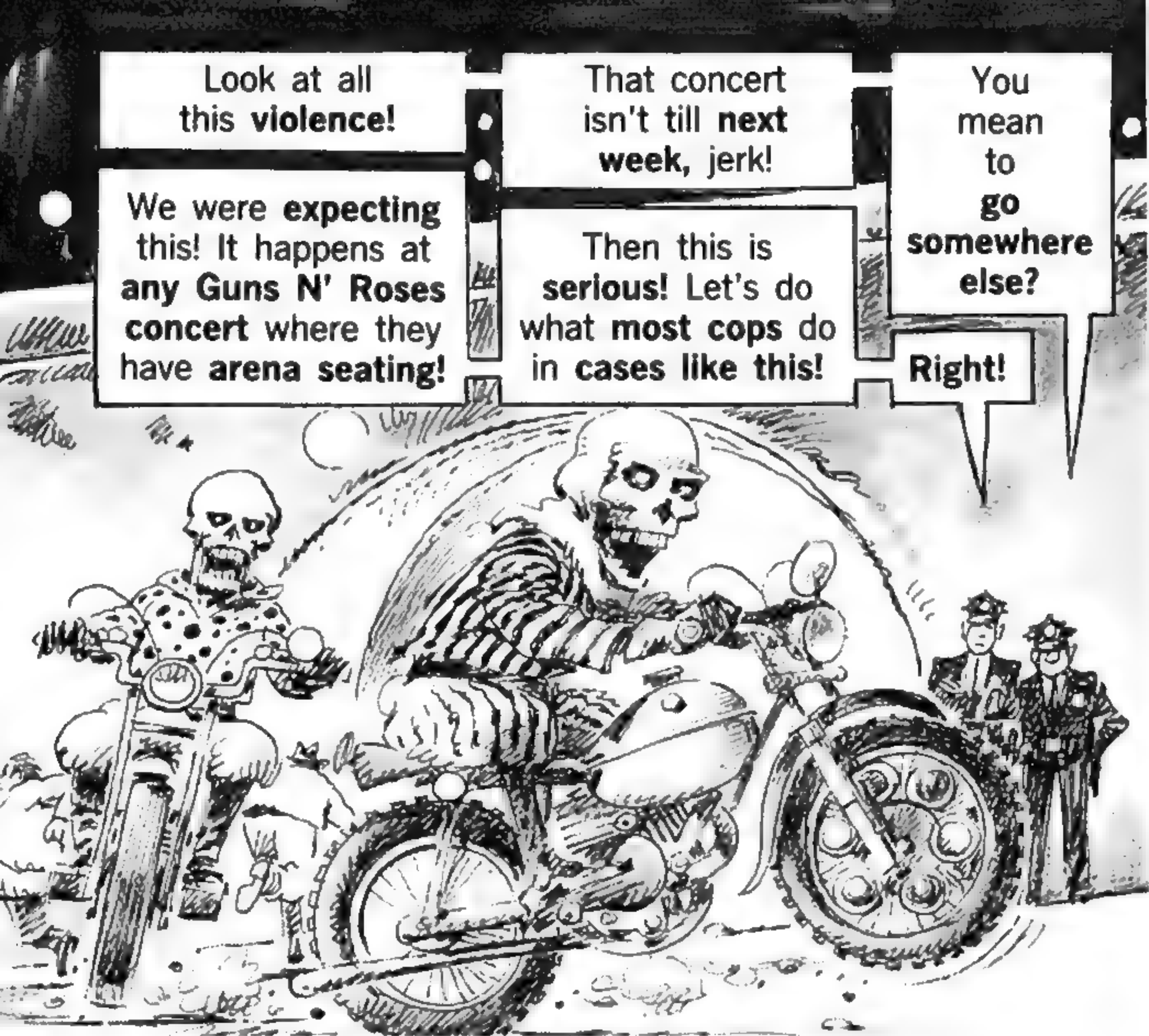


If you don't support me on my plan to build a **super power** plant, I'll see that you're **replaced!**

You can't do that! You don't even have a **candidate** that anyone gives a **damn** about!

That didn't stop the **Democrats** in the **Presidential** primaries this year! Or, the **Republicans** for that matter!





Look at all this violence!

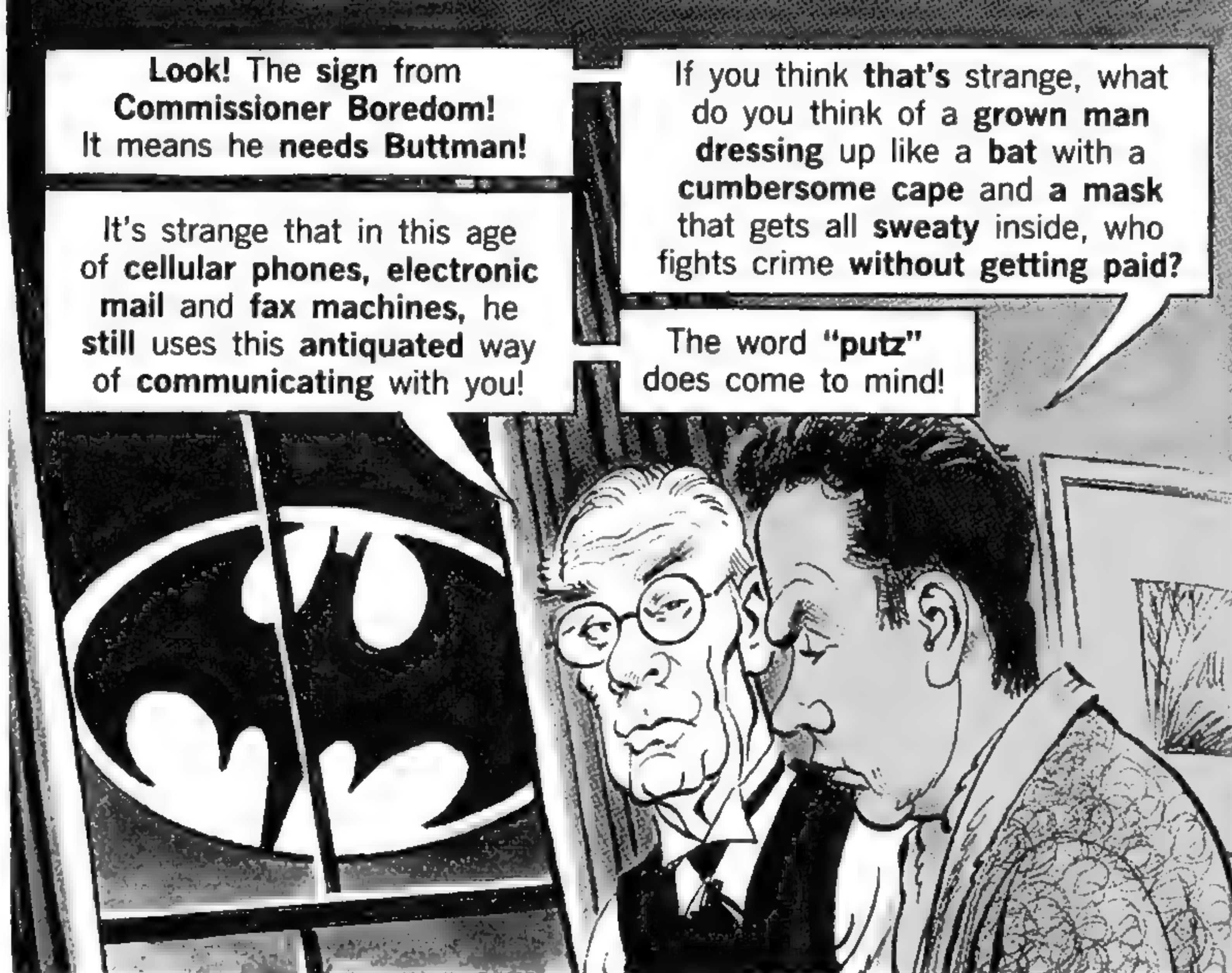
We were expecting this! It happens at any Guns N' Roses concert where they have arena seating!

That concert isn't till next week, jerk!

Then this is serious! Let's do what most cops do in cases like this!

You mean to go somewhere else?

Right!



Look! The sign from Commissioner Boredom! It means he needs Buttman!

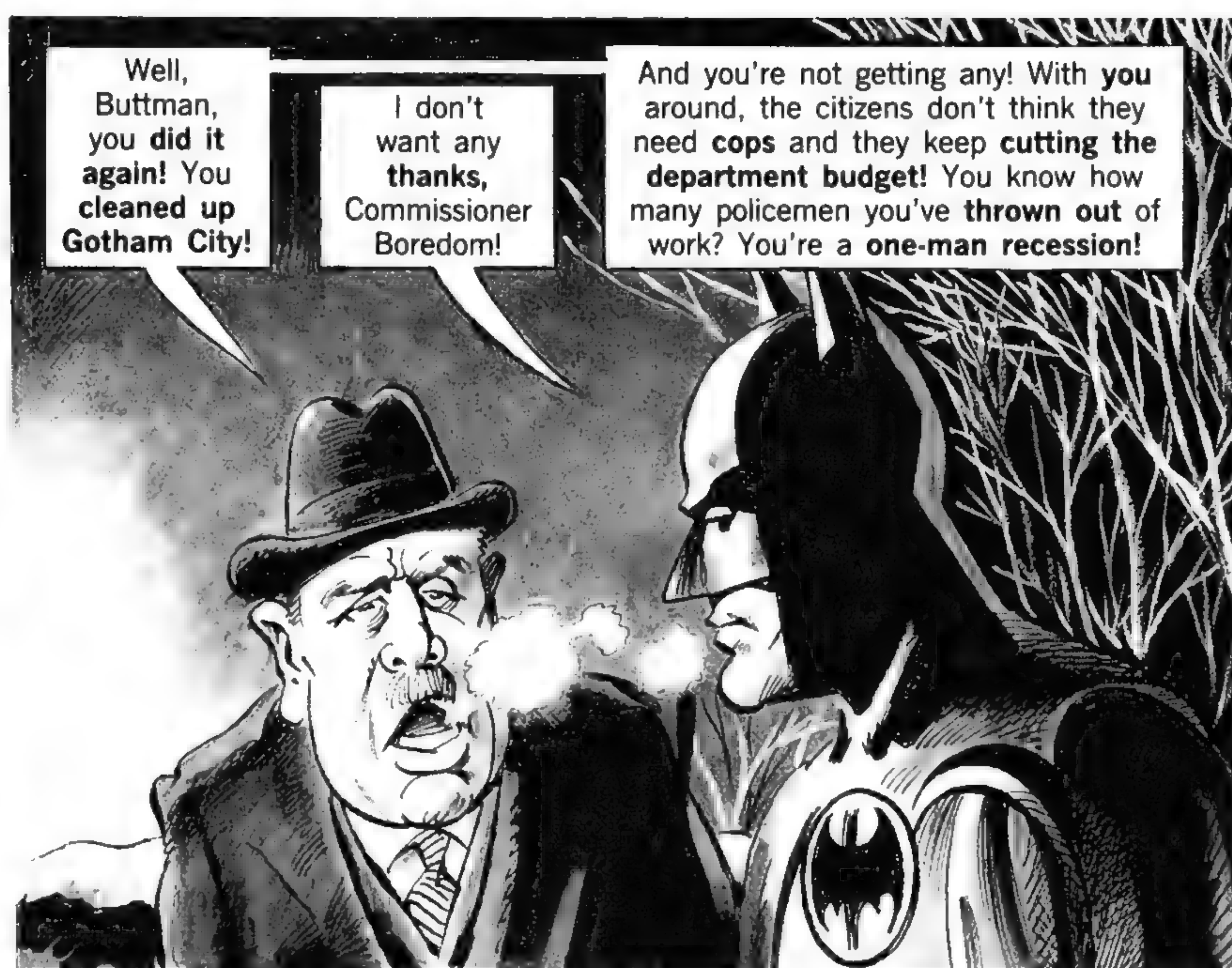
It's strange that in this age of cellular phones, electronic mail and fax machines, he still uses this antiquated way of communicating with you!

If you think that's strange, what do you think of a grown man dressing up like a bat with a cumbersome cape and a mask that gets all sweaty inside, who fights crime without getting paid?

The word "putz" does come to mind!



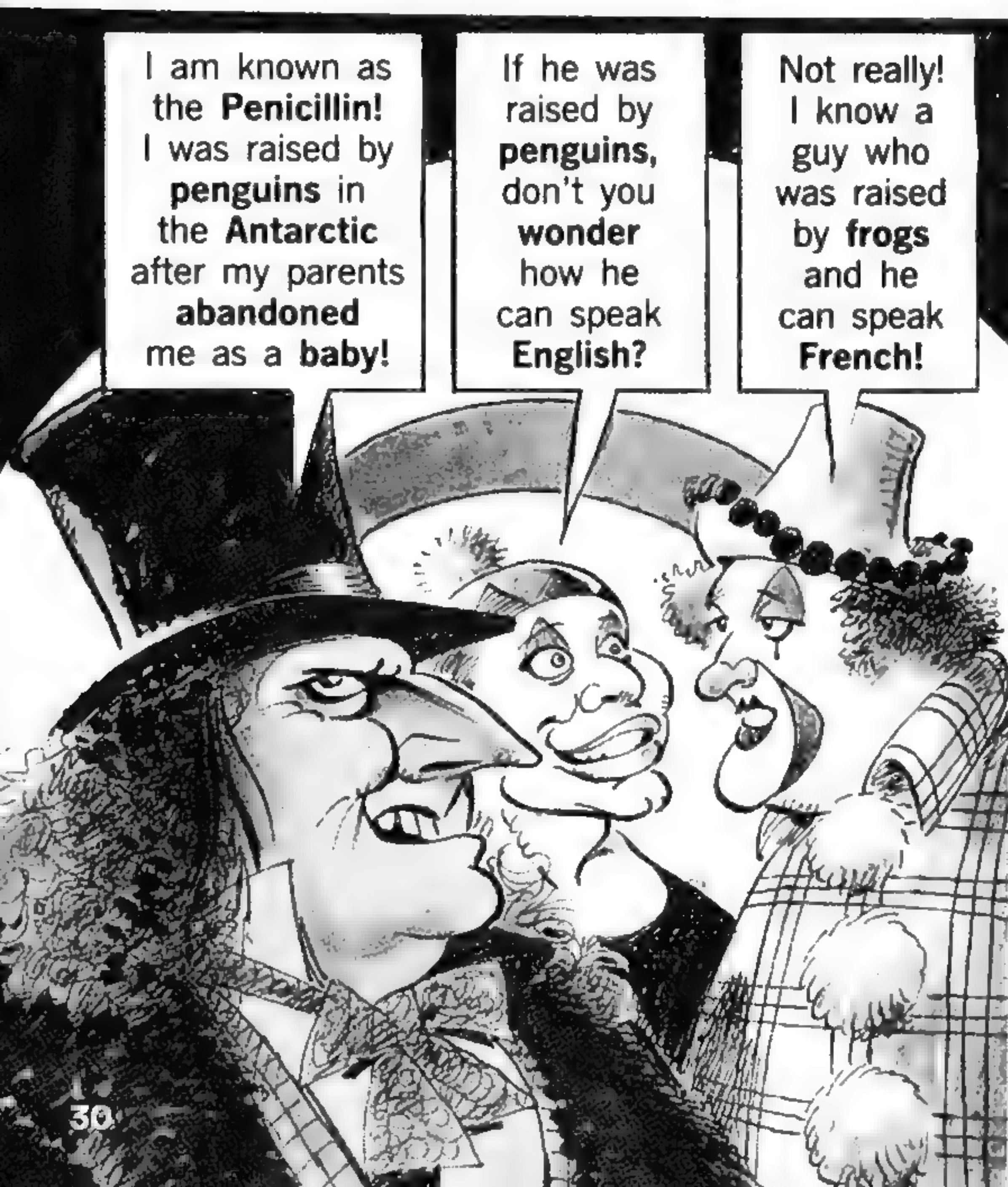
My Buttmobile is fantastic! It can sprout wings, deploy razor sharp blades and launch deadly frisbees! But the most amazing thing about this totally dependable and efficient vehicle is that it was made by an American car company!



Well, Buttman, you did it again! You cleaned up Gotham City!

I don't want any thanks, Commissioner Boredom!

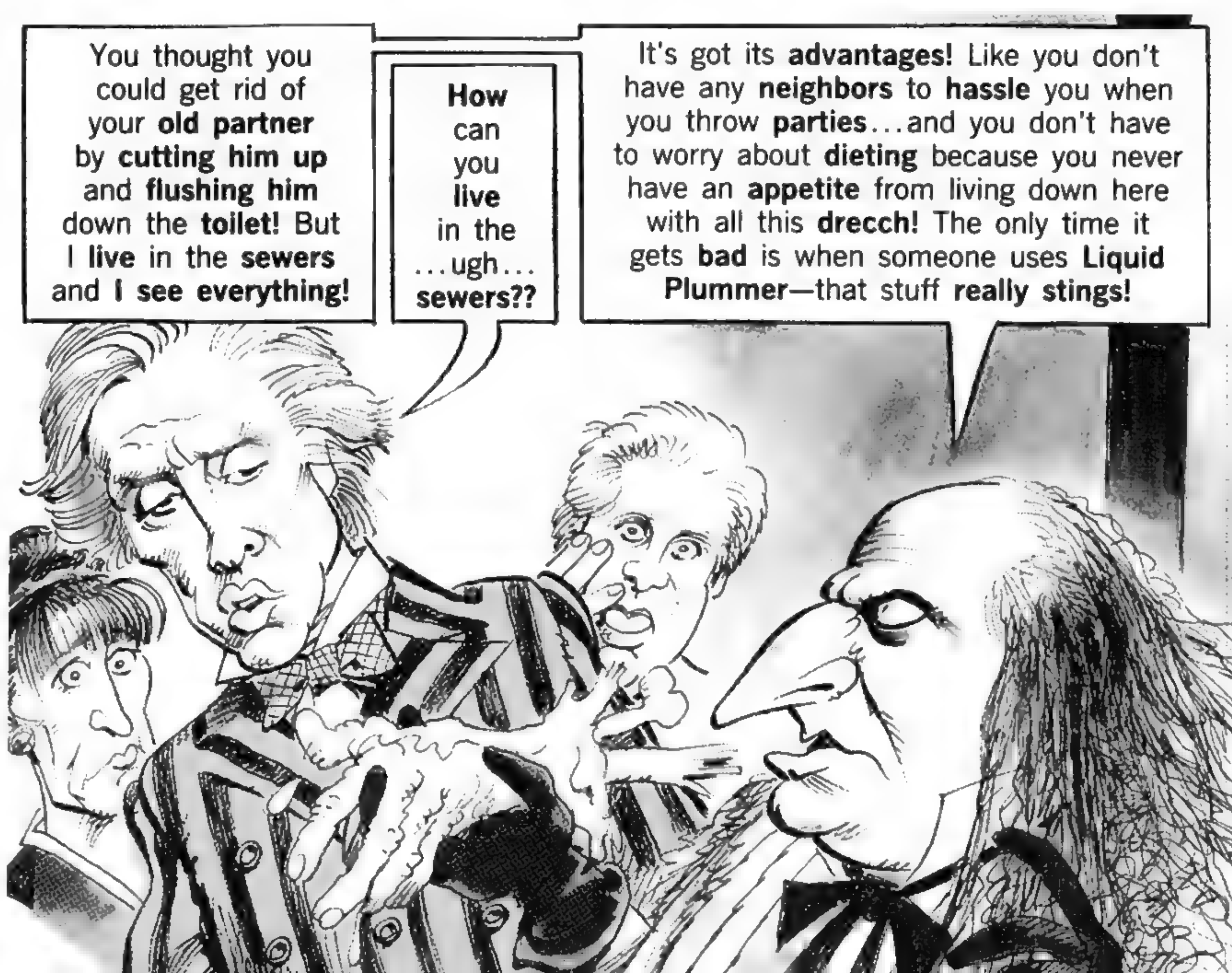
And you're not getting any! With you around, the citizens don't think they need cops and they keep cutting the department budget! You know how many policemen you've thrown out of work? You're a one-man recession!



I am known as the Penicillin! I was raised by penguins in the Antarctic after my parents abandoned me as a baby!

If he was raised by penguins, don't you wonder how he can speak English?

Not really! I know a guy who was raised by frogs and he can speak French!



You thought you could get rid of your old partner by cutting him up and flushing him down the toilet! But I live in the sewers and I see everything!

How can you live in the ...ugh... sewers??

It's got its advantages! Like you don't have any neighbors to hassle you when you throw parties...and you don't have to worry about dieting because you never have an appetite from living down here with all this drecch! The only time it gets bad is when someone uses Liquid Plummer—that stuff really stings!





I'm not a **bad** guy. All I want is to find out who my **human** parents are! Just once I'd like to get a nice Christmas present from my folks, instead of the **dead**, **giftwrapped** fish my **penguin** parents always give me!

Gee, that gets you right in the **heart**!

Yeah! From now on I'm going to use a **better** grade of toilet paper to show him that I **care**!



These are my parents, **peacefully** sleeping!

Why are they so far **apart**?

That's how they **slept** when they were **alive**! They didn't want to take a chance of **ever** having **another** one of those!



Extra! Penicillin in **Gotham Globe** says, "**I Forgive My Folks**"!

"Love Is What It's All About," Bird Guy tells the **Daily News**!

Penicillin admits to **Supermarket Sun**, "**I Never Slept With Bill Clinton**"!

I love this **publicity**! By the way, **except** in the movies, when's the last time you saw a **newsboy** hawking papers on a **street corner**?



I know all about your **corrupt** scheme! You're going to build a **giant capacitor**, not a **power plant**! You're going to **store** energy, not **produce** it and therefore have the city at your **mercy**! What do you **think** would happen if the story got out?

Nothing would happen! The story is so **confusing** no one could possibly **understand** it! However, just to be on the **safe side**...



Dad, what are you **doing**?

I have a lot of **difficulty** telling employees that they're **fired**! This is an **easier way**!

But she's **going** to die!

Don't get all **bent out of shape**, son. She was only a **temp**!



I'll never again complain about the lousy job of **snow removal** that Gotham City's sanitation department does!

This cat is sweet to give me **mouth-to-mouth resuscitation**, but what am I supposed to do with this **disgusting furball**? Yecch!

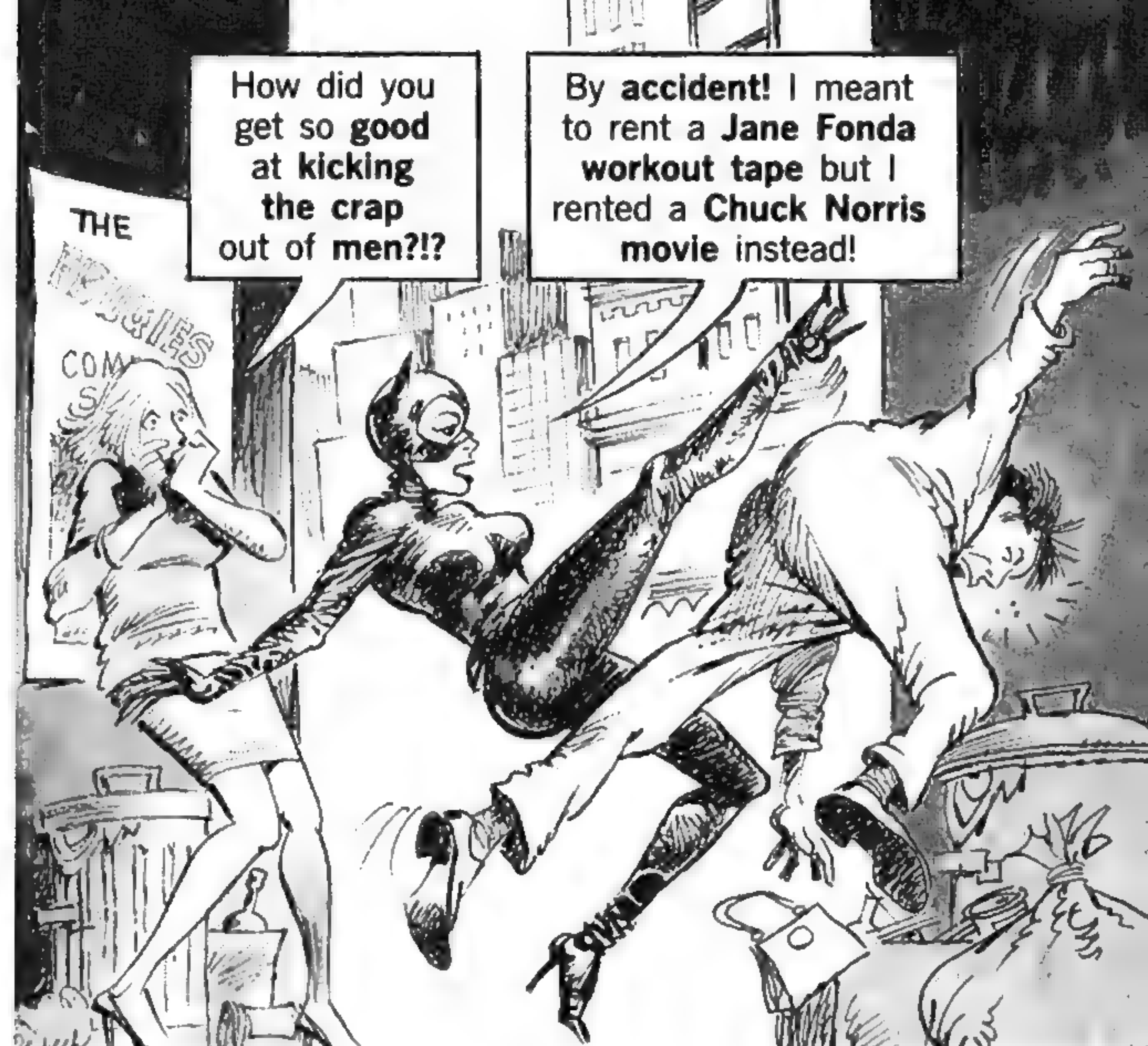






It's time for me to emerge as Scatwoman!

I'll say it's time! This movie is one-third over!



How did you get so good at kicking the crap out of men?!

By accident! I meant to rent a Jane Fonda workout tape but I rented a Chuck Norris movie instead!



I want you to be elected next Mayor of Gotham City! To do it, we'll have to somehow make you look like a hero!

How about if I encourage these guys to arm themselves and terrorize people, then I step in and make them stop?

Brilliant! Where did you get such a sick idea?!

From President Bush's policy towards Saddam Hussein!



Why are you trying to beat up on me?

To prove to the world that women are as rough and tough and mean as men! We're as good or as bad as you are!

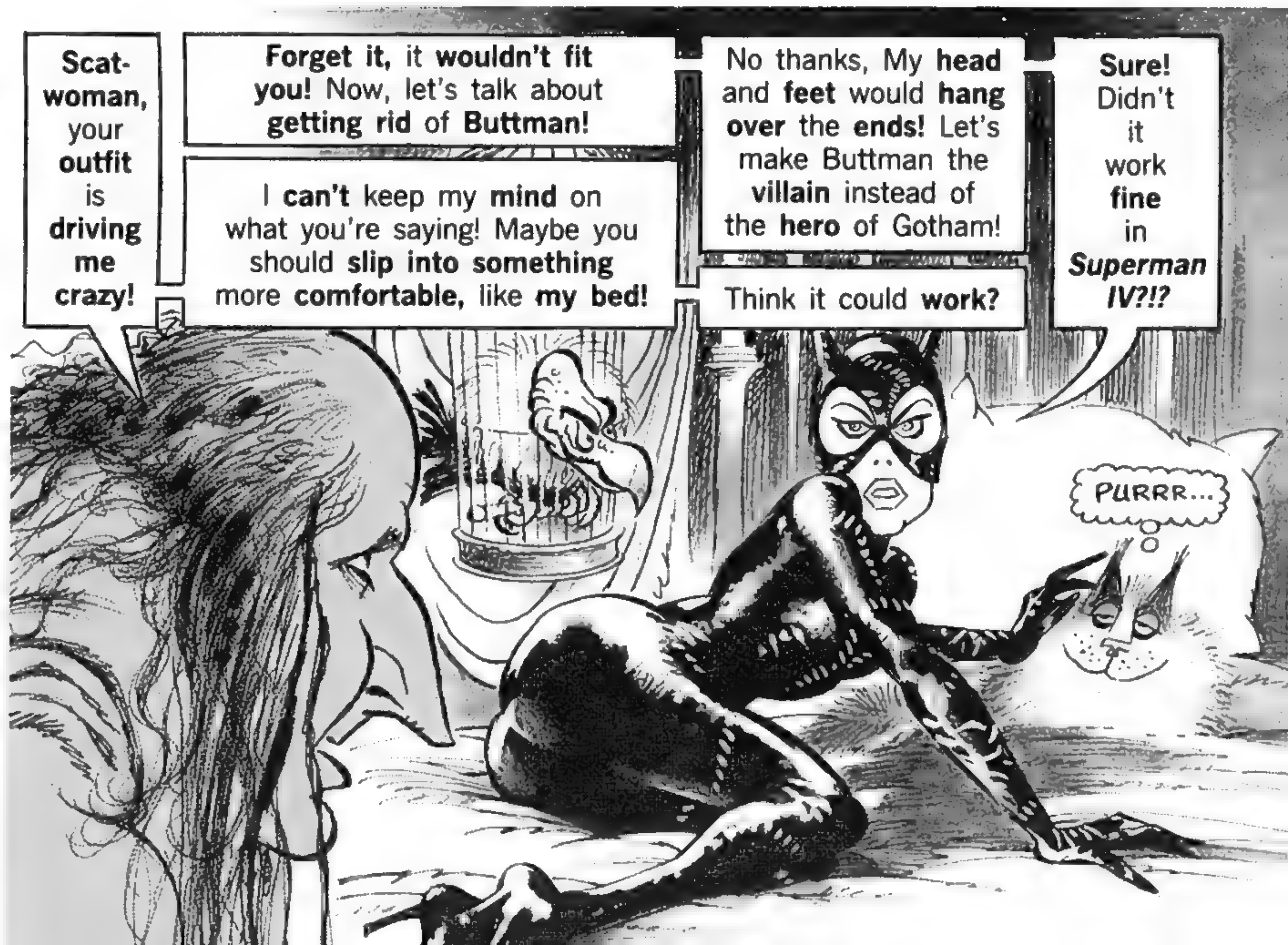
How did you pick up that militant women's lib jargon?

By another accident! Instead of renting a Chuck Norris tape, I got *Thelma and Louise* instead!



YEOW!!!

Hey, sharing dialogue balloons is kinda sexy!



Scat-woman, your outfit is driving me crazy!

Forget it, it wouldn't fit you! Now, let's talk about getting rid of Buttman!

I can't keep my mind on what you're saying! Maybe you should slip into something more comfortable, like my bed!

No thanks, My head and feet would hang over the ends! Let's make Buttman the villain instead of the hero of Gotham!

Think it could work?

Sure! Didn't it work fine in *Superman IV*?!

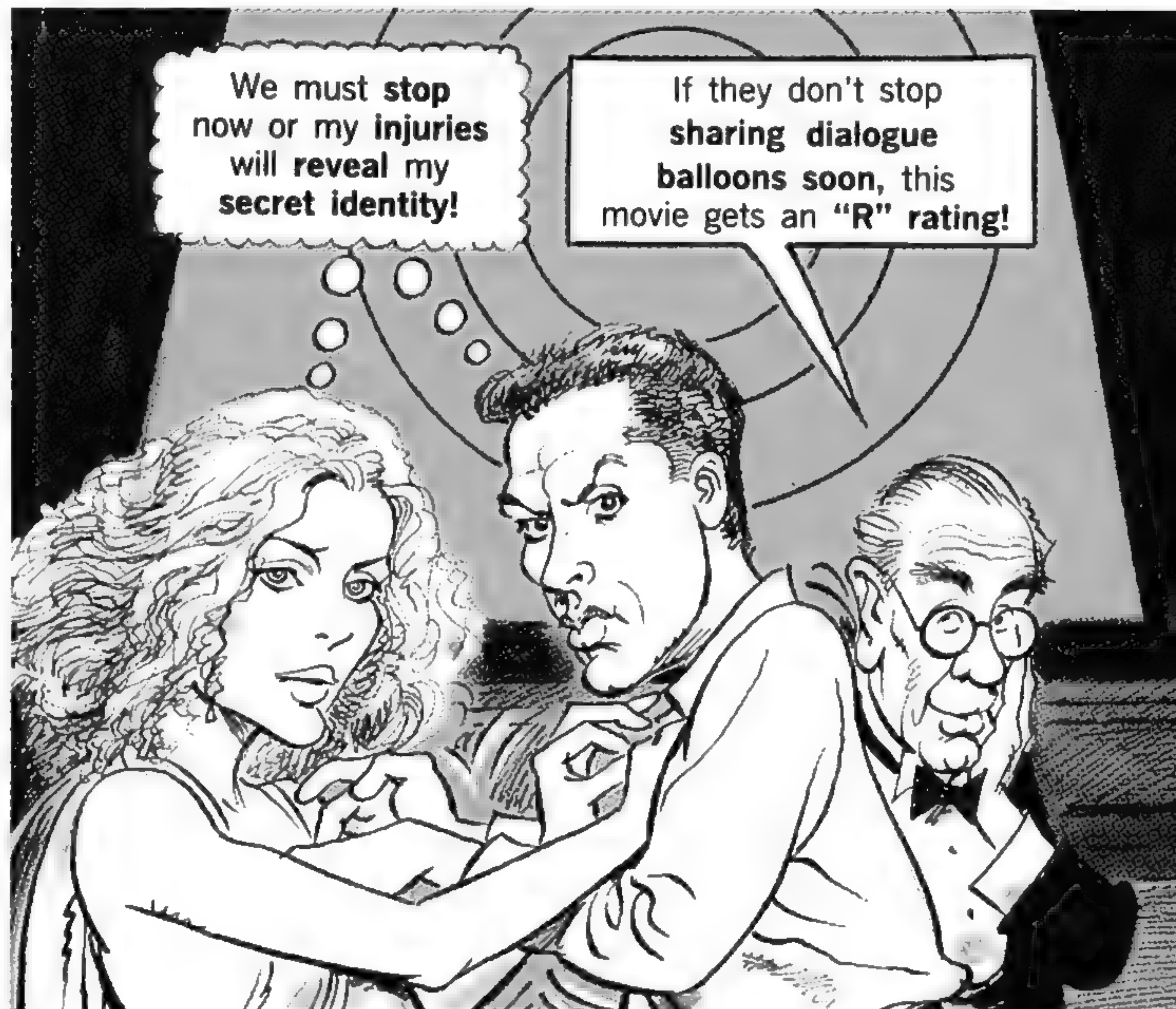
PURRR...





I wonder how he would like making love feline style, in a neighbor's back yard?!!

I wonder how she would like making love bat style, upside down in a damp cave full of guano?!!



We must stop now or my injuries will reveal my secret identity!

If they don't stop sharing dialogue balloons soon, this movie gets an "R" rating!

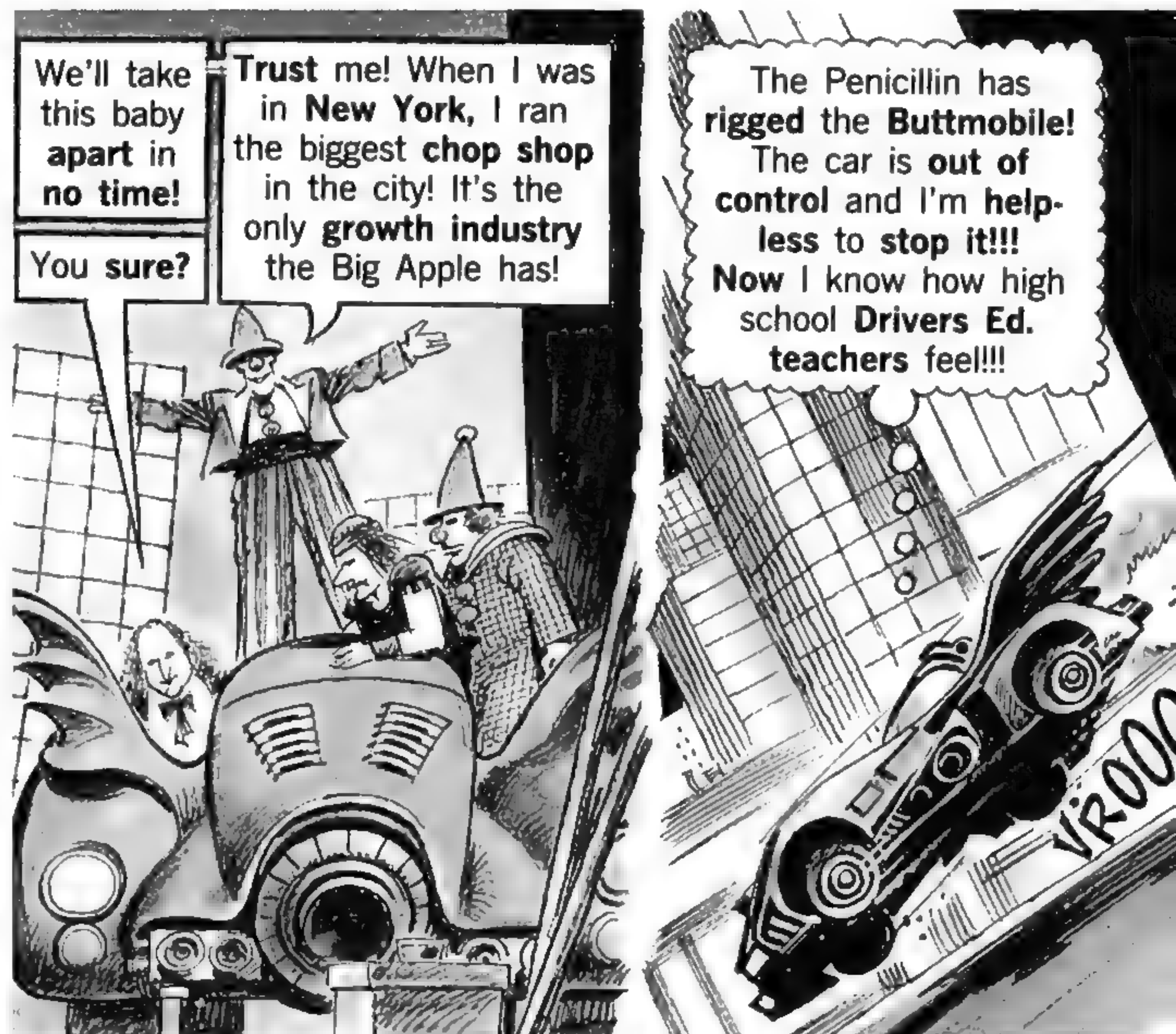


Commissioner Boredom, you're quoted as saying that you suspect that Buttman is behind the kidnapping of The Lice Princess!

I'm not ruling that out as a possibility!

How can you say that? Buttman has been a hero for a long time!!!

Yeah, but the Commissioner has been a schmuck for an even longer time!



We'll take this baby apart in no time!

Trust me! When I was in New York, I ran the biggest chop shop in the city! It's the only growth industry the Big Apple has!

The Penicillin has rigged the Buttmobile! The car is out of control and I'm helpless to stop it!!! Now I know how high school Drivers Ed. teachers feel!!!



Here's a list of all the first born in Gotham City! I'm going to kill every one of them!

Incredibly diabolical! How did you get an idea like that!

By accident! I went to rent a copy of *The Birds* but I picked up *The 10 Commandments* by mistake!



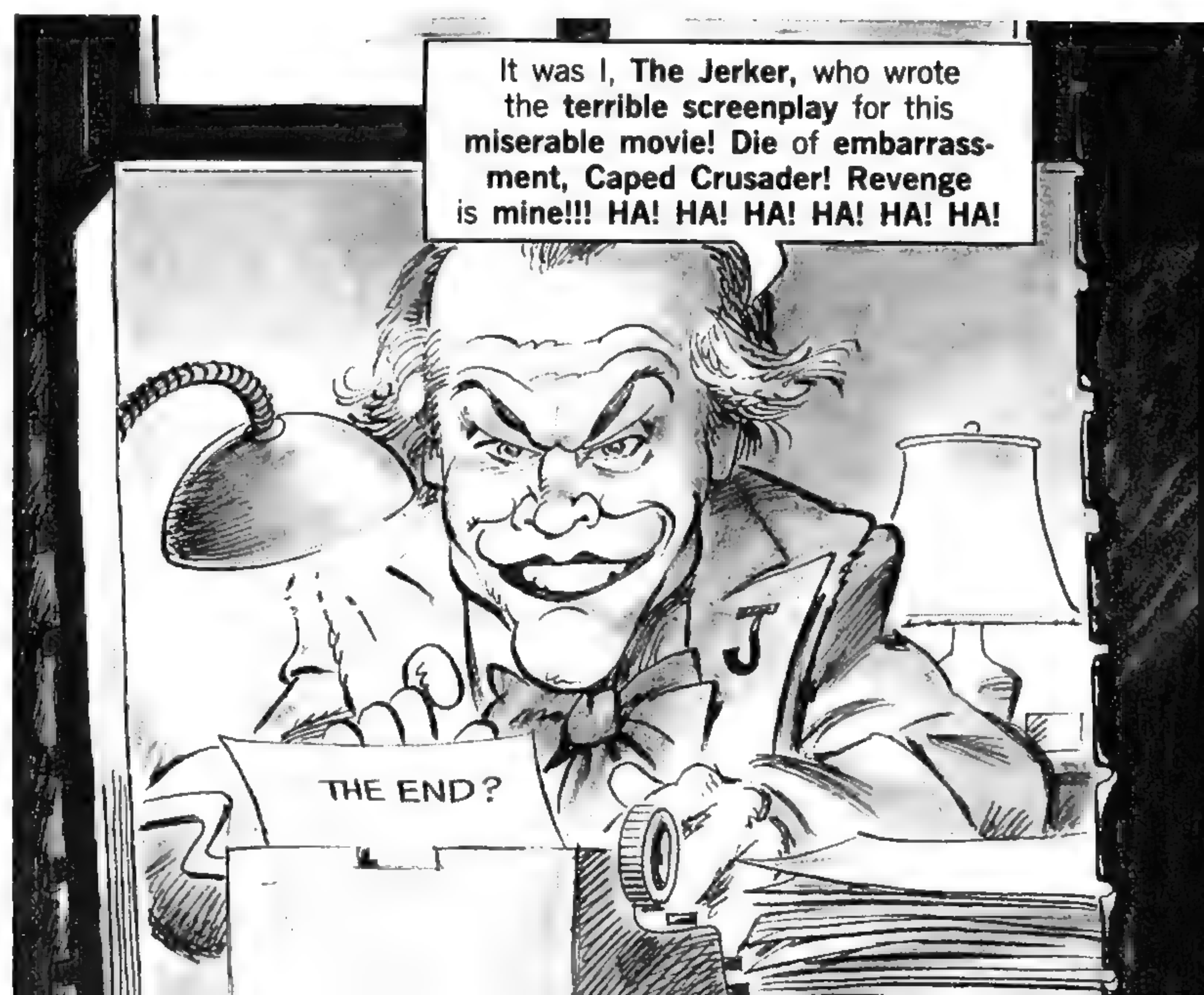
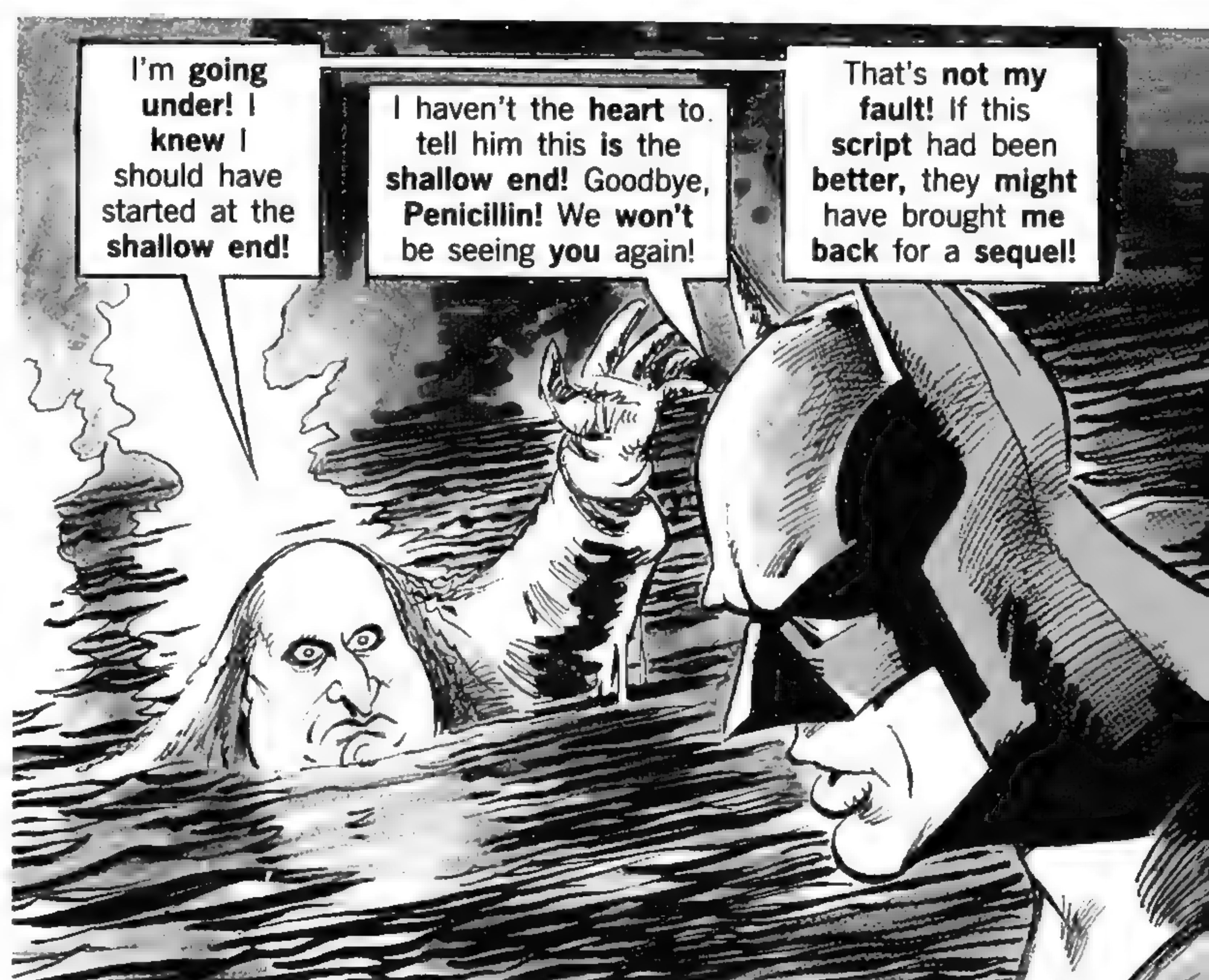
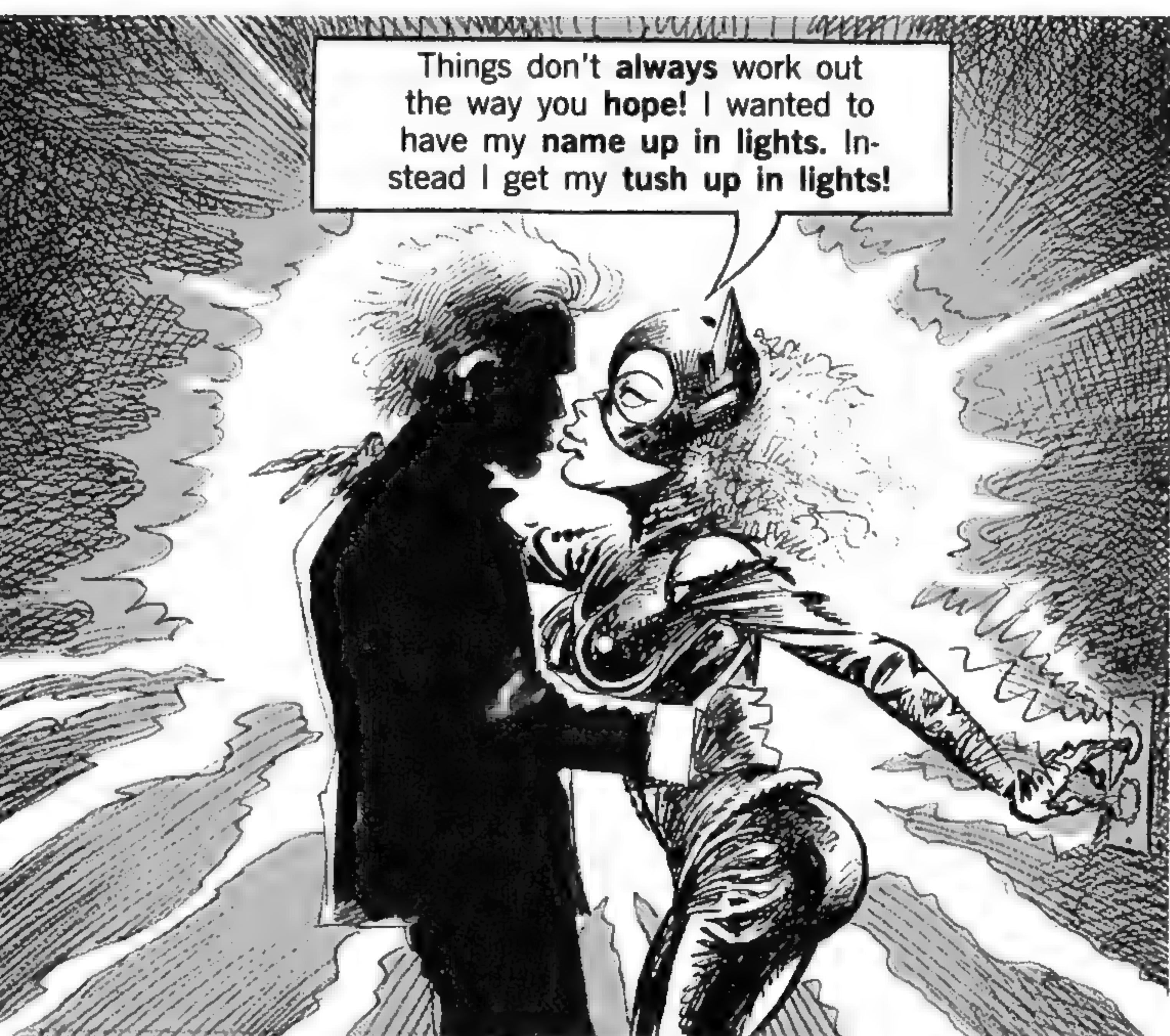
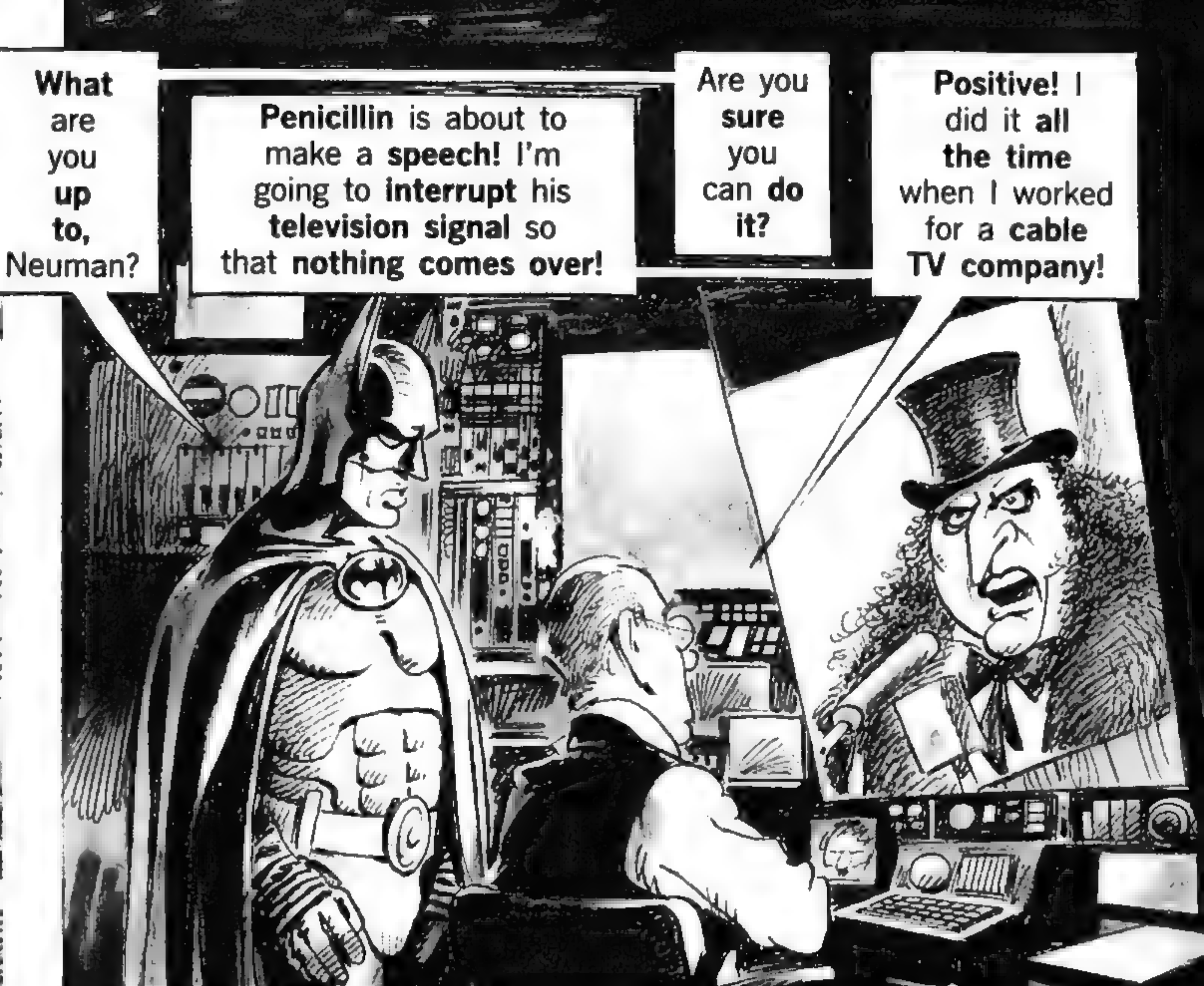
You're... You're Buttman!

But Neuman knows your true identity and he's still around!

I'm sorry you discovered my identity! People who learn my identity disappear like Icky Vale!

He's a better kisser than she was!





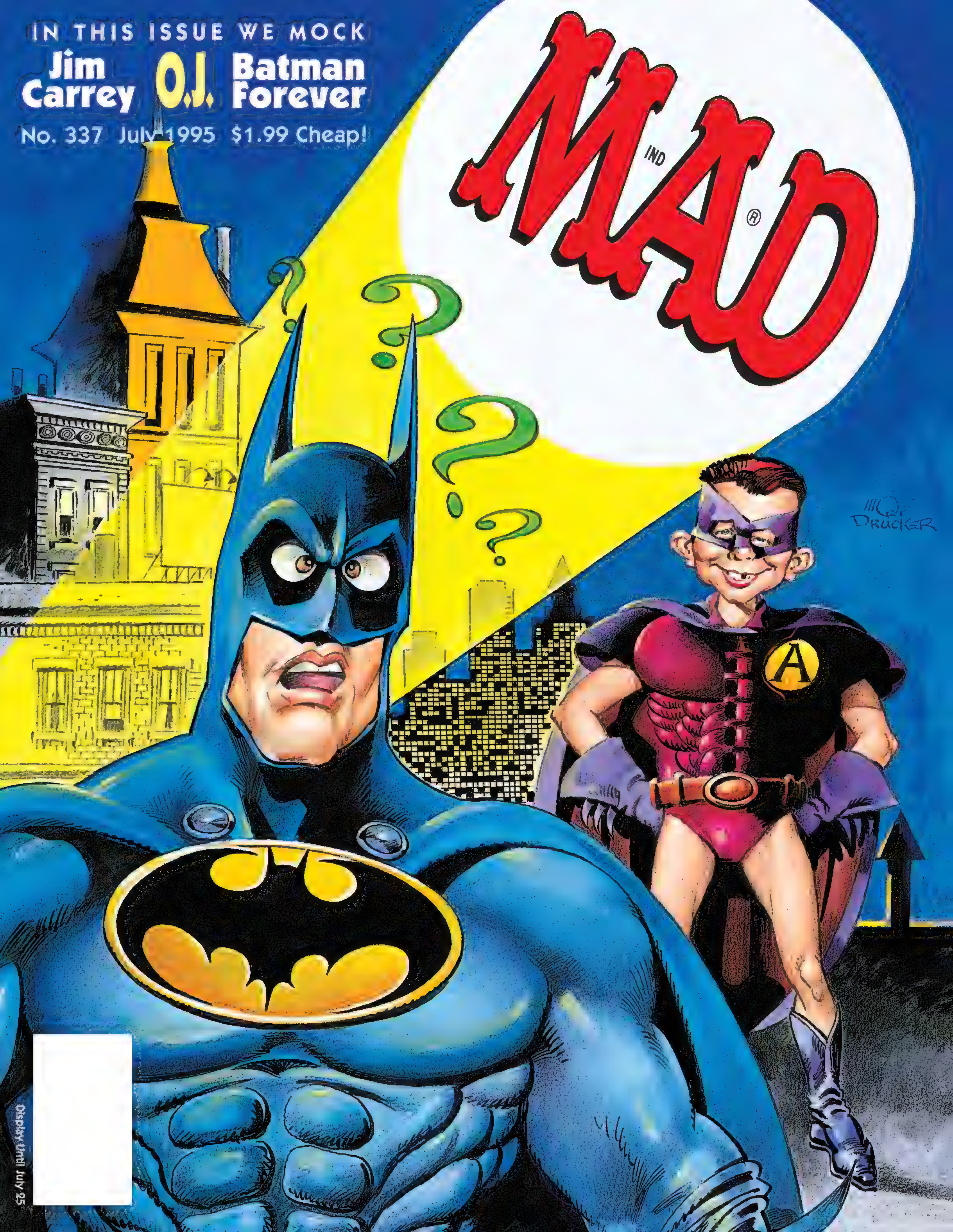


IN THIS ISSUE WE MOCK

**Jim Carrey** **O.J.** **Batman**  
**Carrey** **Forever**

No. 337 July 1995 \$1.99 Cheap!

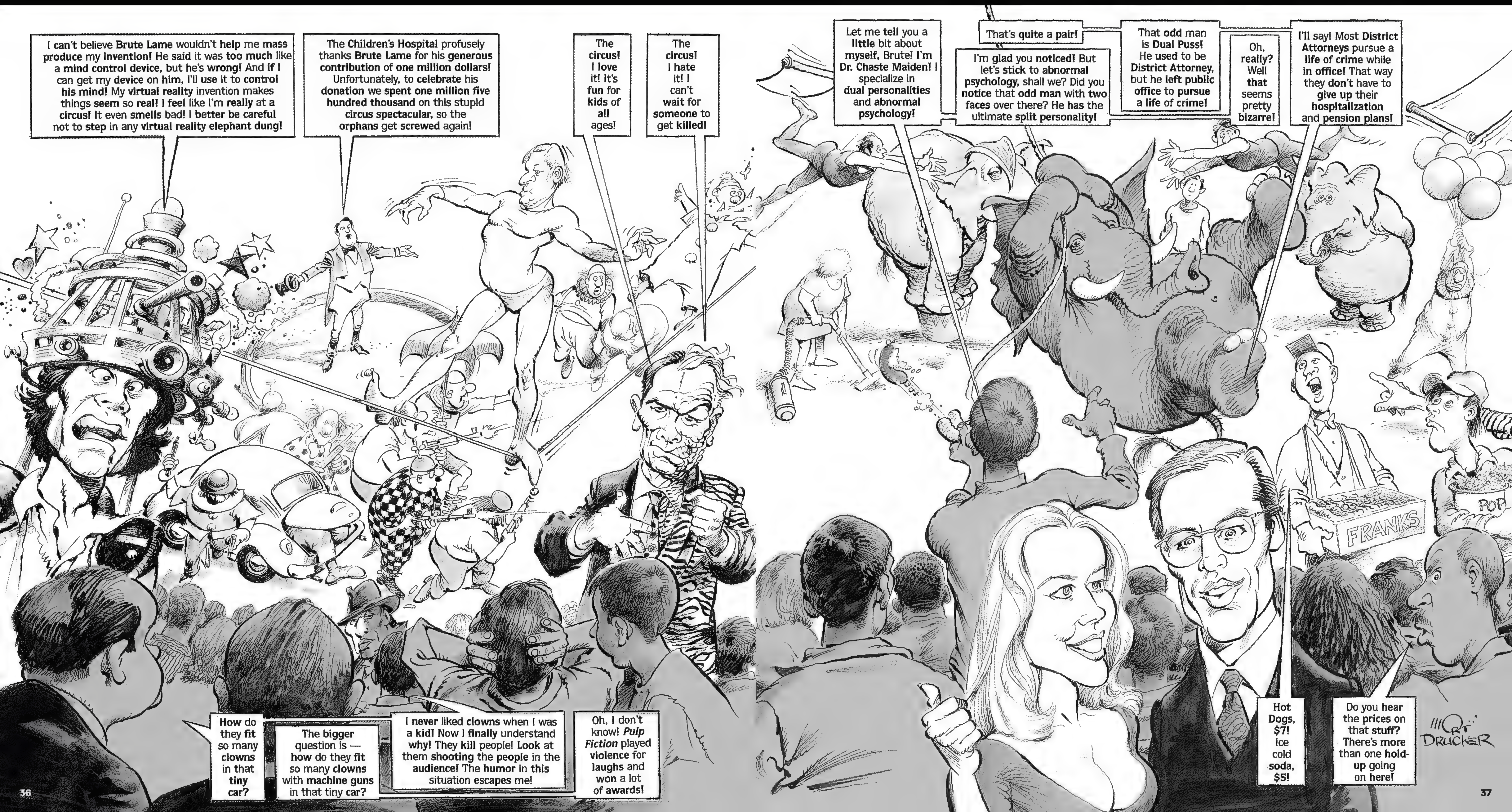
# MAD<sup>®</sup>





# BUTTMAN FERSHLUGGINER

**ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER**





Isn't that cute!  
The Flying  
Gravestones  
are trying to  
dismantle my  
megaton TNT  
bomb! I admire  
their bravery!

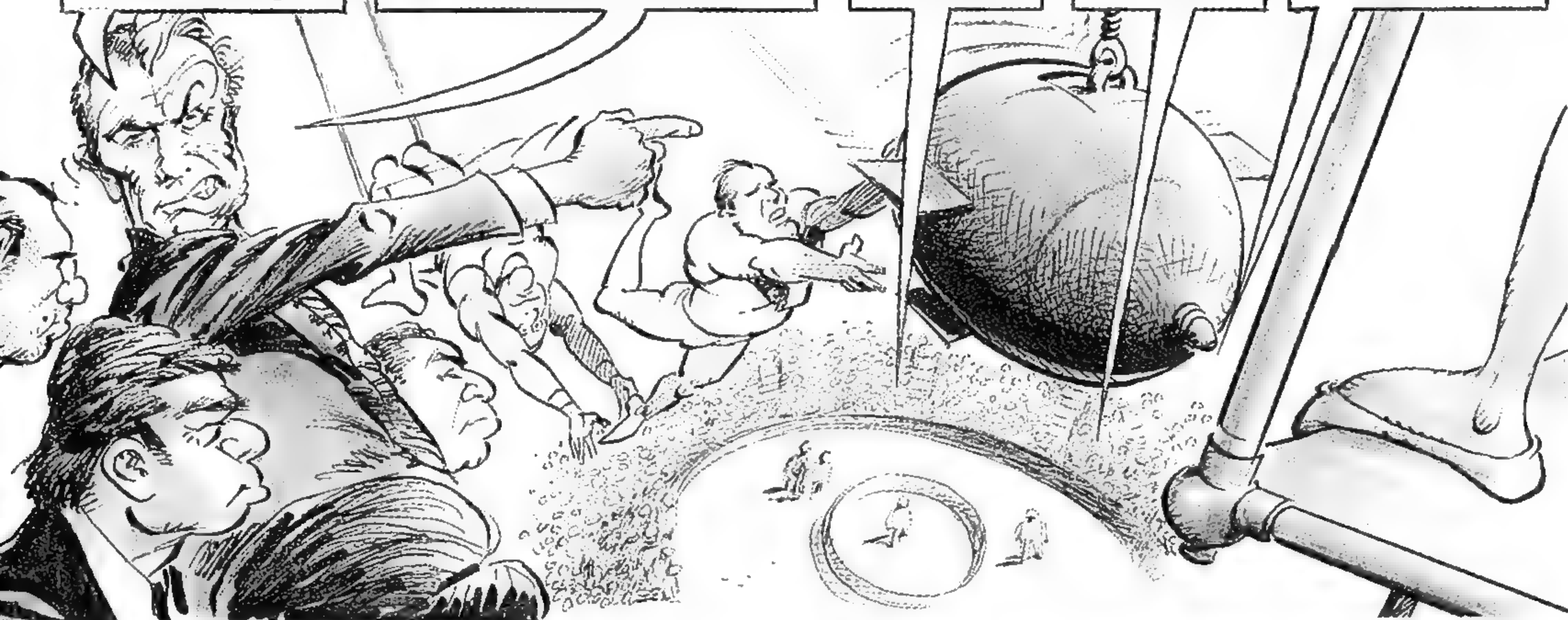
Those \$%^& acrobats are  
trying to dismantle my  
bomb! They're also about  
to change from the  
Flying Gravestones to  
the Dying Gravestones!  
Shoot 'em down, boys and  
get this hold-up underway!

He talks  
out of both  
sides of  
his mouth!  
He must be  
Dual Puss...  
or Newt  
Gingrich!

I can't  
look! Those  
trapeze  
artists are  
going to  
fall to  
their  
deaths!

You better  
look! It  
cost me  
\$300 to  
get seats  
this close  
to the  
action!

I saved quite a few  
lives by hurling Dual  
Puss's bomb into the  
river! Unfortunately, I  
have no way of knowing  
how many tourists died  
on the Circle Line  
boat it sank!



You're  
a hero,  
Dork! Your  
parents  
must be  
proud  
of you!

My parents are  
dead! Remember?  
They were shot  
down from their  
high wires last  
night by Dual  
Puss and his men!

Yes, but all the  
way down to the  
ground, I bet  
they were thinking —  
"our son is really  
brave" — right up  
to the splat, that is!



Where would  
you like to  
sleep, Dork?  
This place has  
37 bedrooms, but  
quite frankly,  
mine has the most  
comfortable bed!

Thanks,  
but  
this  
is only  
our  
first  
date!

And since you like  
spandex and capes,  
you won't believe your  
eyes when you see the  
Butt-wardrobe! It's  
massive! And talk  
about mirrors...

Okay Smoothie,  
you've got  
yourself a  
roomie! That  
"man to man"  
talk about  
kinky clothes  
convinced me!



There's another neat thing  
about staying here! My  
bedroom is the perfect place  
to have revealing, recurring  
nightmares! Especially about  
dead parents!

Just  
what I  
need!  
I'm  
definitely  
staying!

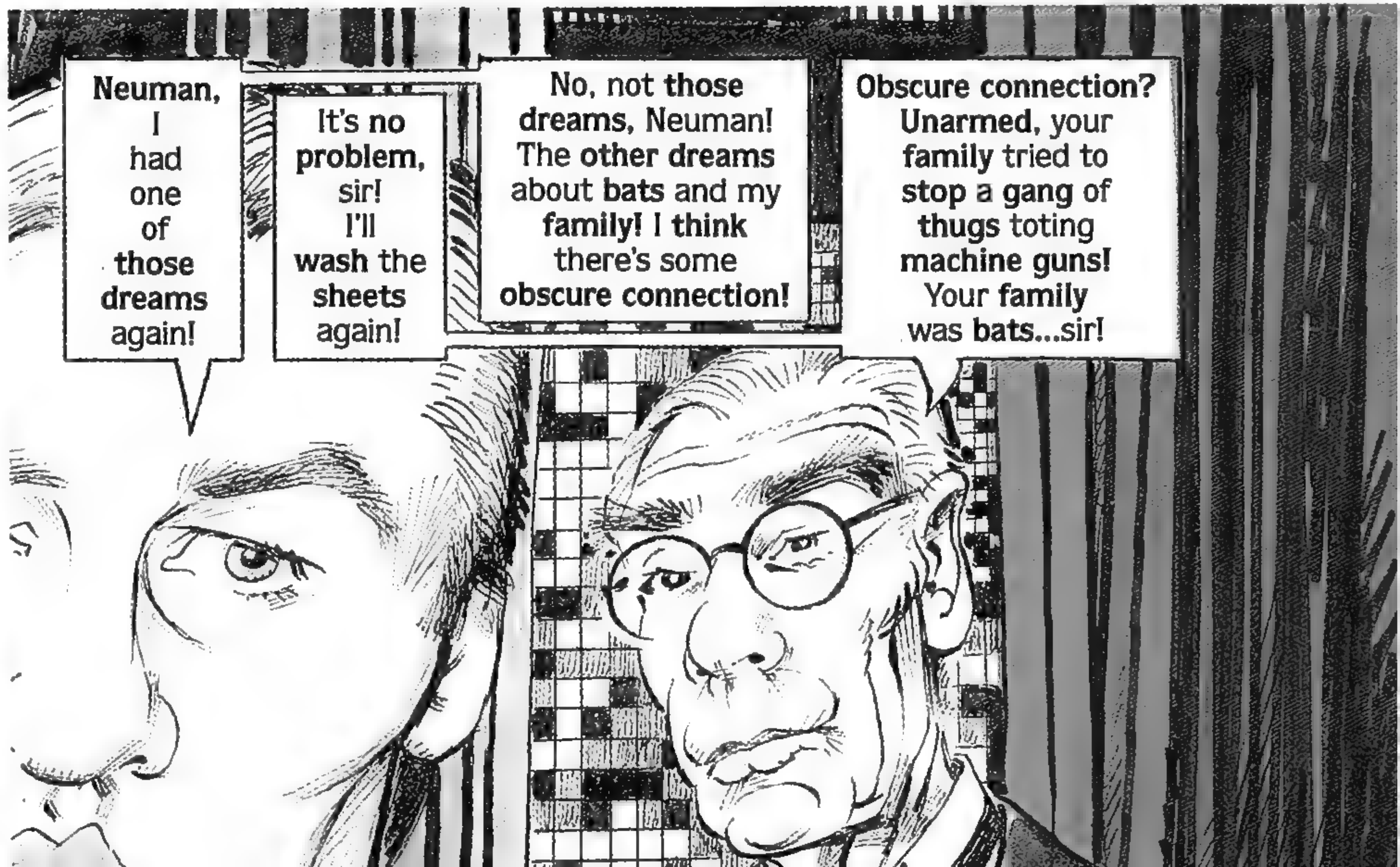


Neuman,  
I  
had  
one  
of  
those  
dreams  
again!

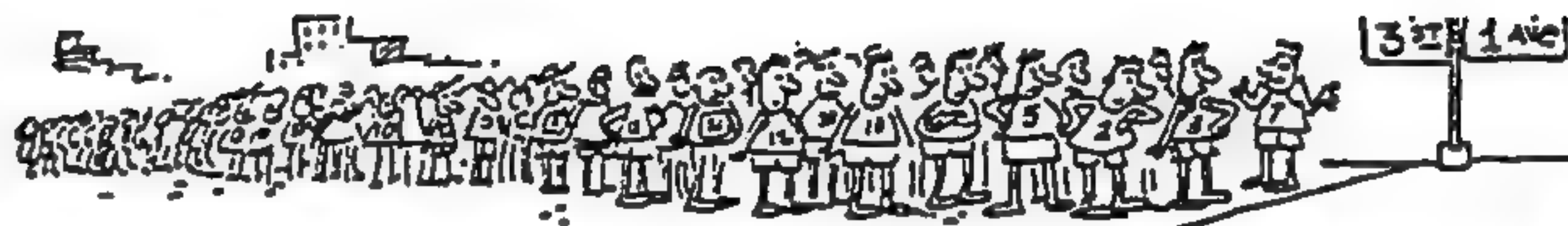
It's no  
problem,  
sir!  
I'll  
wash the  
sheets  
again!

No, not those  
dreams, Neuman!  
The other dreams  
about bats and my  
family! I think  
there's some  
obscure connection!

Obscure connection?  
Unarmed, your  
family tried to  
stop a gang of  
thugs toting  
machine guns!  
Your family  
was bats...sir!







I don't know if I became Buttman to fight crime, or to fight the fear of crime! Because fearing fighting crime can be more fearful than fighting the crime itself, or the fear! It's deep, I know!

It's so deep I need the ButtShovel! But first, this note came for you: "Puzzle me this: If Michael Keaton turned down ten million dollars to play Buttman in this movie — what did he know that you didn't? Signed, the Piddler!"

First Siskel, then Ebert, now him! Is everybody a critic?



How come you respond so quickly when the police send the Butt-Signal?

I'd like to see you try to sleep when someone shines a fifty million watt spotlight in your bedroom window!

Actually, I sent the signal! I'm quite attracted to your ButtCape, your ButtTights and your ButtMask! I'd kiss you, but I'm not attracted to your ButtBreath! Yuck!

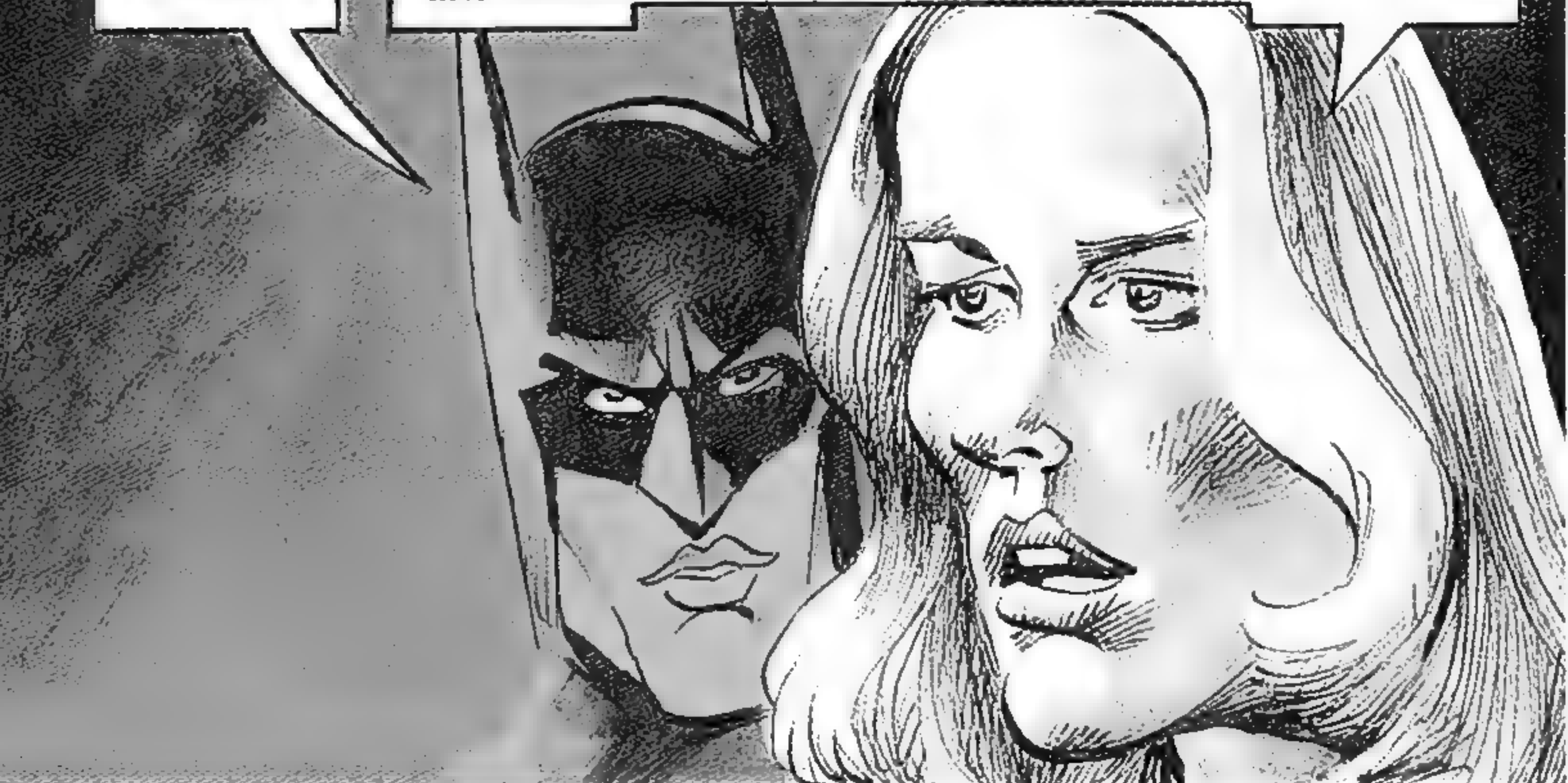


We have a really sicko-wacko-creepo murderer on the loose!

Leave the diagnoses to the professionals, like me!

His latest note says: "Puzzle me this: Why is the part of a renowned psychologist played with so much flesh uncovered? Is it to cover-up bad acting?"

I hope you catch that really sicko-wacko-creepo murderer — and fast!



I want you to take this made-in-Taiwan dream doll! It's truly unique! It's the only doll that wasn't made by Mattel! She stands sentry while you sleep and she'll help end your nightmares!

How much air does she take?

Air?

Yes! Every doll I've ever owned is inflatable!



A stick up! It can't be! We are Got'em's finest citizens!

Okay then, it's not a stick up! Think of it as a redistribution of your wealth!

I hate to say it, but this is the first time I've been at the opera and didn't fall asleep!

Has Buttman lost his touch? Where is he while the city is under siege? And help, I'm being robbed!

Prepare the ButtMobile, Neuman, I'm going into Got'em!

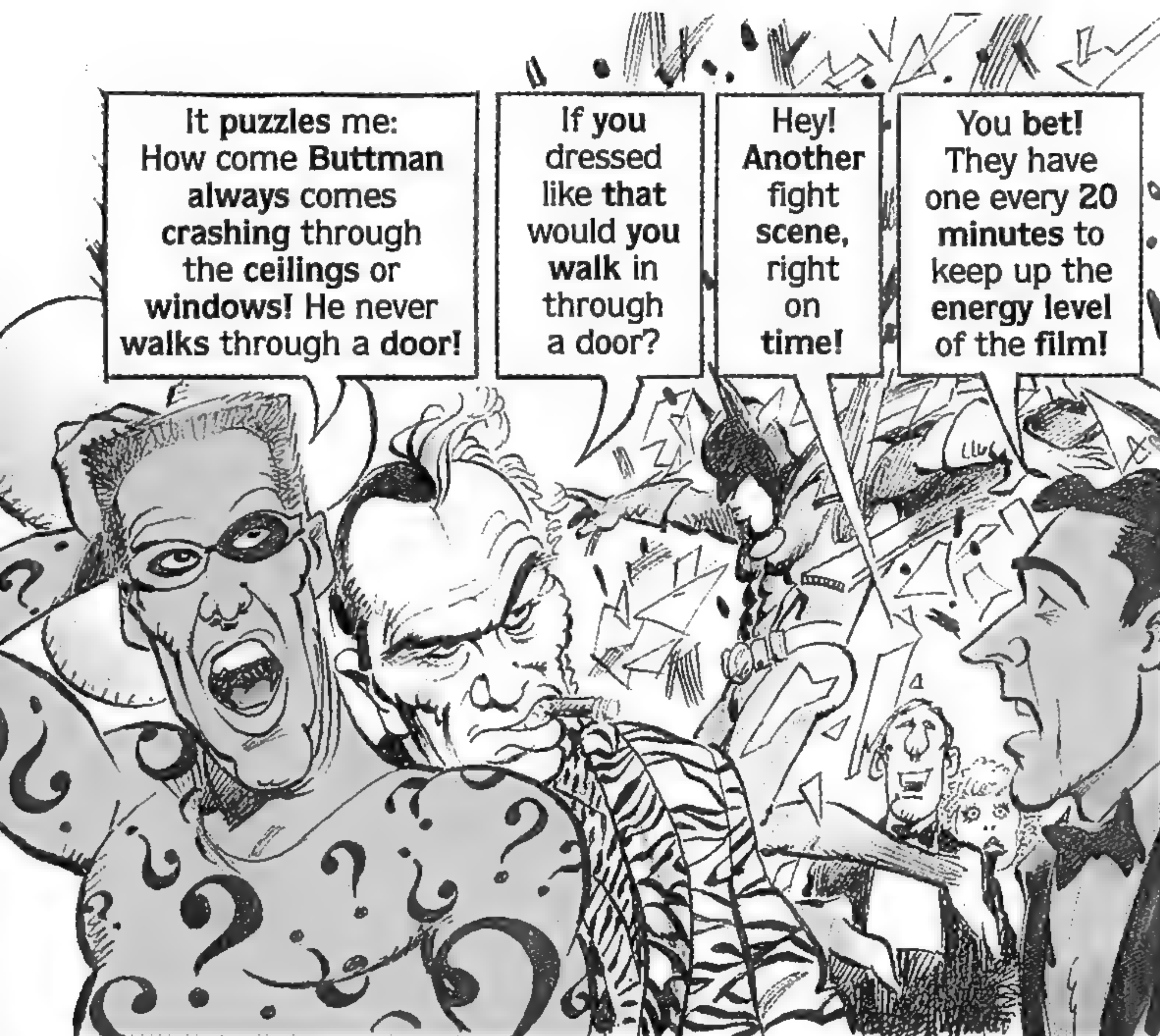
The ButtMobile is prepared and it's already in Got'em!

You're very efficient, Neuman, but I think that's too efficient! How did the ButtMobile get to town without me?

Master Gravestone took it, sir! As you can see, I tried to stop him!





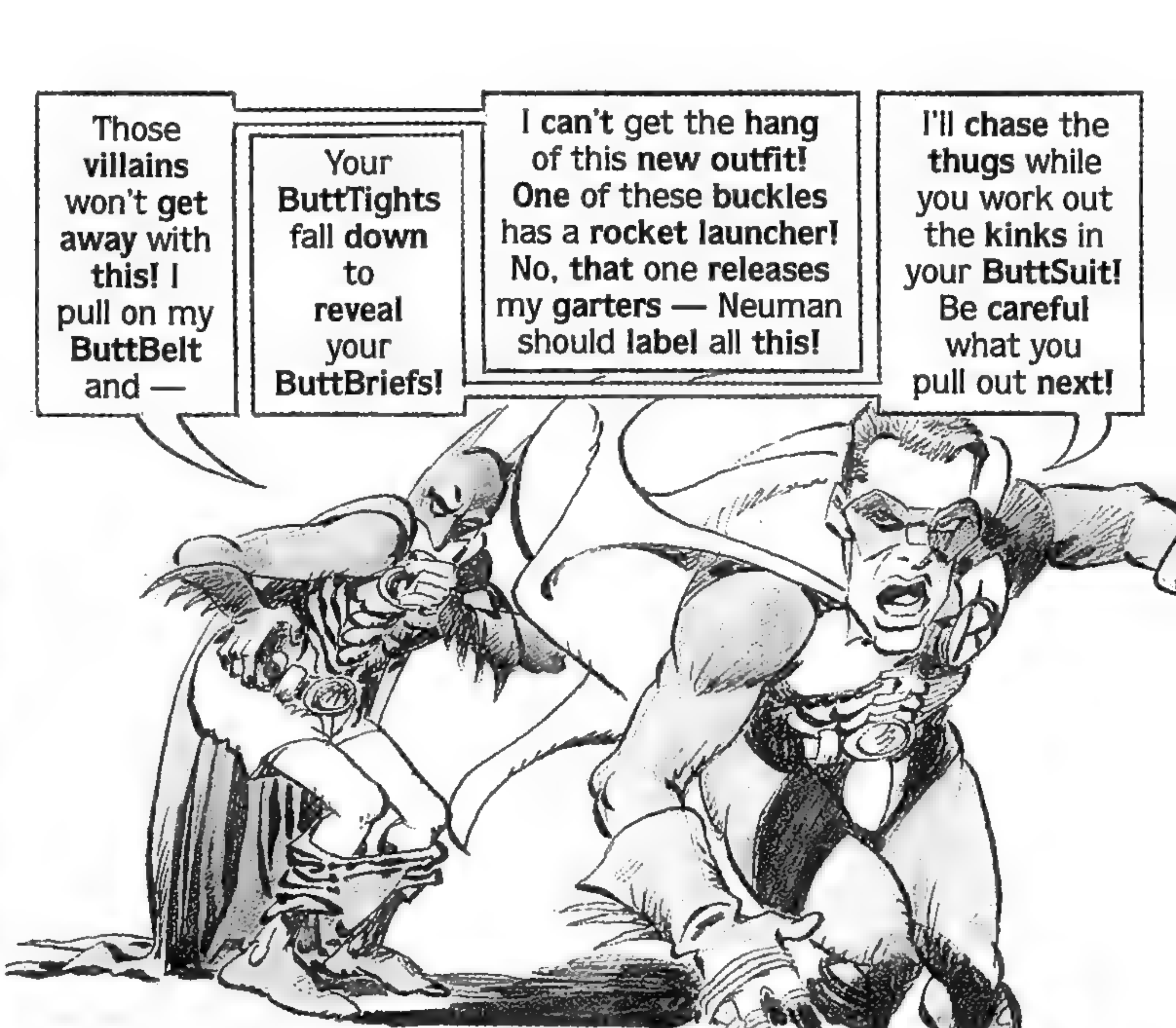


It puzzles me:  
How come **Buttman**  
always comes  
crashing through  
the ceilings or  
windows! He never  
walks through a door!

If you  
dressed  
like that  
would you  
walk in  
through  
a door?

Hey!  
Another  
fight  
scene,  
right  
on  
time!

You bet!  
They have  
one every 20  
minutes to  
keep up the  
energy level  
of the film!

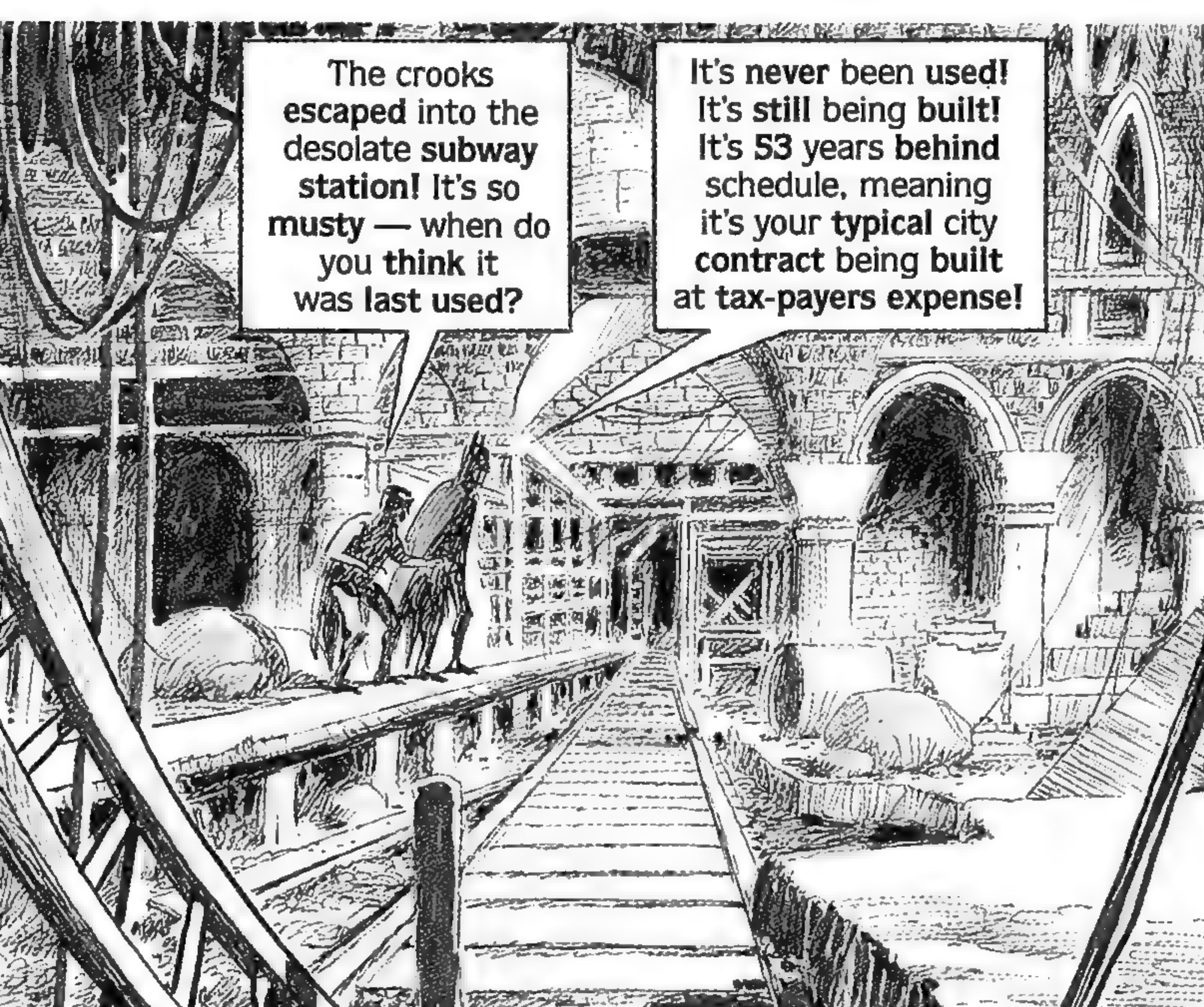


Those  
villains  
won't get  
away with  
this! I  
pull on my  
**ButtBelt**  
and —

Your  
**ButtTights**  
fall down  
to  
reveal  
your  
**ButtBriefs**!

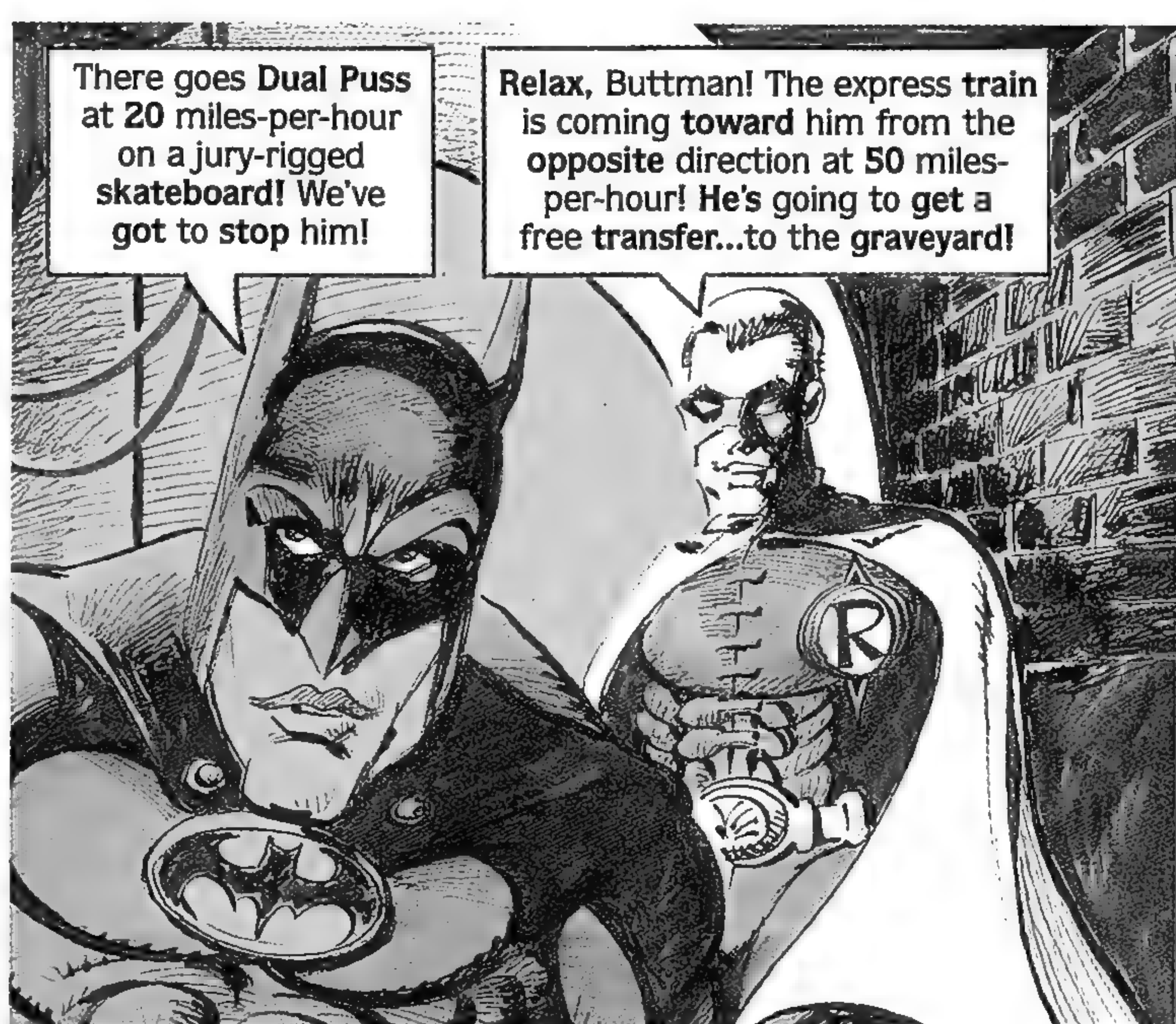
I can't get the hang  
of this new outfit!  
One of these buckles  
has a rocket launcher!  
No, that one releases  
my garters — Neuman  
should label all this!

I'll chase the  
thugs while  
you work out  
the kinks in  
your **ButtSuit**!  
Be careful  
what you  
pull out next!



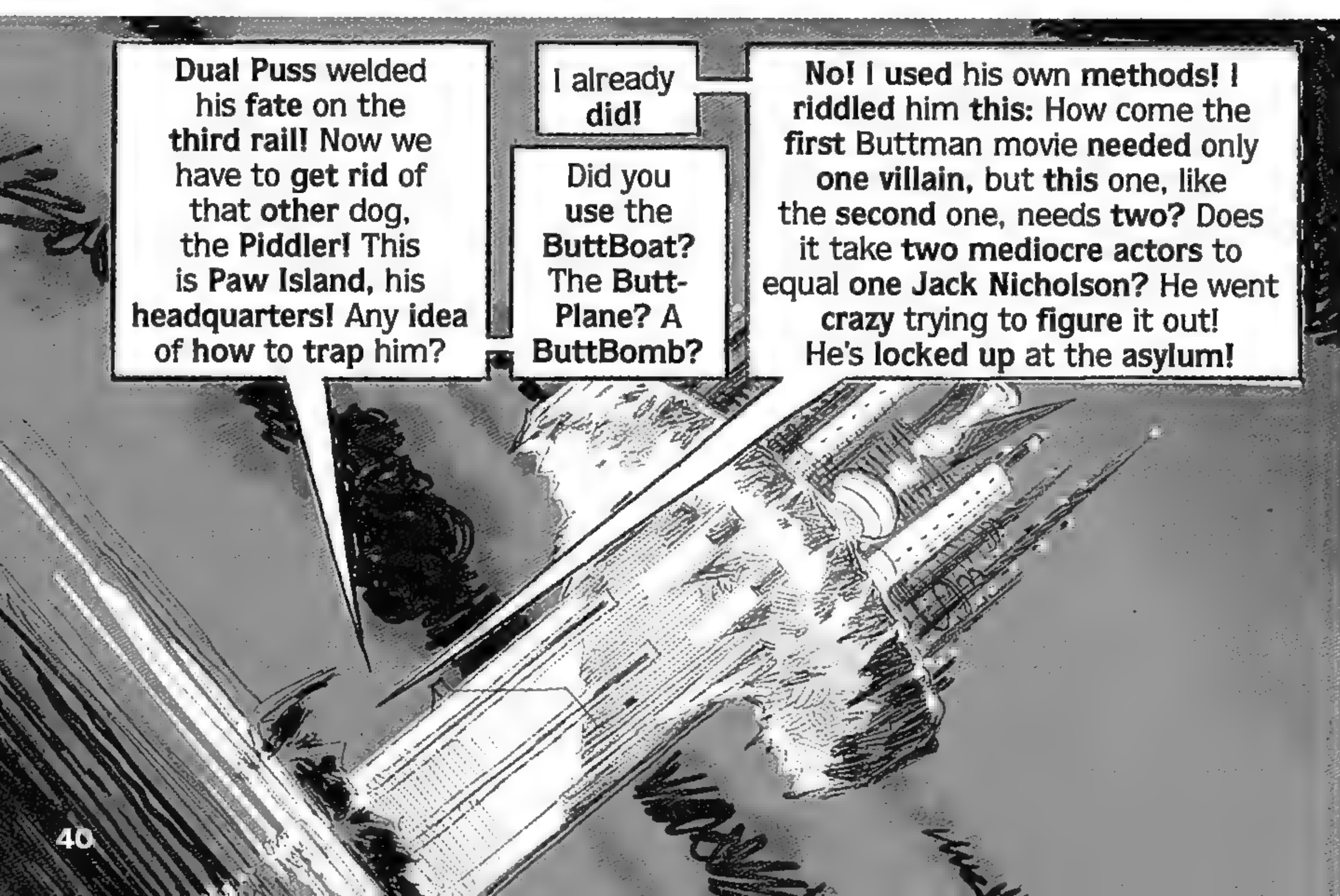
The crooks  
escaped into the  
desolate subway  
station! It's so  
musty — when do  
you think it  
was last used?

It's never been used!  
It's still being built!  
It's 53 years behind  
schedule, meaning  
it's your typical city  
contract being built  
at tax-payers expense!



There goes **Dual Puss**  
at 20 miles-per-hour  
on a jury-rigged  
skateboard! We've  
got to stop him!

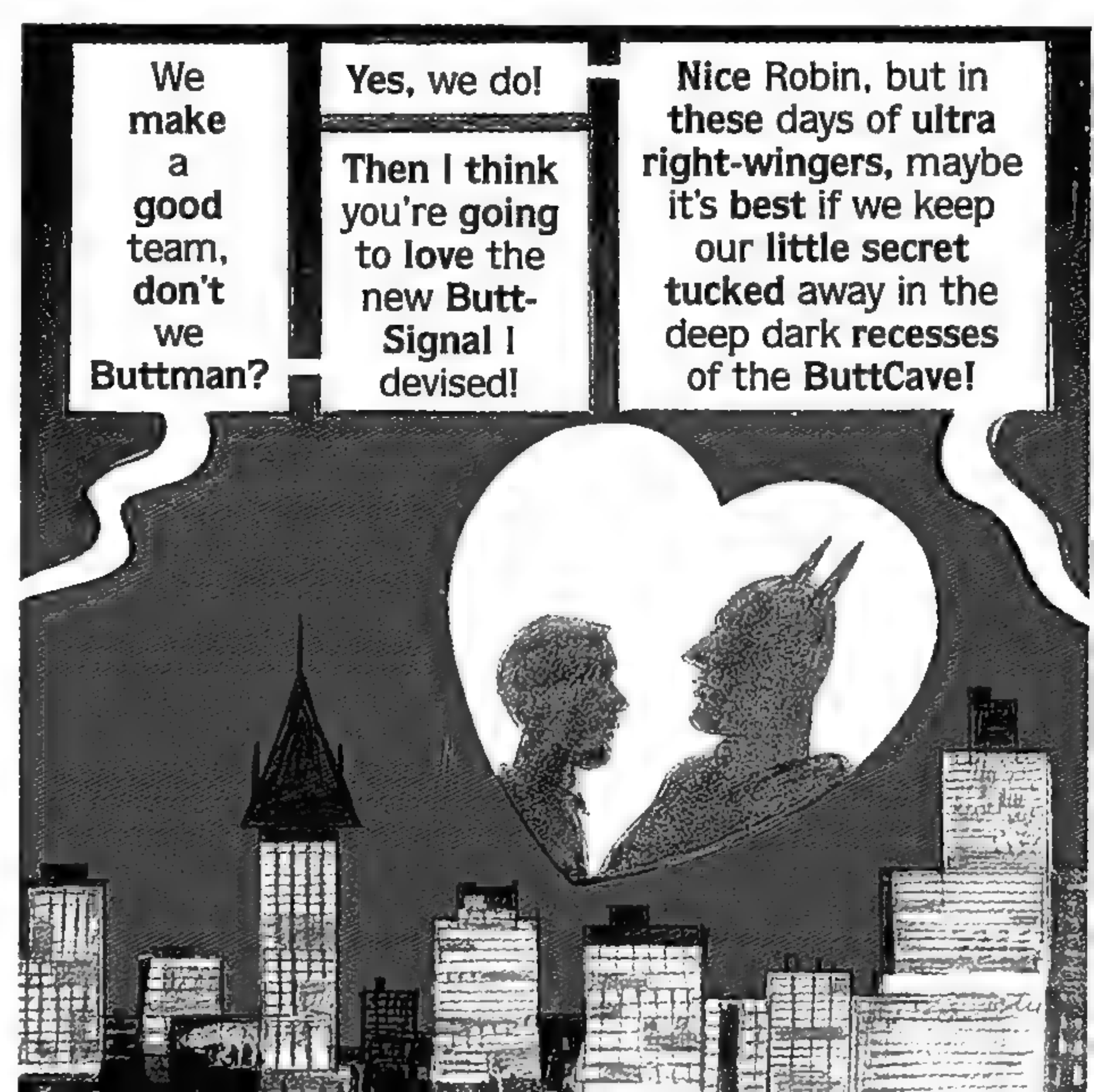
Relax, **Buttman**! The express train  
is coming toward him from the  
opposite direction at 50 miles-  
per-hour! He's going to get a  
free transfer...to the graveyard!



**Dual Puss** welded  
his fate on the  
third rail! Now we  
have to get rid of  
that other dog,  
the **Piddler**! This  
is **Paw Island**, his  
headquarters! Any idea  
of how to trap him?

I already  
did!  
Did you  
use the  
**ButtBoat**?  
The **Butt-  
Plane**? A  
**ButtBomb**?

No! I used his own methods! I  
riddled him this: How come the  
first **Buttman** movie needed only  
one villain, but this one, like  
the second one, needs two? Does  
it take two mediocre actors to  
equal one **Jack Nicholson**? He went  
crazy trying to figure it out!  
He's locked up at the asylum!

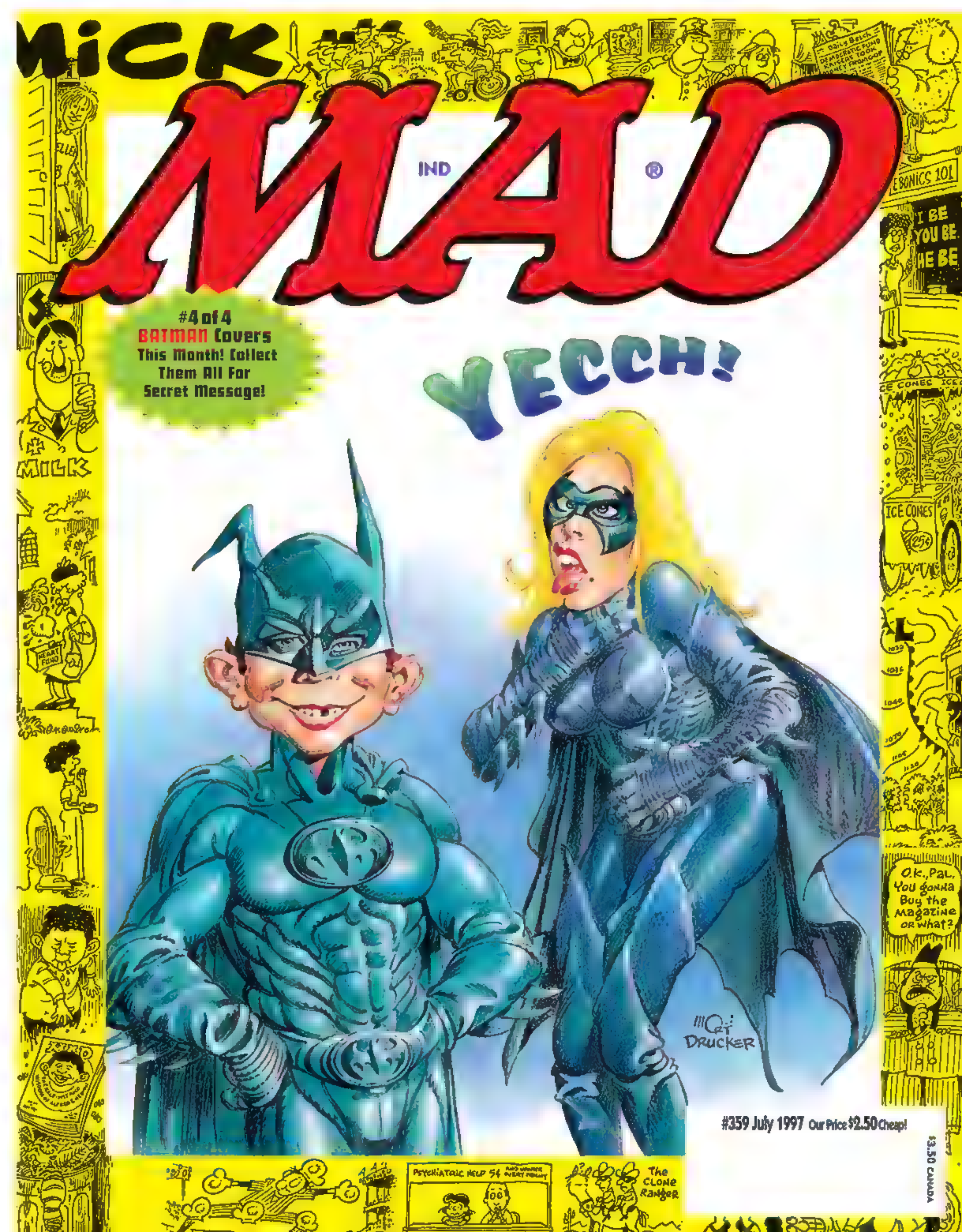
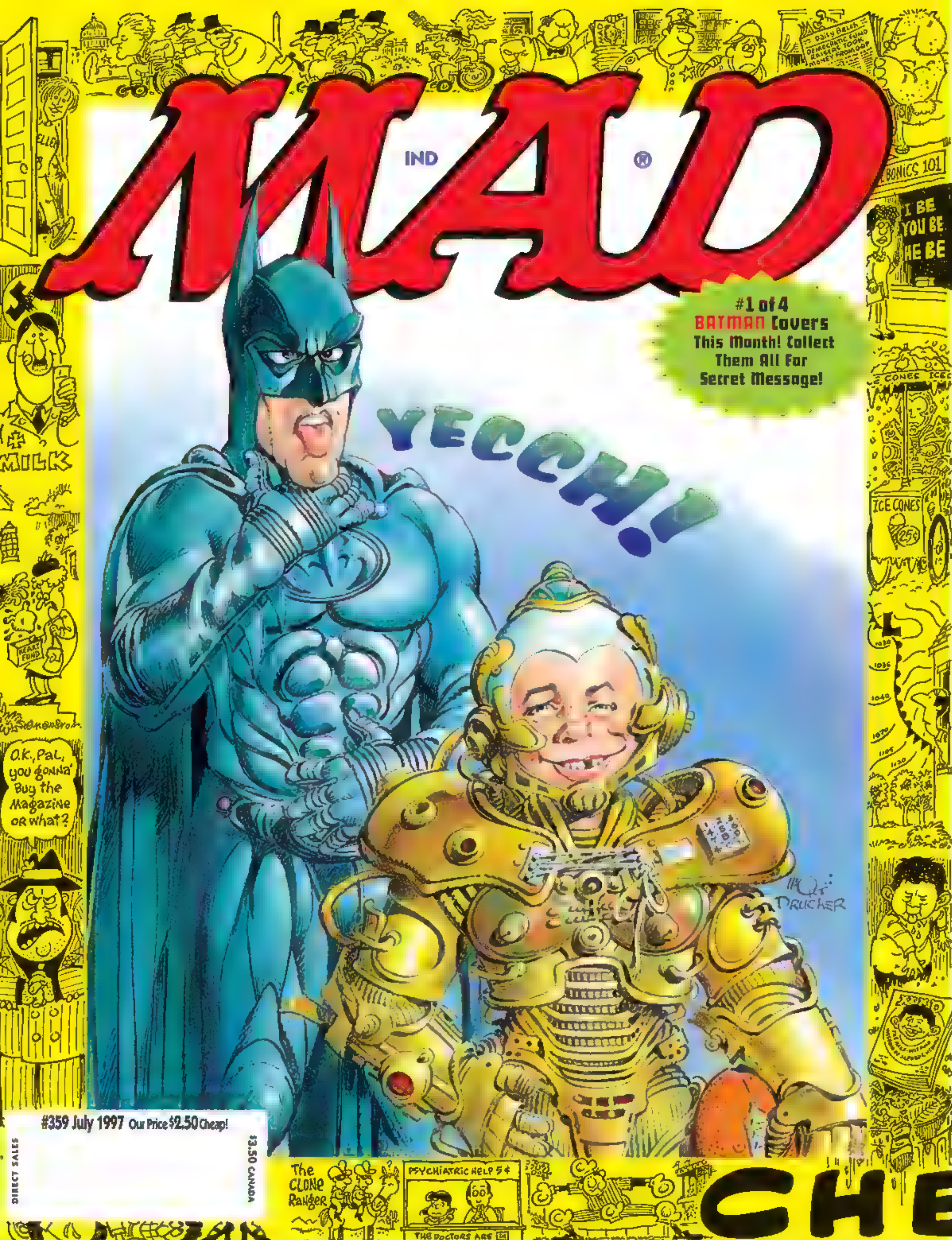


We  
make  
a  
good  
team,  
don't  
we  
**Buttman**?

Yes, we do!  
Then I think  
you're going  
to love the  
new **Butt-  
Signal** I  
devised!

Nice **Robin**, but in  
these days of ultra  
right-wingers, maybe  
it's best if we keep  
our little secret  
tucked away in the  
deep dark recesses  
of the **ButtCave**!







A sleek new vehicle is roaring out of the Butt-cave this summer! And this time it's featuring dual air bags! Here is our version of...

# BUTTMAN & RUBBIN'

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

We're off on another adventure, Rubbin' — fighting crime, challenging evil, battling brutal villains! This time, however, it's different! We have new hi-tech weapons, a new Butt-cave and, most importantly, a new actor playing Buttmán — ME!

Of those three, I'm really excited about the Butt-cave!

Hi! I'm your CLONE.

I'm Buttgirl! In this movie, I wear tight, sexy outfits, ride fast motorcycles and don't take any crap from men! Of course, you already knew that if you've seen me in any of my Aerosmith videos!

WHATEVER!

I'm Frostbite, Buttmán and Rubbin's new villain! I need extreme cold to survive! I am huge! I am frozen! I am angry! I am a glacier with an attitude! I am the world's baddest popsicle!

I'm Poison I.V.! I'm supposed to be Buttmán's latest sexy, female villain in the tradition of Scatwoman! But in truth I'm more like Swamp Thing with PMS! I have lethal lips — one kiss from me can kill a man! It's a great superpower, but it's murder on my sex life!

They say there are eight million stories in the Naked City! There are three in Gotham City!

Three? But this is the FOURTH Buttmán episode!

Yeah, but this one's not a story — it's a weather report!

Have you noticed a change in Rubbin' since the previous Buttmán flick?

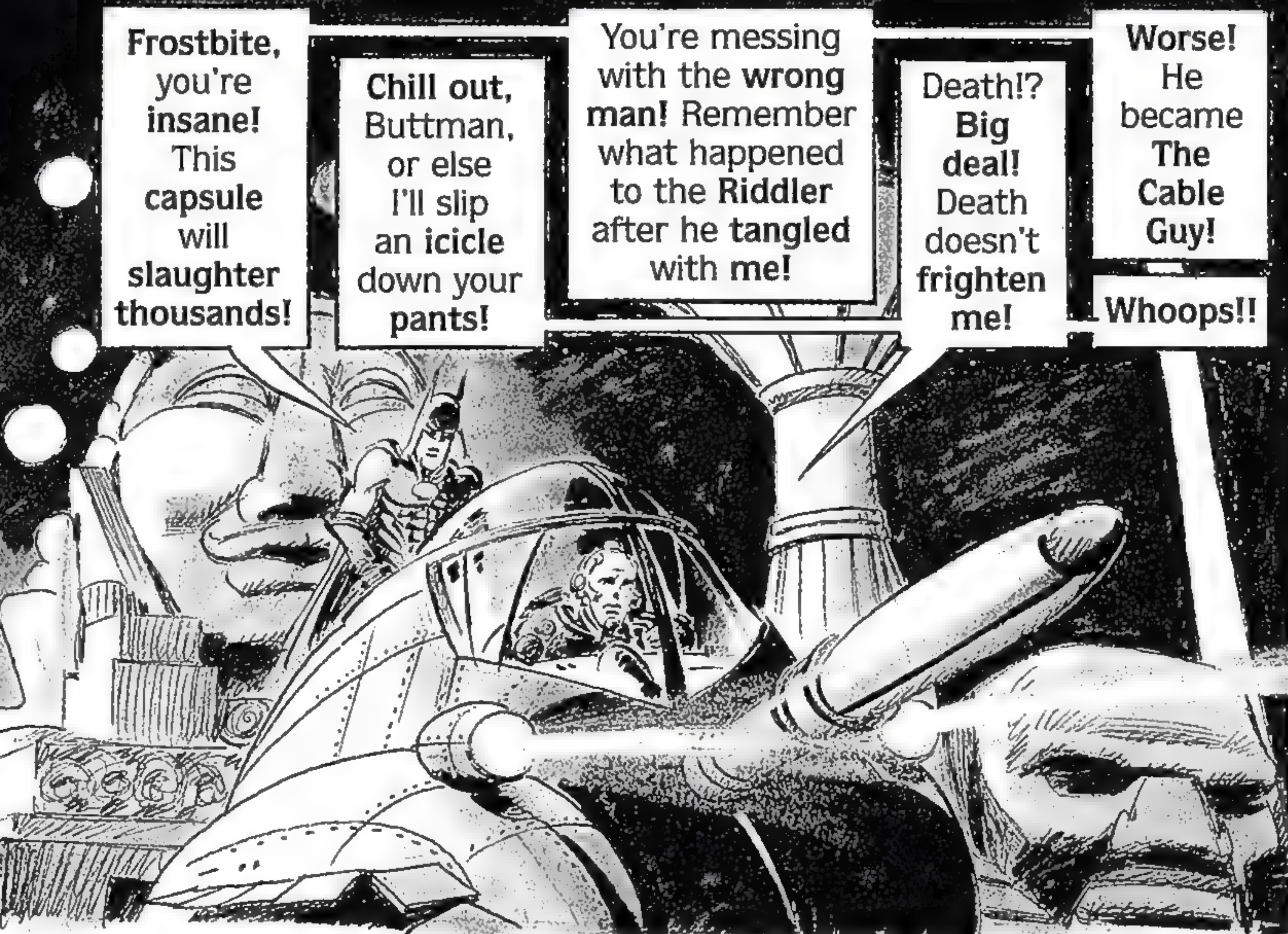
Like what? His role is bigger and his codpiece is smaller!

Huge mistake! If they reversed it, they'd have box office gold!

Uma...Alicia! Alicia...Uma! Hey, I thought I'd give it one last shot!

Q: DRUCKER





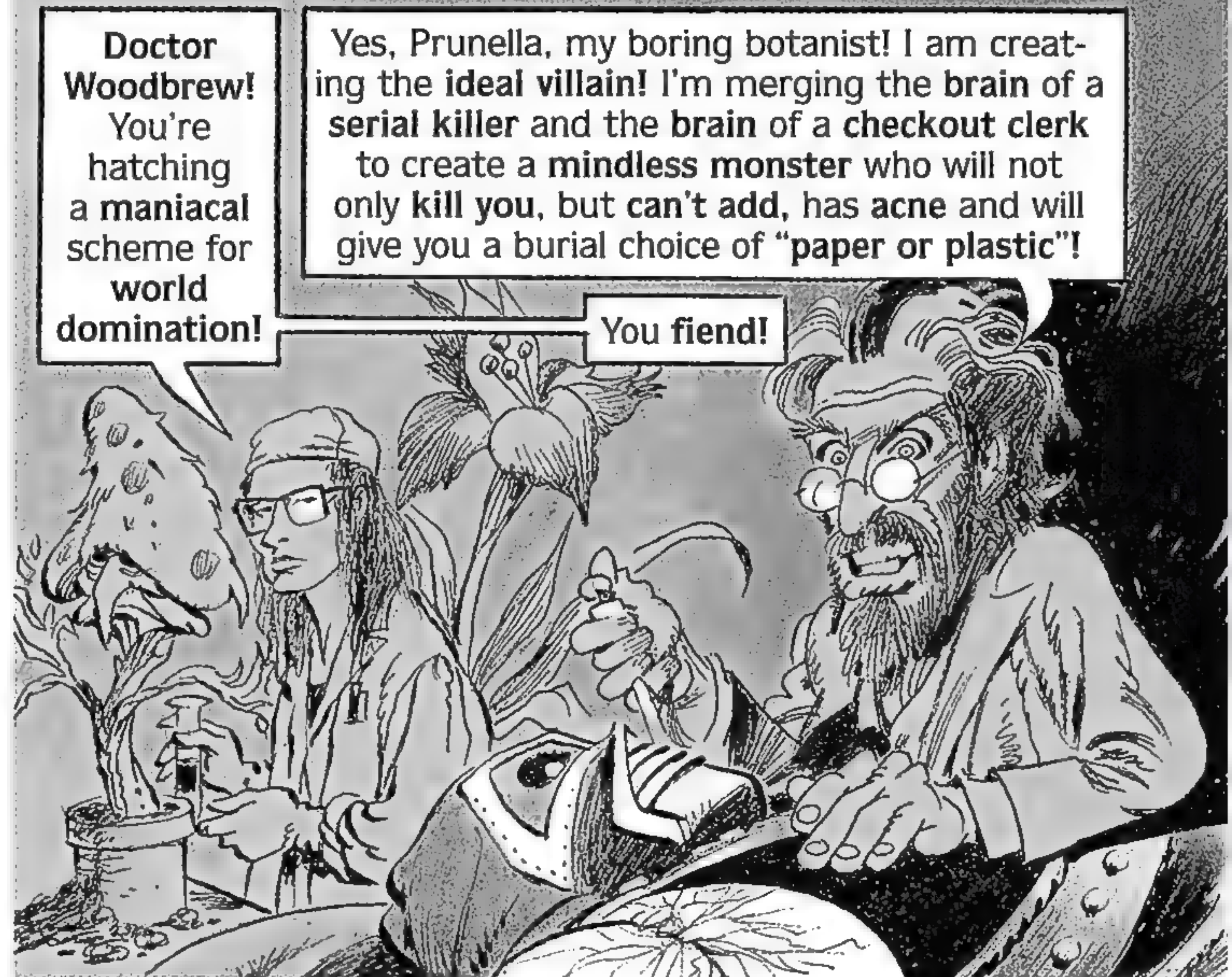
Frostbite, you're insane! This capsule will slaughter thousands!

Chill out, Buttman, or else I'll slip an icicle down your pants!

You're messing with the wrong man! Remember what happened to the Riddler after he tangled with me!

Death!? Big deal! Death doesn't frighten me!

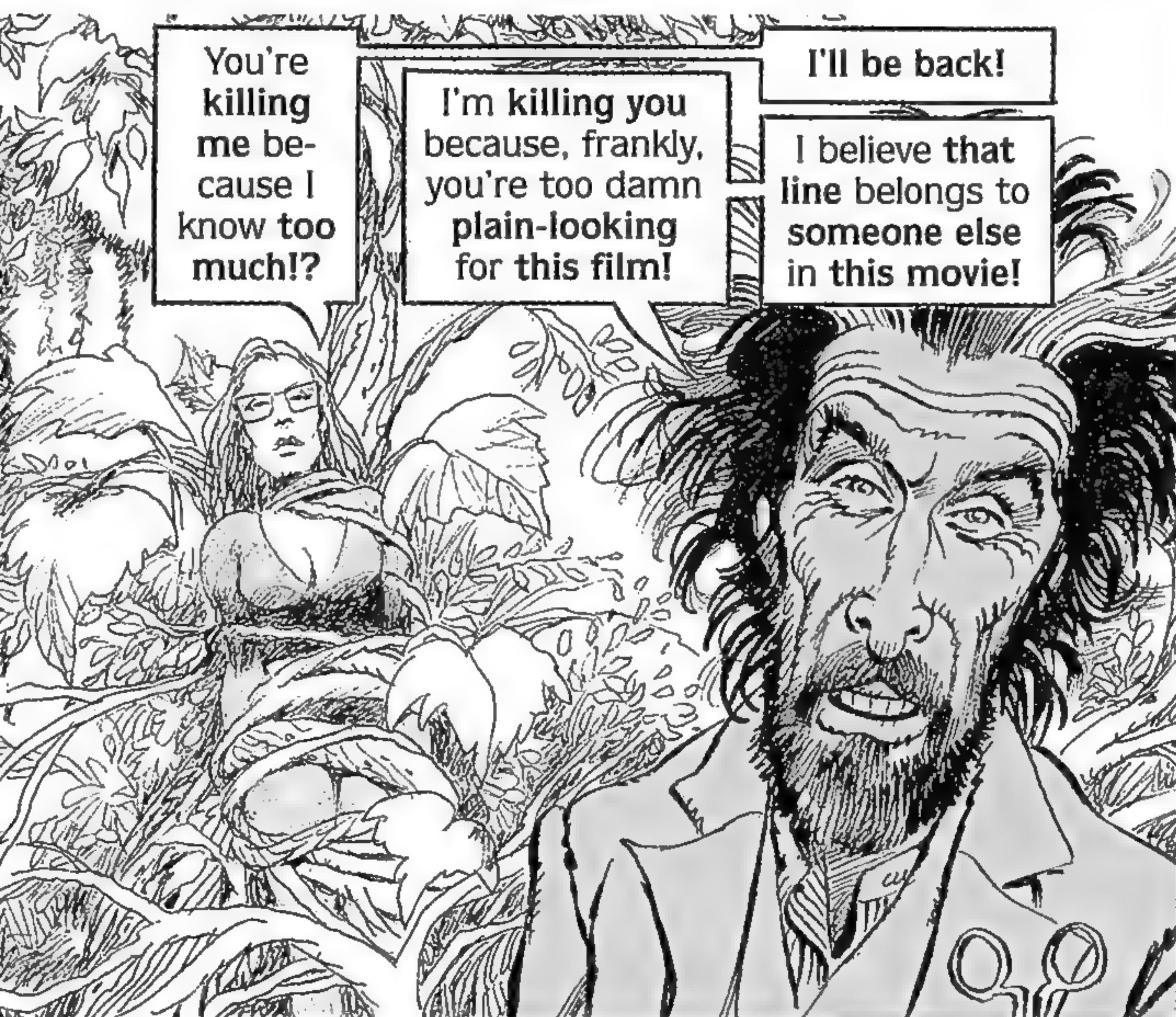
Worse! He became The Cable Guy! Whoops!!



Doctor Woodbrew! You're hatching a maniacal scheme for world domination!

Yes, Prunella, my boring botanist! I am creating the ideal villain! I'm merging the brain of a serial killer and the brain of a checkout clerk to create a mindless monster who will not only kill you, but can't add, has acne and will give you a burial choice of "paper or plastic"!

You fiend!



You're killing me because I know too much!?

I'm killing you because, frankly, you're too damn plain-looking for this film!

I'll be back!

I believe that line belongs to someone else in this movie!

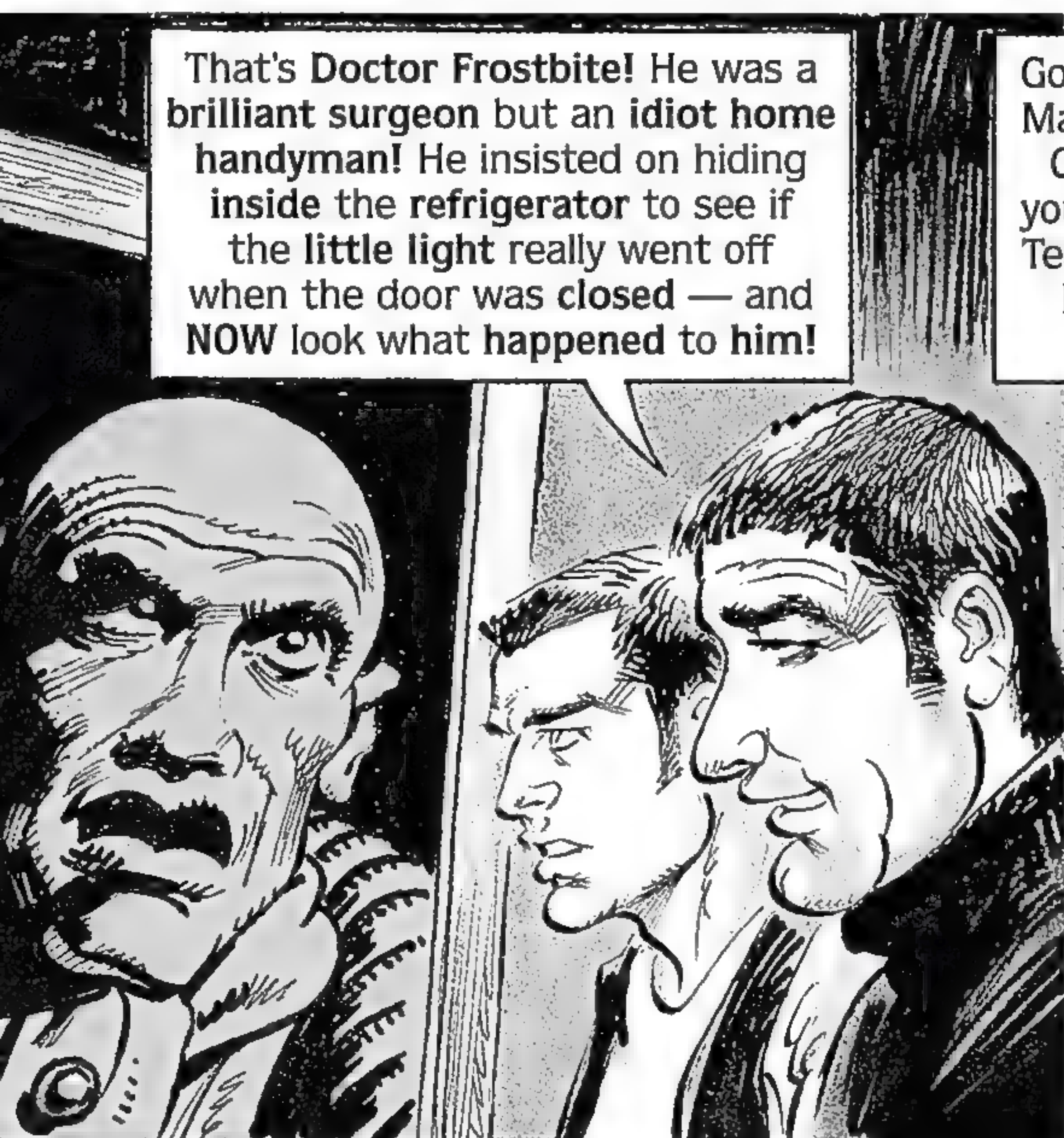


I'm baaaaaack! I'm Poison I.V.! The former good girl botanist has re-emerged as a deadly plant lady! A vine vixen! My lips are 100% lethal! I kiss and kill!

Gasp... Oh well, it could be worse!

Really?

Yes! They could have cast Nathan Lane in your part!



That's Doctor Frostbite! He was a brilliant surgeon but an idiot home handyman! He insisted on hiding inside the refrigerator to see if the little light really went off when the door was closed — and NOW look what happened to him!

Good evening, Master Swain! Can I bring you anything? Tea? Biscuits? Microsoft stock?

Neuman, you seem tired! You don't look well!

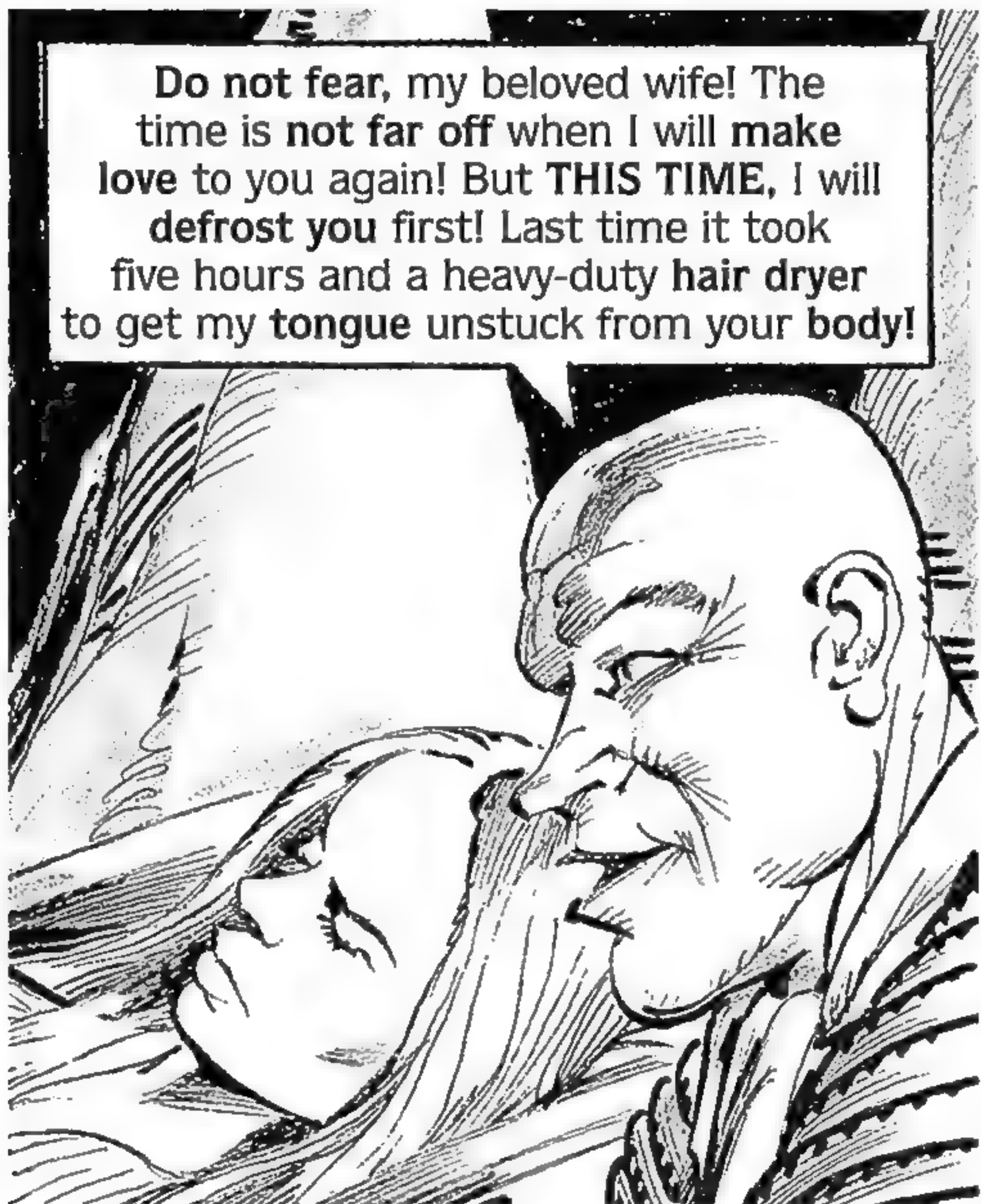
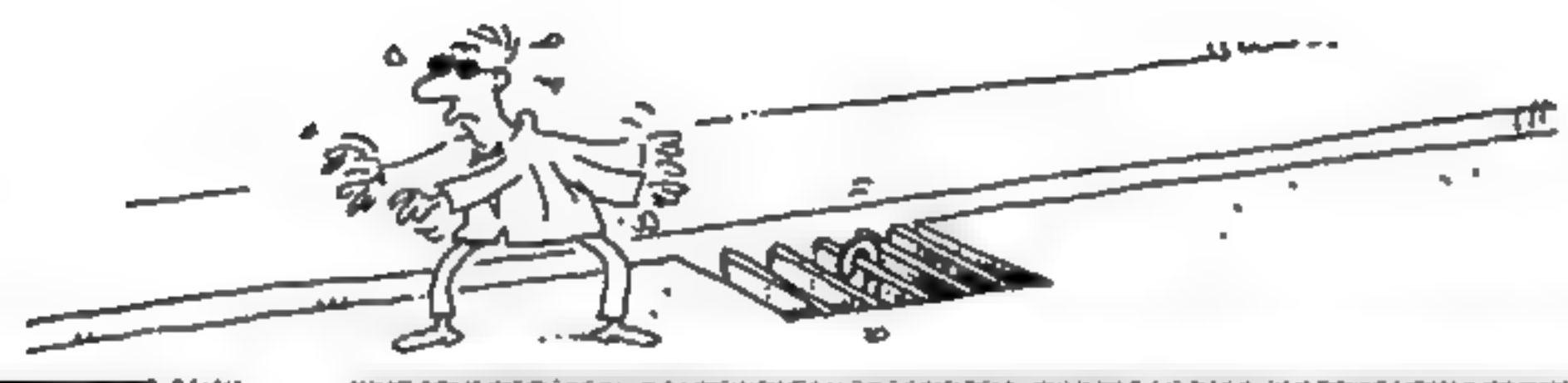
I'm 88 years old, sir! There's a name for my illness! It's called "pooped"!

Tell you what, since you're ailing, and since you're like family, do a light cleaning today! Only do chores in thirty rooms of my sixty-room mansion!

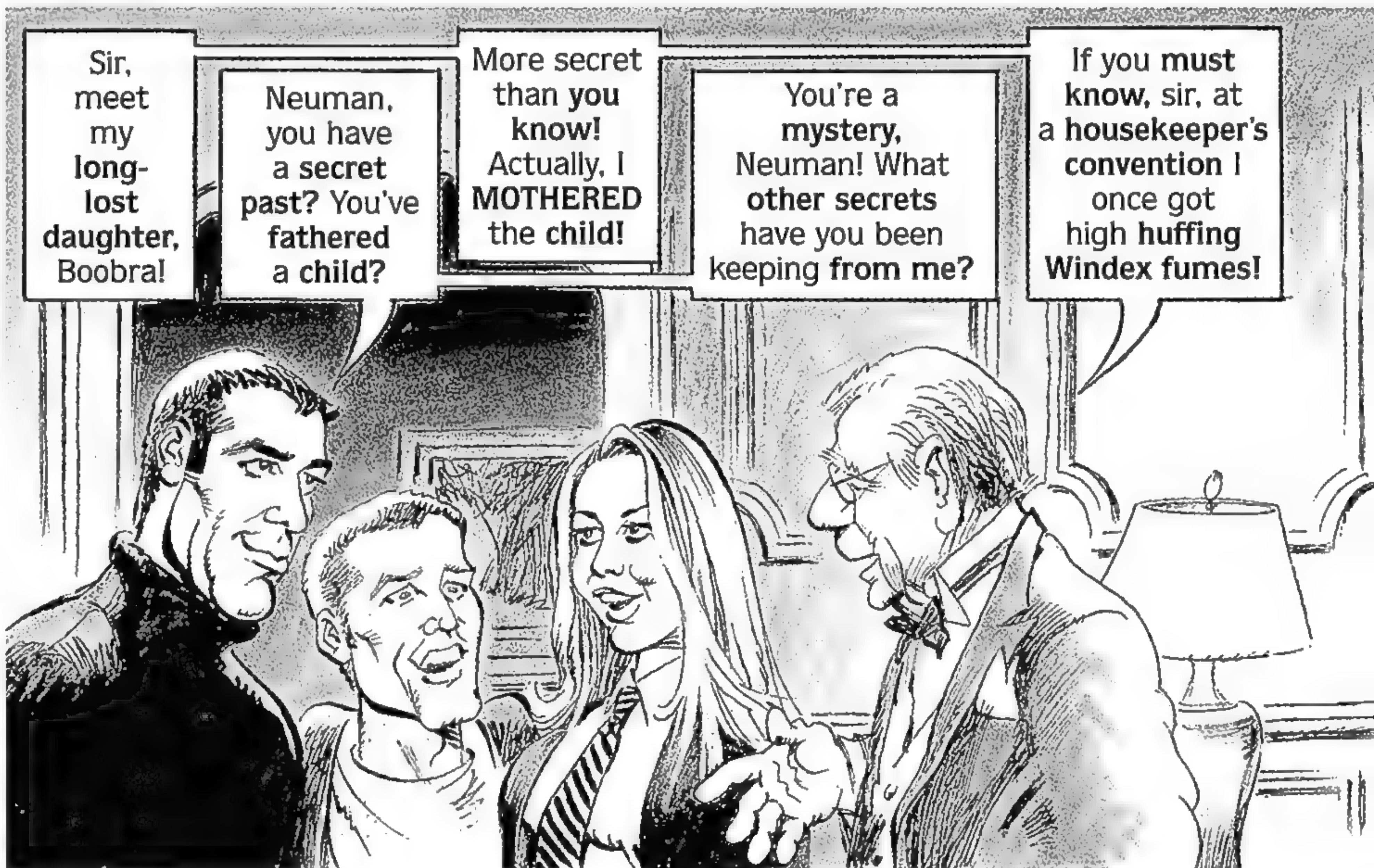
Thank you, sir. You are most generous!







Do not fear, my beloved wife! The time is not far off when I will make love to you again! But **THIS TIME**, I will defrost you first! Last time it took five hours and a heavy-duty hair dryer to get my tongue unstuck from your body!



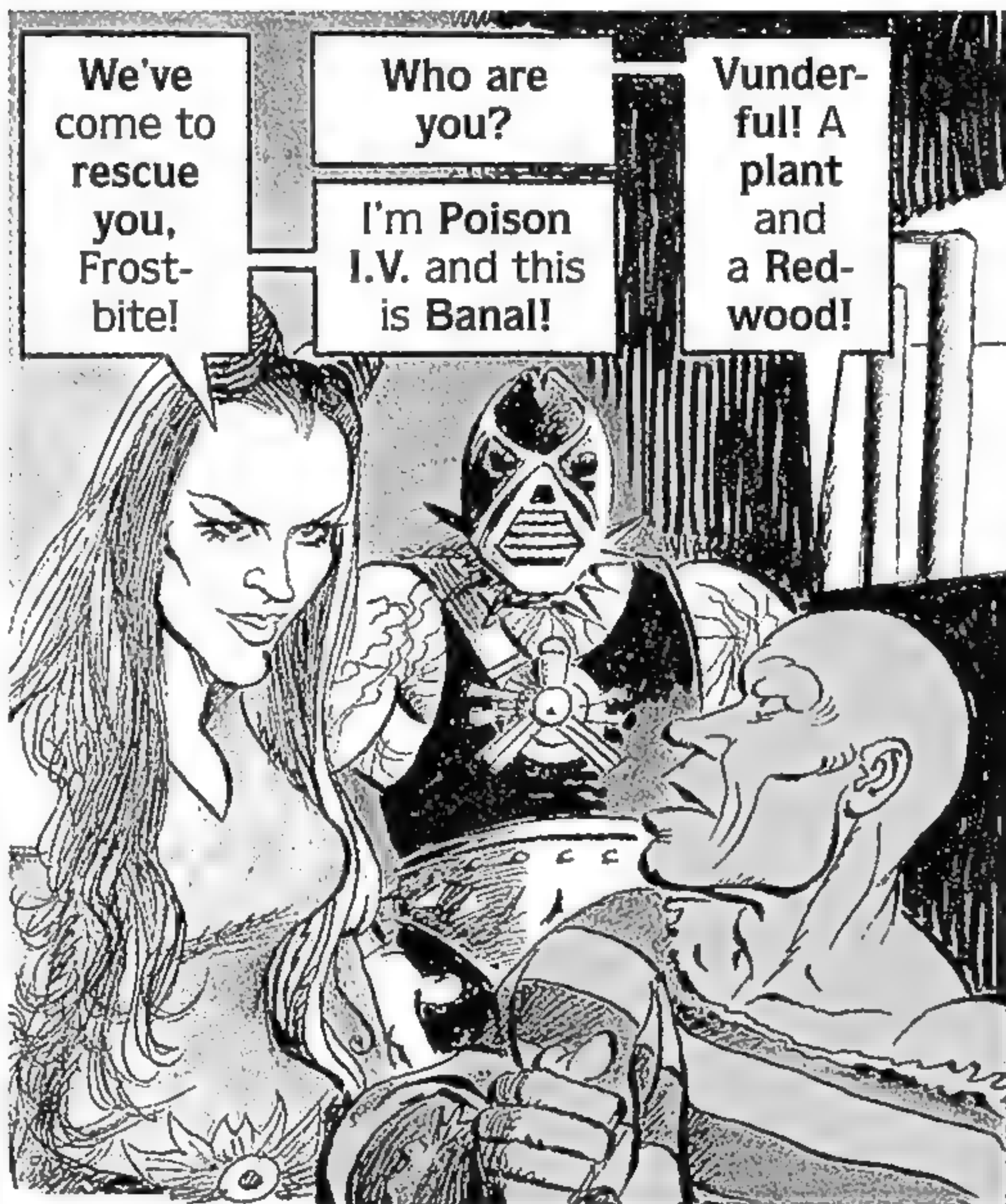
Sir, meet my long-lost daughter, Boobral!

Neuman, you have a secret past? You've fathered a child?

More secret than you know! Actually, I **MOTHERED** the child!

You're a mystery, Neuman! What other secrets have you been keeping from me?

If you must know, sir, at a housekeeper's convention I once got high huffing Windex fumes!

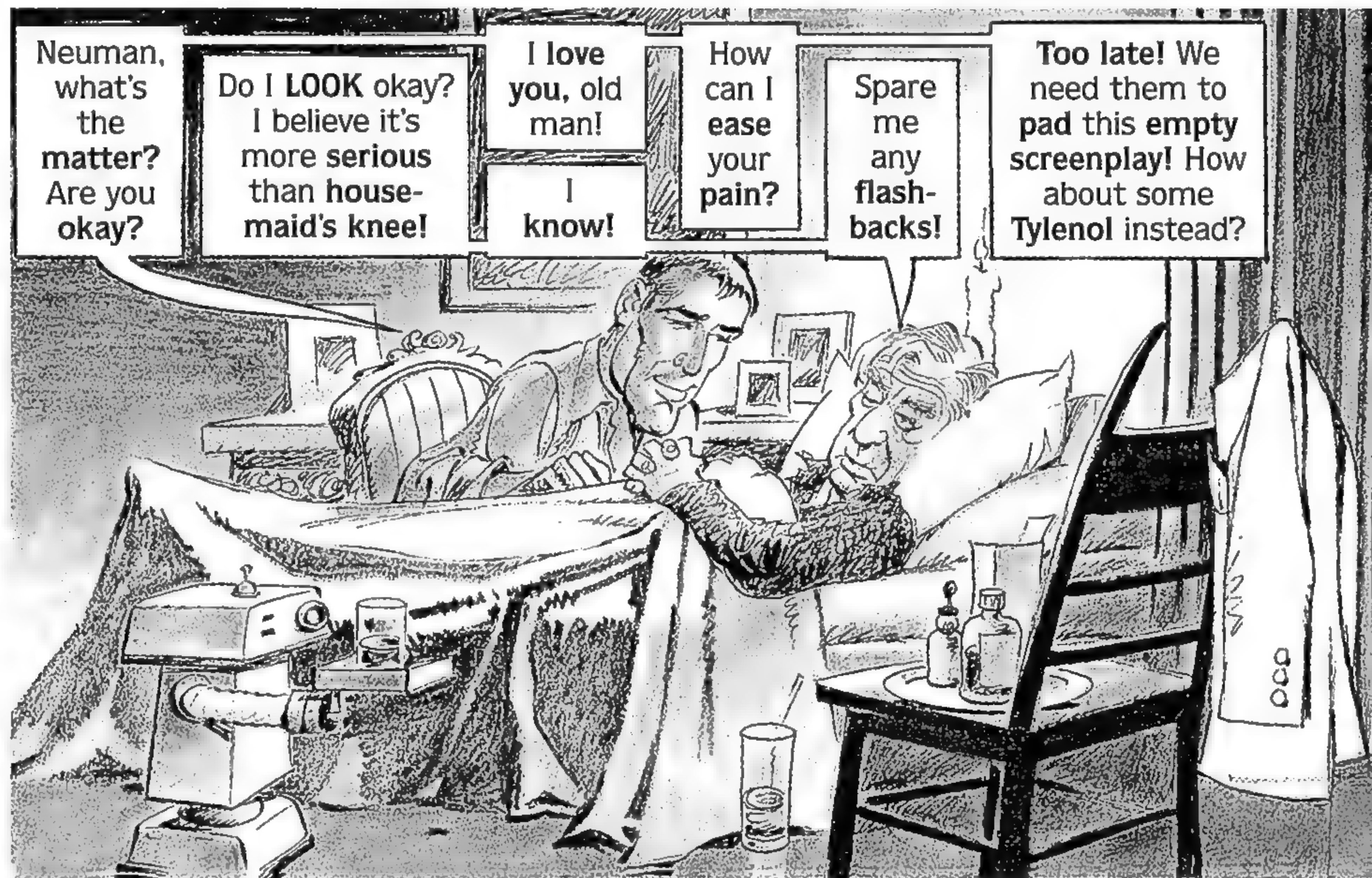


We've come to rescue you, Frost-bite!

Who are you?

I'm Poison I.V. and this is Banal!

Vunder-ful! A plant and a Red-wood!



Neuman, what's the matter? Are you okay?

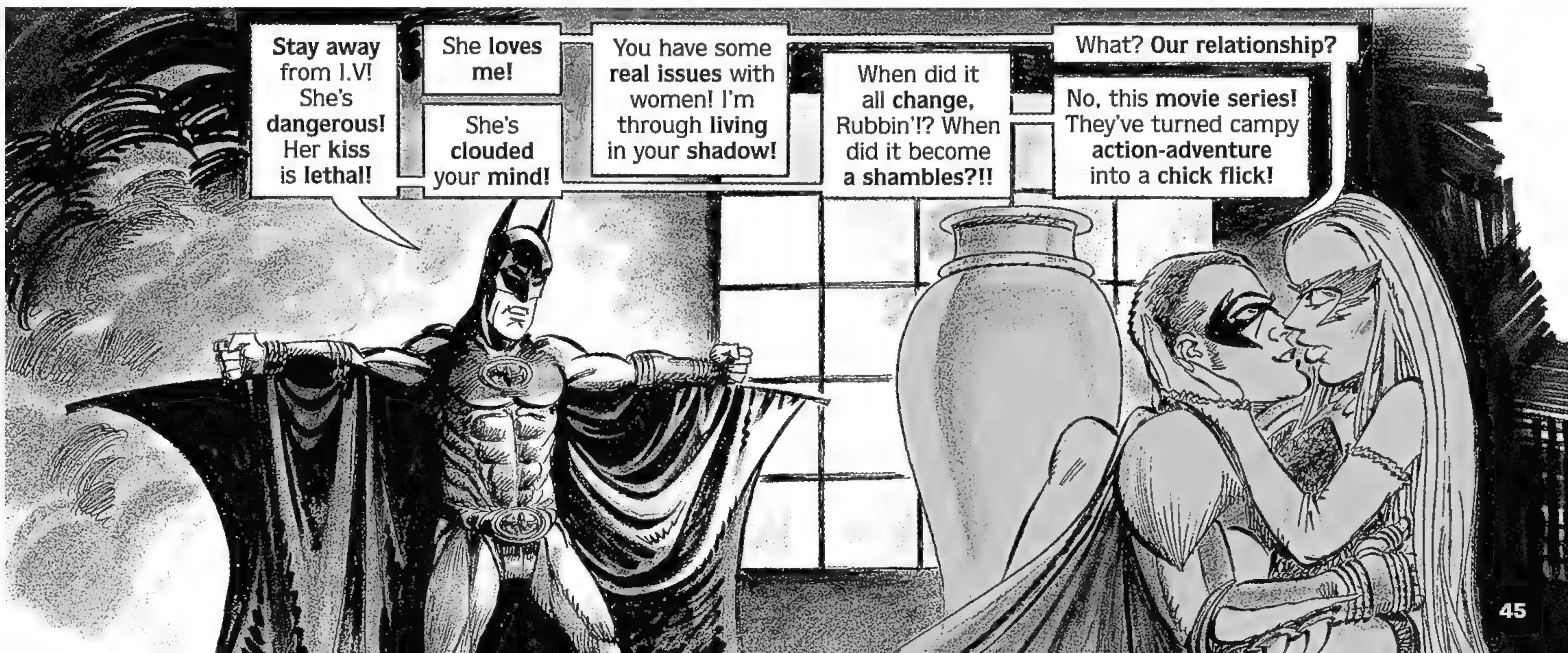
Do I **LOOK** okay? I believe it's more serious than house-maid's knee!

I love you, old man! I know!

How can I ease your pain?

Spare me any flash-backs!

Too late! We need them to pad this empty screenplay! How about some Tylenol instead?



Stay away from I.V! She's dangerous! Her kiss is lethal!

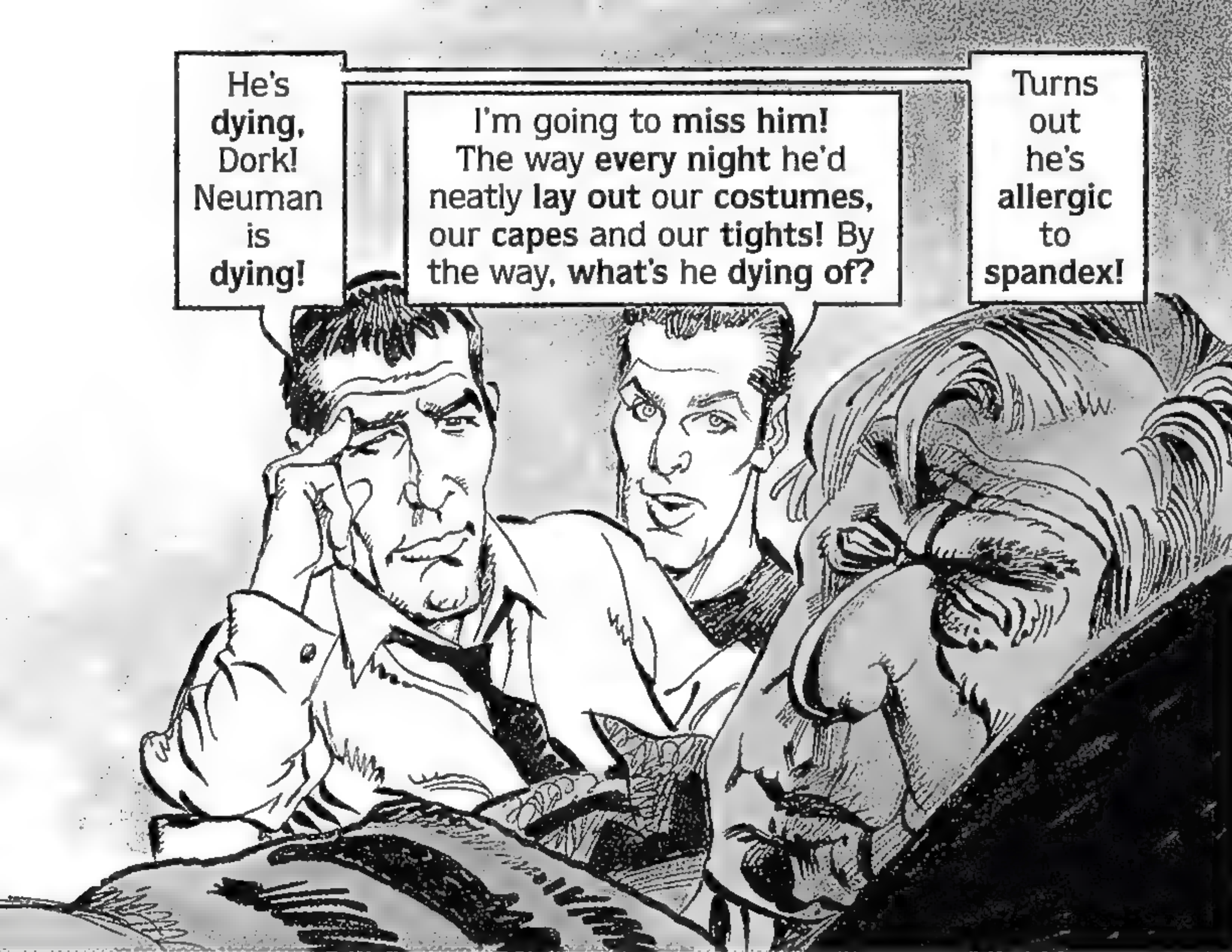
She loves me! She's clouded your mind!

You have some real issues with women! I'm through living in your shadow!

When did it all change, Rubbin'? When did it become a shambles?!!

What? Our relationship? No, this movie series! They've turned campy action-adventure into a chick flick!





He's dying, Dork! Neuman is dying!

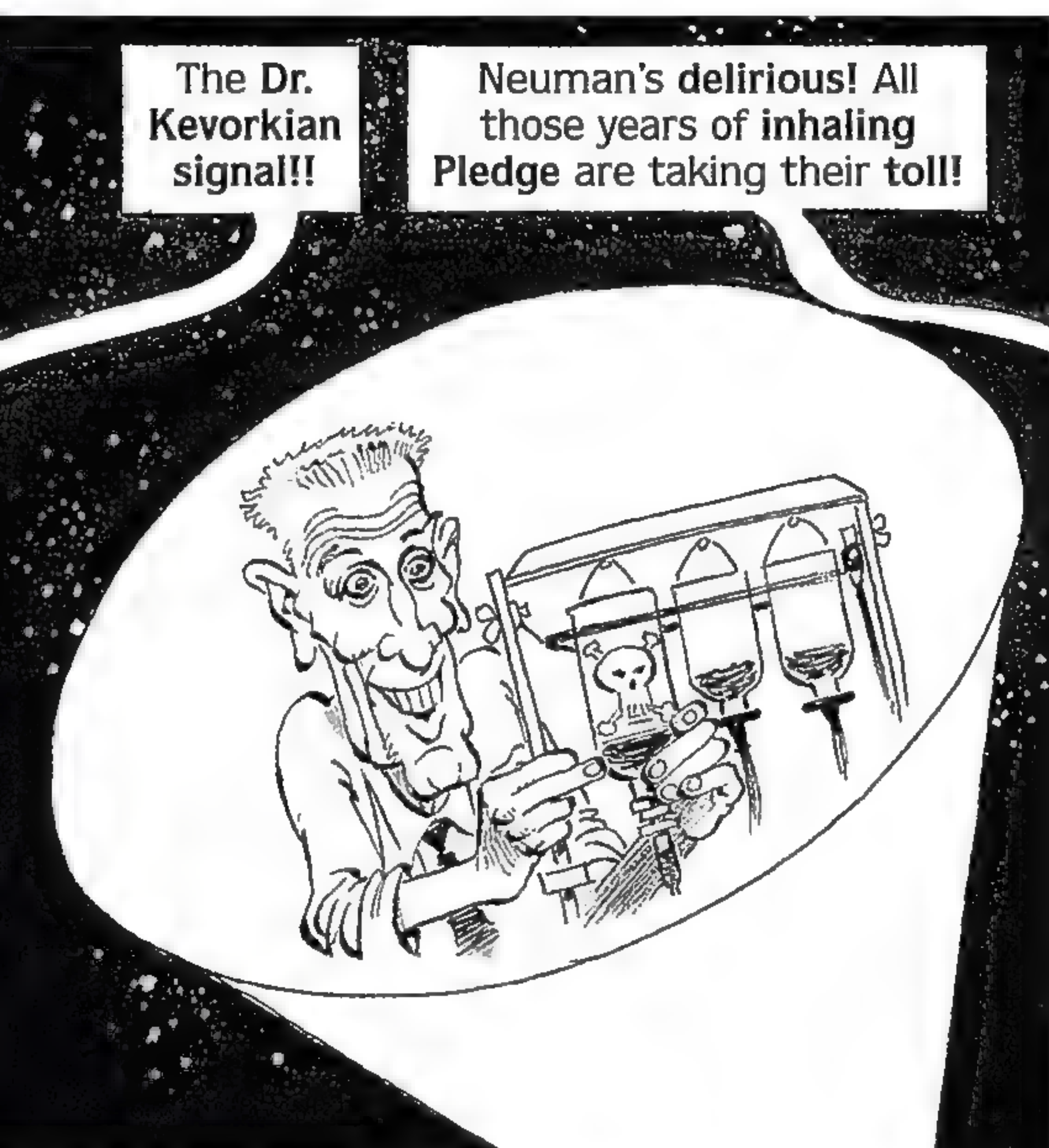
I'm going to miss him! The way every night he'd neatly lay out our costumes, our capes and our tights! By the way, what's he dying of?

Turns out he's allergic to spandex!



Neuman, how can we ease your pain and suffering?

Well, I do have one final request, sir, if you'd be so kind!



The Dr. Kevorkian signal!!

Neuman's delirious! All those years of inhaling Pledge are taking their toll!



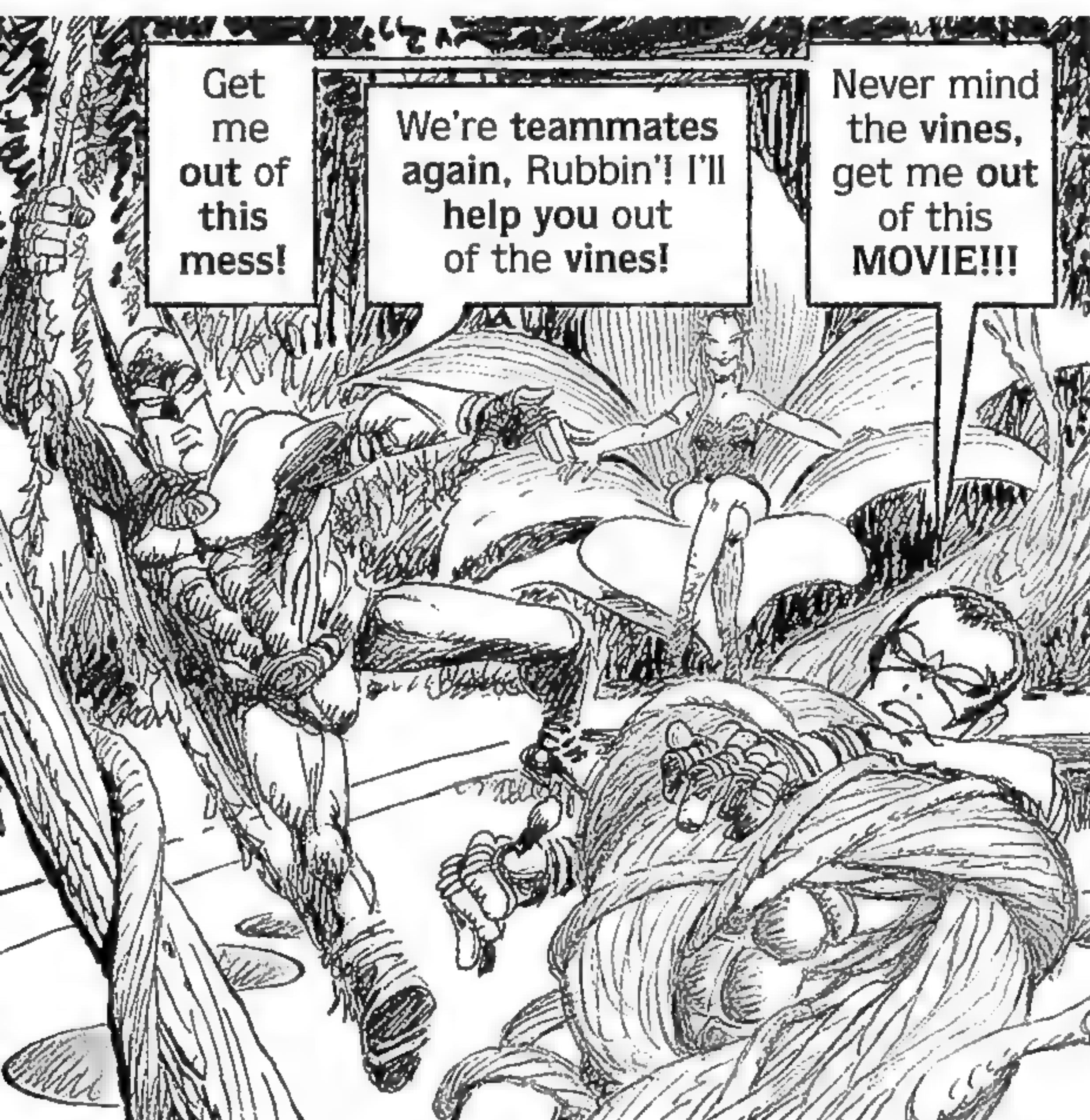
We are ready to lay waste to their beloved Gotham!

I will choke the community! Tangle the city in plants!

I will blanket the city in endless winter! It will become cold, dismal and unbearable! It will be a freezing, living hell!

You mean...?

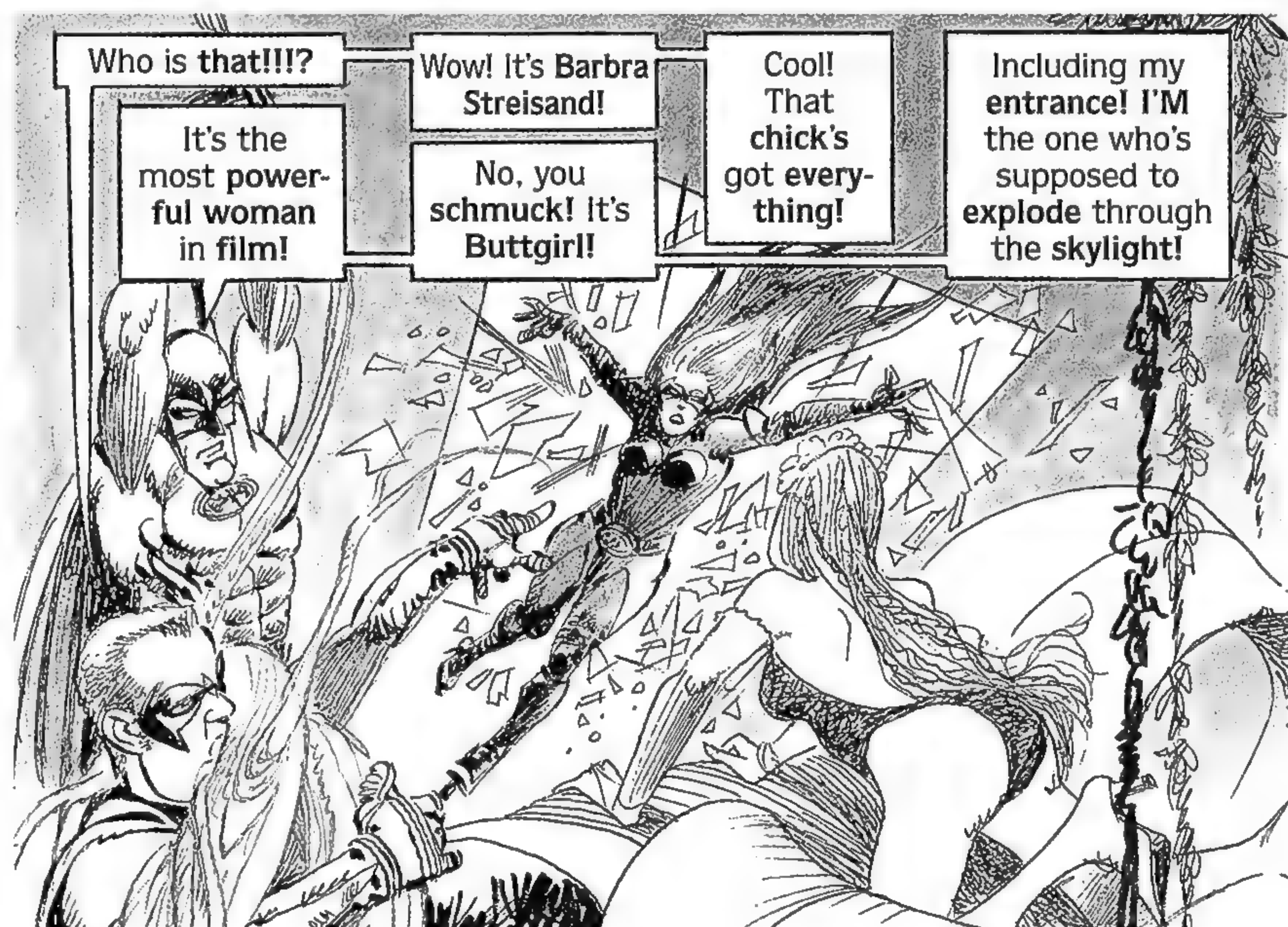
Yes! Gotham will become Buffalo, New York!!



Get me out of this mess!

We're teammates again, Rubbin'! I'll help you out of the vines!

Never mind the vines, get me out of this MOVIE!!!



Who is that!!!?

It's the most powerful woman in film!

Wow! It's Barbra Streisand!

No, you schmuck! It's Buttgirl!

Cool! That chick's got everything!

Including my entrance! I'M the one who's supposed to explode through the skylight!





Have you noticed that she and Scatwoman have very similar fighting styles?

Not surprising since she has the same stunt-woman Michelle Pfeiffer had!

**CRACK**

**POW**

Okay! We're ready to save Gotham! I've got the Butt-hammer!

I've got the Butt-sled!

I've got the Butt-blade!

We can't lose, Buttman! You've got the two of us at your side with the most expensive arsenal of hi-tech ice vehicles in film history!

Frankly, I'd rather have Tonya Harding and a lead pipe at my side!

Why? Because they're better on ice?

No, you idiot! Because they're better actors!!!

**VR0000M!**

I am going to **TERMINATE** you!

When I get through with you, you're going to end up in the E.R.!

But not before I **ERASE** you!

What are they talking about?

I'm **CLUE-LESS!**

I wish I had a reference!

You do! In a lot of those moments with Buttman you have the **SCENT OF A WOMAN!**

You win, Buttman! The ice-man goeth! I'm losing my cool! Hasta La Freezer, baby!

This puts an end to the rumor!

That I'm invincible?

That Arnold Schwarzenegger can handle light comedy!

I've miraculously recovered, sir! Thank you for saving my life, Master Brute! I would also like to thank Master Dork! Where is he?

I'm afraid Master Dork won't be with us anymore!

Pardon?

Dork was trouble! Too much emotional baggage! Besides, his pecs were bigger than mine! I need a sidekick who's not too buff and not a threat! For the sequel I've got myself a new partner!

Meet the new team — Buttman and Butt-head!

I'm sorry I lived to see this!

Heh-heh! Let's go slide down the Butt-pole!

Heh-heh! You said "pole"! Heh-heh!



# BATMAN & ROBIN

## OUTTAKE #621: THE KISS

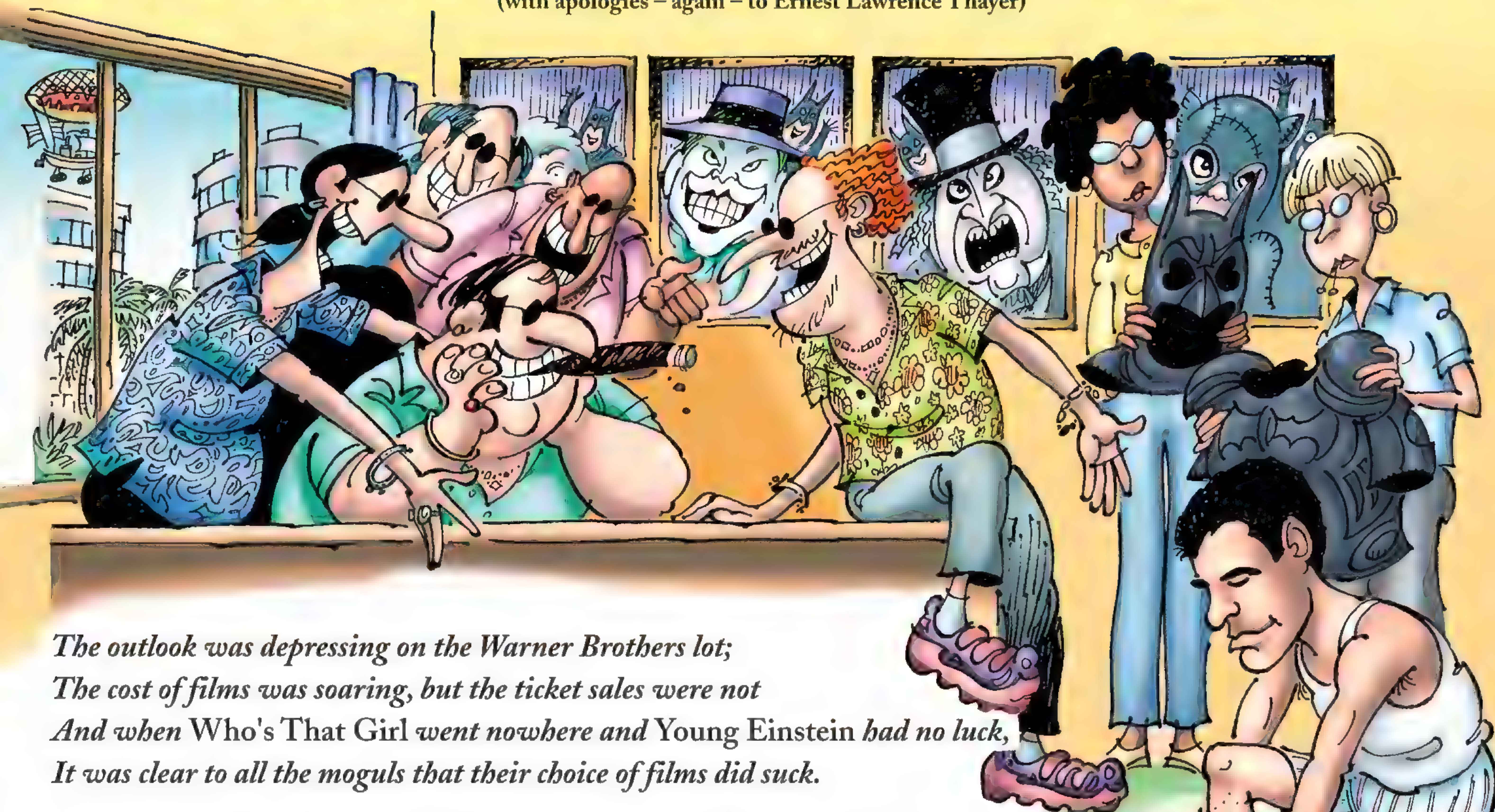




The Caped Crusader is back on the screen, and this time they've signed yet another actor for the title role. He's George Clooney, out to scale new heights! How did this come about? Read on as we rhyme you to death with...

# CLOONEY AS THE BAT

(with apologies – again – to Ernest Lawrence Thayer)



*The outlook was depressing on the Warner Brothers lot;  
The cost of films was soaring, but the ticket sales were not  
And when Who's That Girl went nowhere and Young Einstein had no luck,  
It was clear to all the moguls that their choice of films did suck.*

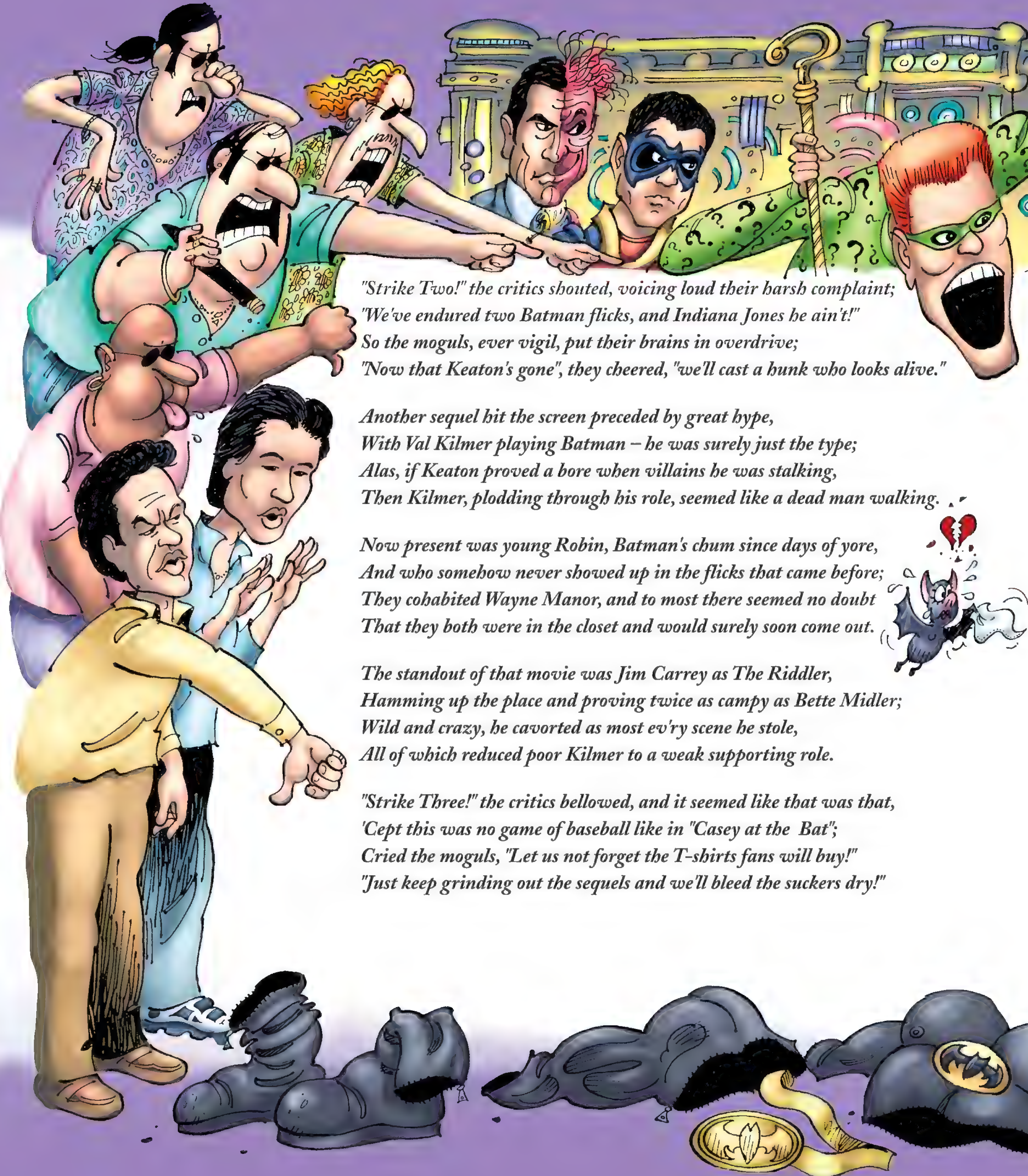
♥♥♥  
*"Let's do Batman," someone murmured – no one knows for sure who said it;  
(Although when the flick made millions, each exec would take the credit)  
And they shot a mighty epic, betting film fans would go ape  
At the sight of Michael Keaton clad in latex and a cape.*

♥  
*The Joker was the villain and although he wound up beaten,  
The performance of Jack Nicholson annihilated Keaton;  
"Hey, that's showbiz," said the mogul, for they soon were realizing  
That The Joker was the hero when it came to merchandising.*

*"Strike One!" the critics thundered, and they one and all agreed  
That the choice of Michael Keaton was a sorry one indeed;  
"How true," concurred the moguls, who were wise and knowing men,  
And to show they'd learned their lesson, they signed Keaton up again.*

*The sequel stumbled forth, a ho-hum epic it was more like;  
Twice as drearier was Keaton – many said he was Al Gore-like.  
While The Penguin reeked with evil and Catwoman flashed her whip,  
It was clear the Caped Crusader once again had lost his grip.*





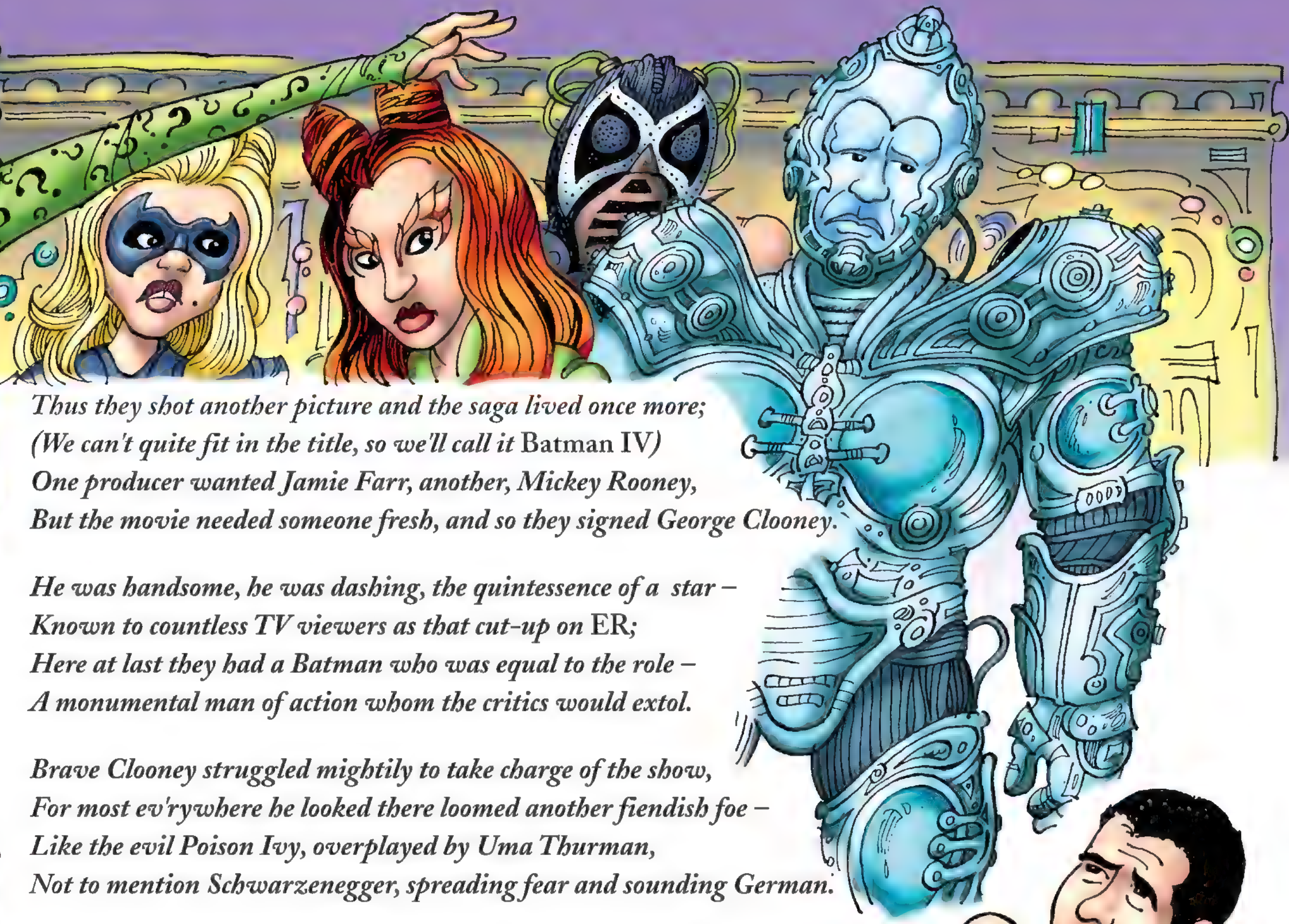
*"Strike Two!" the critics shouted, voicing loud their harsh complaint;  
"We've endured two Batman flicks, and Indiana Jones he ain't!"  
So the moguls, ever vigil, put their brains in overdrive;  
"Now that Keaton's gone", they cheered, "we'll cast a hunk who looks alive."*

*Another sequel hit the screen preceded by great hype,  
With Val Kilmer playing Batman – he was surely just the type;  
Alas, if Keaton proved a bore when villains he was stalking,  
Then Kilmer, plodding through his role, seemed like a dead man walking.*

*Now present was young Robin, Batman's chum since days of yore,  
And who somehow never showed up in the flicks that came before;  
They cohabited Wayne Manor, and to most there seemed no doubt  
That they both were in the closet and would surely soon come out.*

*The standout of that movie was Jim Carrey as The Riddler,  
Hamming up the place and proving twice as campy as Bette Midler;  
Wild and crazy, he cavorted as most ev'ry scene he stole,  
All of which reduced poor Kilmer to a weak supporting role.*

*"Strike Three!" the critics bellowed, and it seemed like that was that,  
'Cept this was no game of baseball like in "Casey at the Bat";  
Cried the moguls, "Let us not forget the T-shirts fans will buy!"  
"Just keep grinding out the sequels and we'll bleed the suckers dry!"*



*Thus they shot another picture and the saga lived once more;  
(We can't quite fit in the title, so we'll call it Batman IV)  
One producer wanted Jamie Farr, another, Mickey Rooney,  
But the movie needed someone fresh, and so they signed George Clooney.*

*He was handsome, he was dashing, the quintessence of a star –  
Known to countless TV viewers as that cut-up on ER;  
Here at last they had a Batman who was equal to the role –  
A monumental man of action whom the critics would extol.*

*Brave Clooney struggled mightily to take charge of the show,  
For most ev'rywhere he looked there loomed another fiendish foe –  
Like the evil Poison Ivy, overplayed by Uma Thurman,  
Not to mention Schwarzenegger, spreading fear and sounding German.*

*"I'm the star!" exulted Clooney, revving up the Batmobile;  
"I'll get raves!" he boasted proudly as he crouched behind the wheel;  
He would prove he was a hero that the world would not forget;  
He'd be praised beyond all measure as the finest Batman yet.*

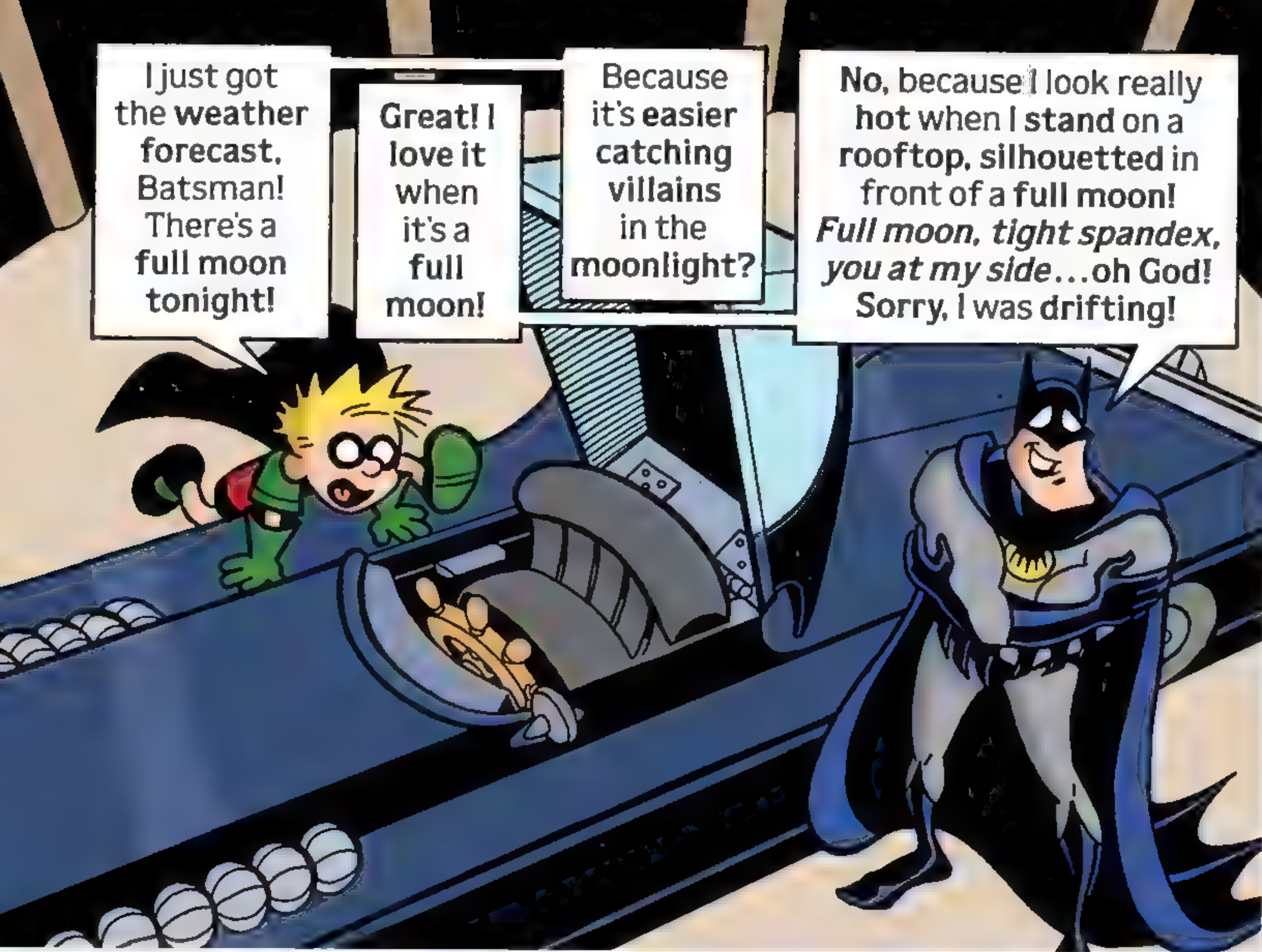
*Oh, somewhere there are idols who are worthy of the name,  
Winning kudos from the critics, getting showered with acclaim;  
And somewhere there are heroes who survive the toughest test,  
But there is no joy in filmdom – Clooney struck out like the rest.*









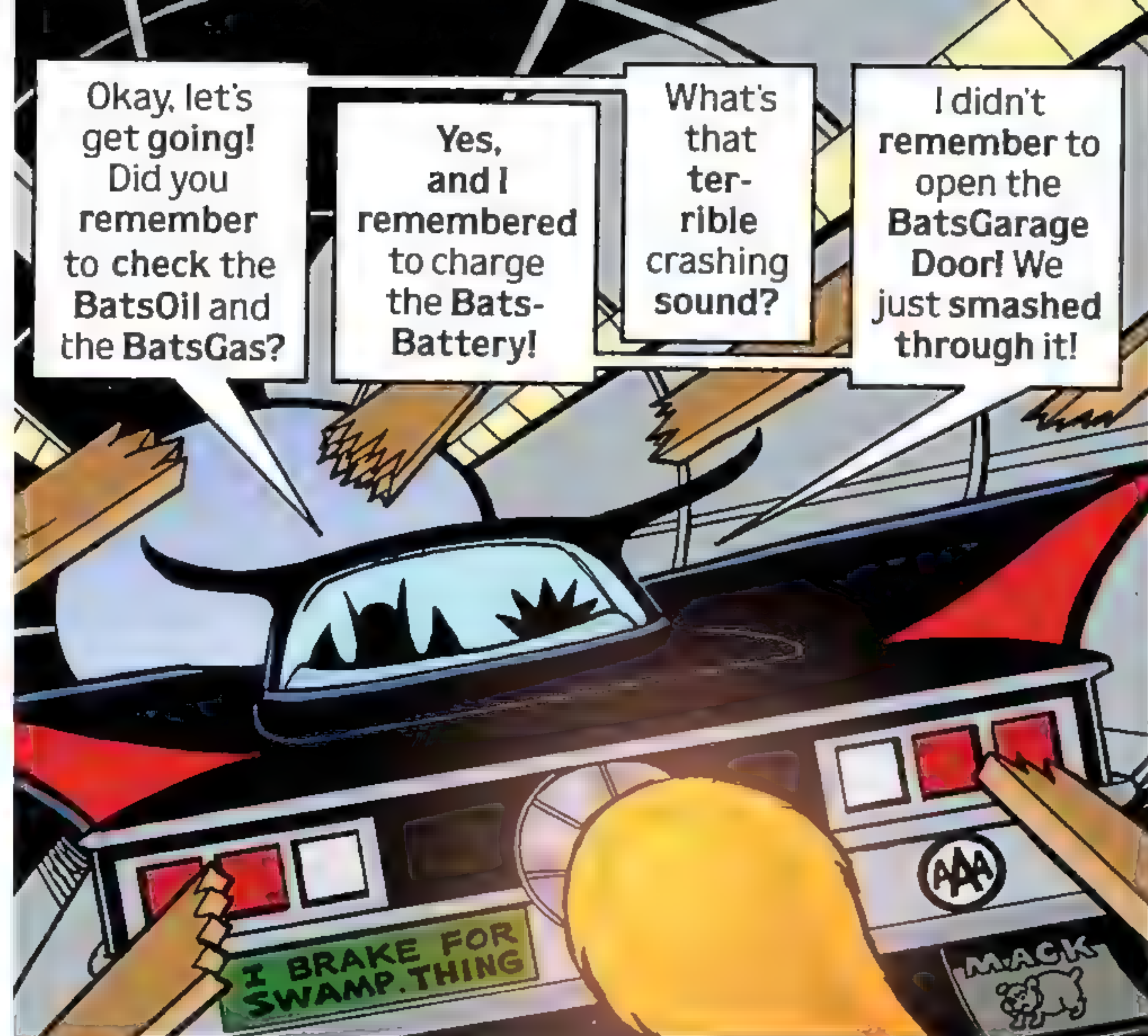


I just got the weather forecast, Batman! There's a full moon tonight!

Great! I love it when it's a full moon!

Because it's easier catching villains in the moonlight?

No, because I look really hot when I stand on a rooftop, silhouetted in front of a full moon! *Full moon, tight spandex, you at my side... oh God! Sorry, I was drifting!*

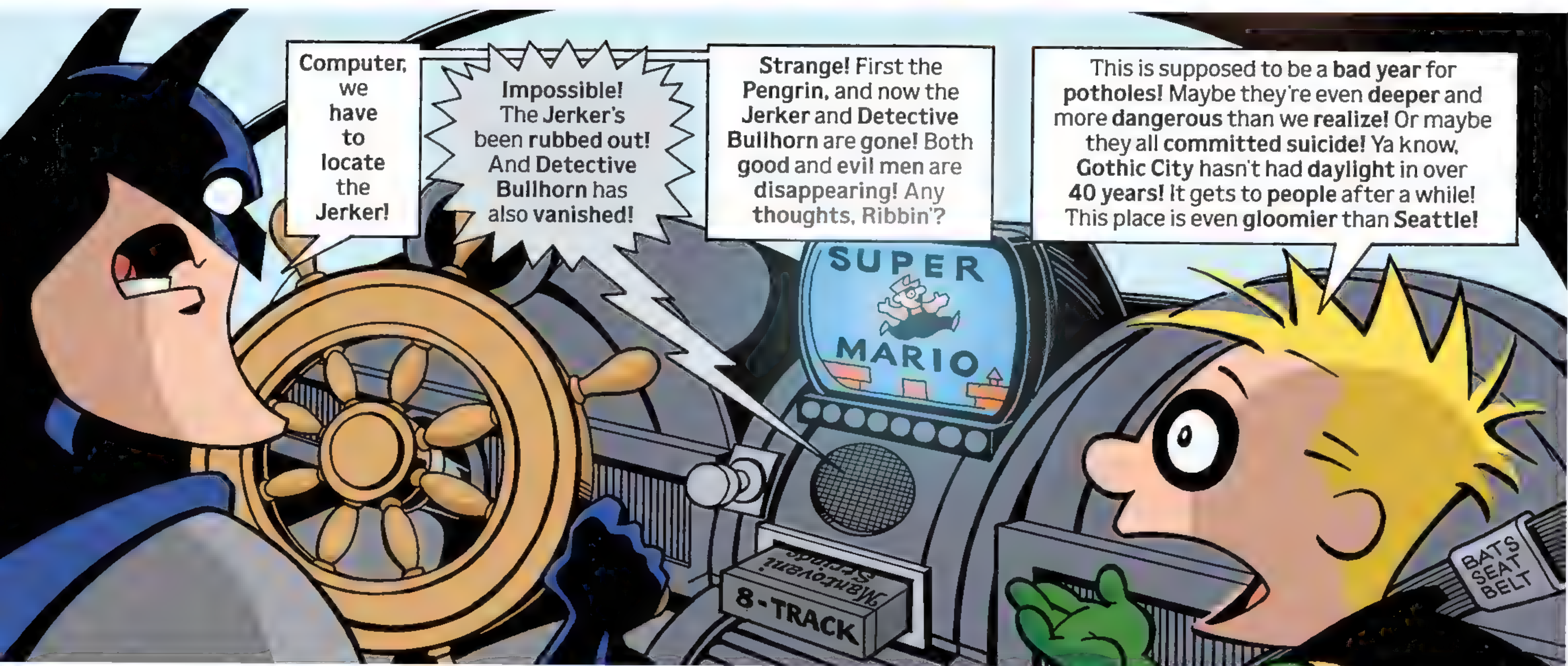


Okay, let's get going! Did you remember to check the BatsOil and the BatsGas?

Yes, and I remembered to charge the Bats-Battery!

What's that terrible crashing sound?

I didn't remember to open the BatsGarage Door! We just smashed through it!



Computer, we have to locate the Jerker!

Impossible! The Jerker's been rubbed out! And Detective Bullhorn has also vanished!

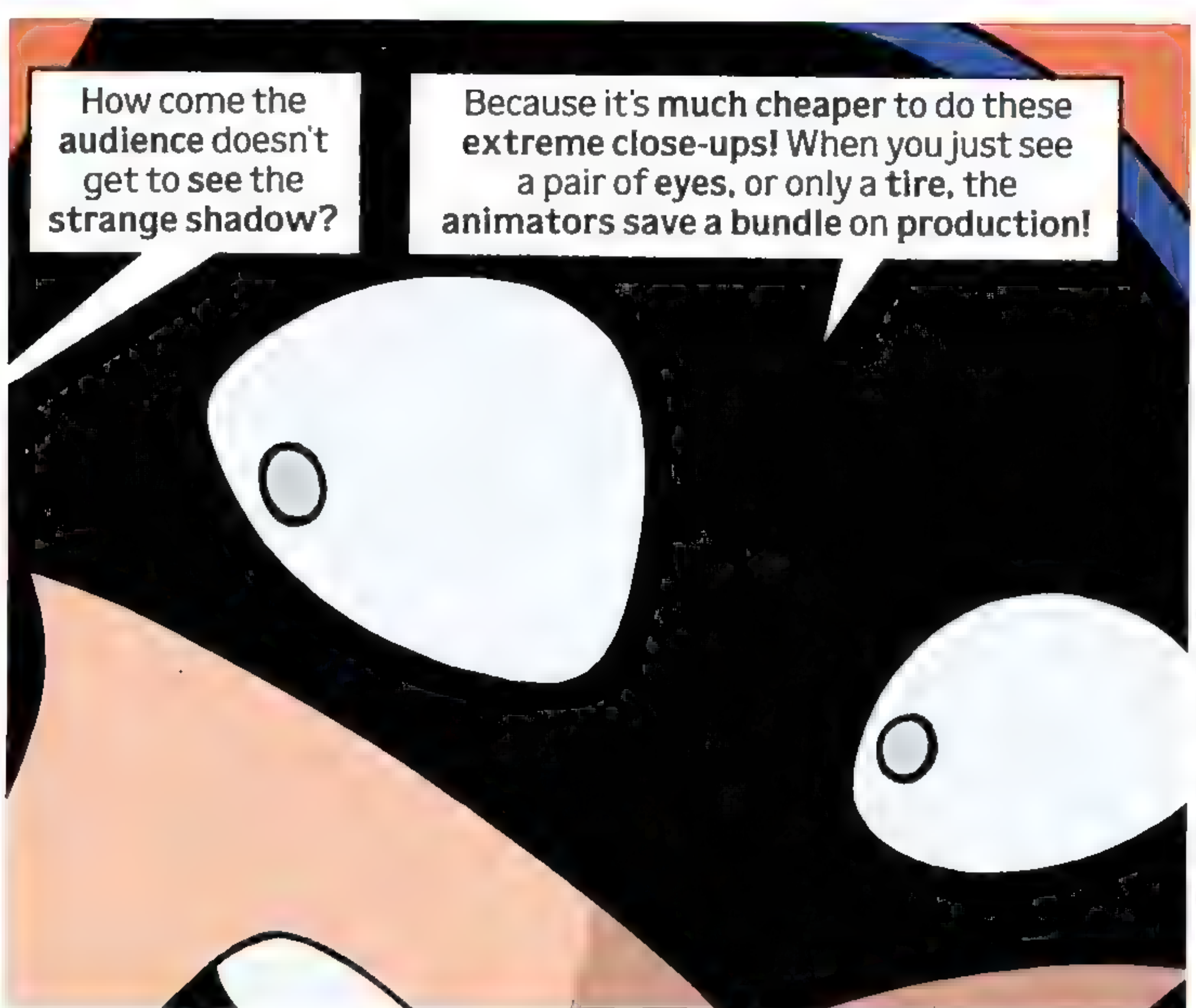
Strange! First the Pengrin, and now the Jerker and Detective Bullhorn are gone! Both good and evil men are disappearing! Any thoughts, Ribbin'?

This is supposed to be a bad year for potholes! Maybe they're even deeper and more dangerous than we realize! Or maybe they all committed suicide! Ya know, Gothic City hasn't had daylight in over 40 years! It gets to people after a while! This place is even gloomier than Seattle!



Why did you stop the Batsmobile?

I saw a strange shadow in that warehouse!



How come the audience doesn't get to see the strange shadow?

Because it's much cheaper to do these extreme close-ups! When you just see a pair of eyes, or only a tire, the animators save a bundle on production!







This is another way the producers save money—totally dark panels just like the movie! But this is nuts! I can't see where I'm walking, Batman!

Don't worry, Ribbin', I've got your hand!

Er...that's not my hand, big guy!  
Oh... Sorry... "little guy!"

Look, Batman. It's Cattywoman and the Scabcrow!

Careful, Ribbin'. Cattywoman is releasing some horrible gas!

That might be me, Batman! We did stop at Taco Bell!

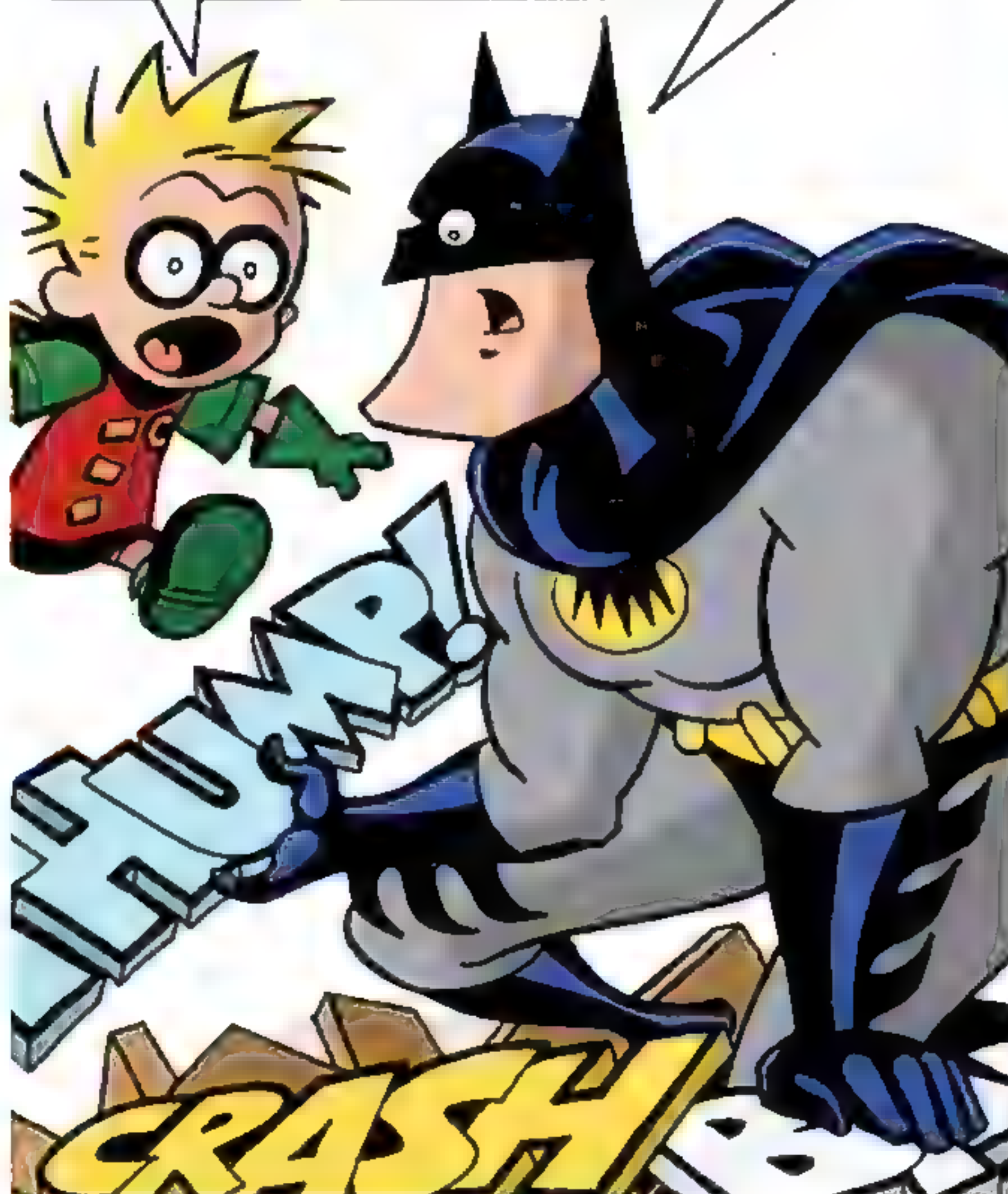
It doesn't matter! We must have some gas in every episode! Animated programs can't show blood and guns so the villains always use some mysterious gas to put us to sleep!

Who needs gas?! It's the preposterous plots and hackneyed dialogue that always make me drowsy!



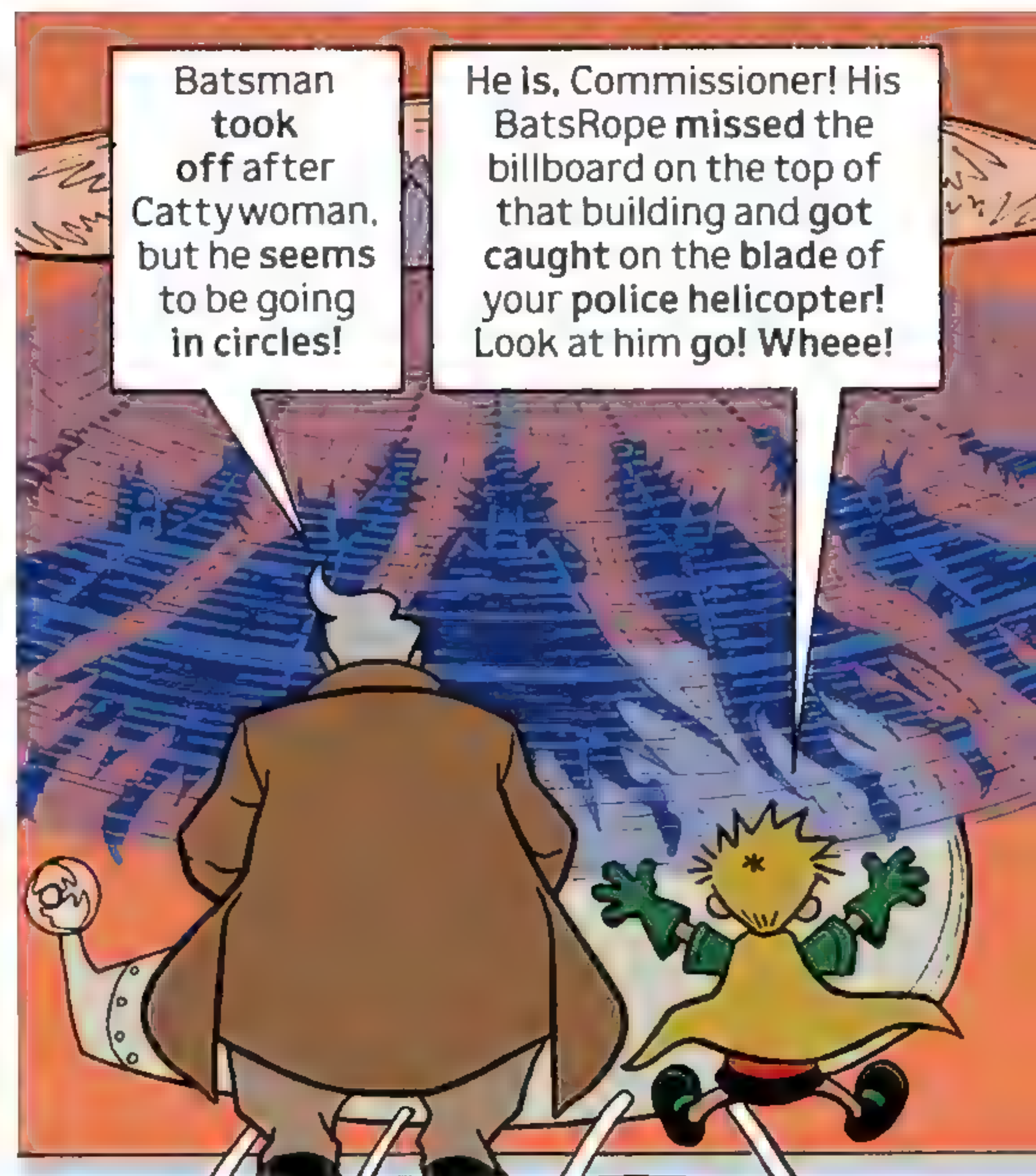
Are you hurt, Batman?

No! Luckily those boxes just contain harmless sound effects!



Batsman took off after Cattywoman, but he seems to be going in circles!

He is, Commissioner! His BatsRope missed the billboard on the top of that building and got caught on the blade of your police helicopter! Look at him go! Wheee!



You can stop looking for weapons in your BatsBelt to use against Cattywoman! She suddenly vanished without a trace! And so did the Scabcrow!

I'm not looking for weapons, I'm looking for aspirins! That helicopter spin gave me one ferocious BatsMigraine!

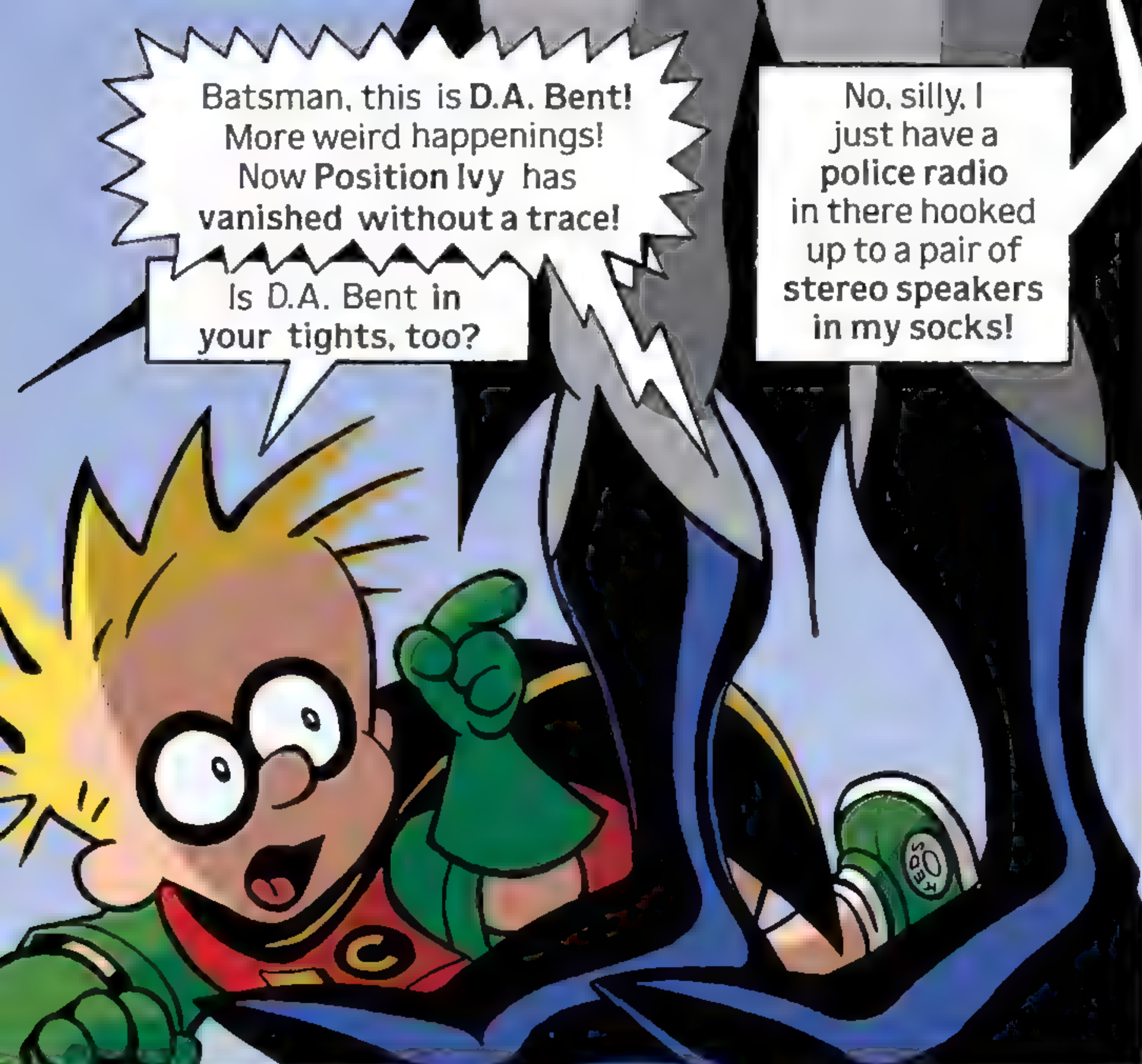


Good grief, Batman! Certainly you've taken everything you possibly can out of your BatsBelt! There can't be anything else left in there!

There's one more thing left, Ribbin'—another BatsBelt! Now I can start all over again!



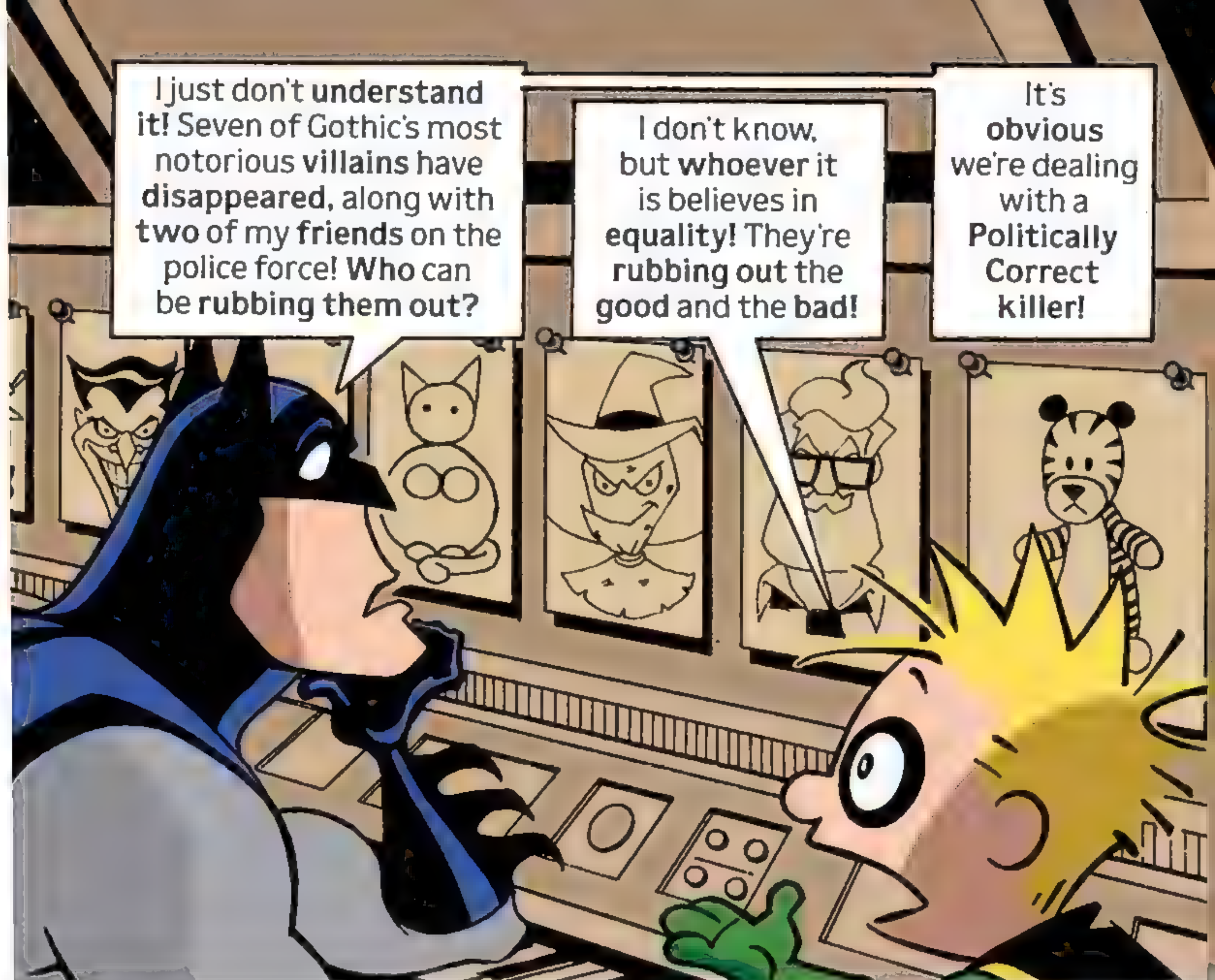




Batsman, this is D.A. Bent!  
More weird happenings!  
Now Position Ivy has  
vanished without a trace!

Is D.A. Bent in  
your tights, too?

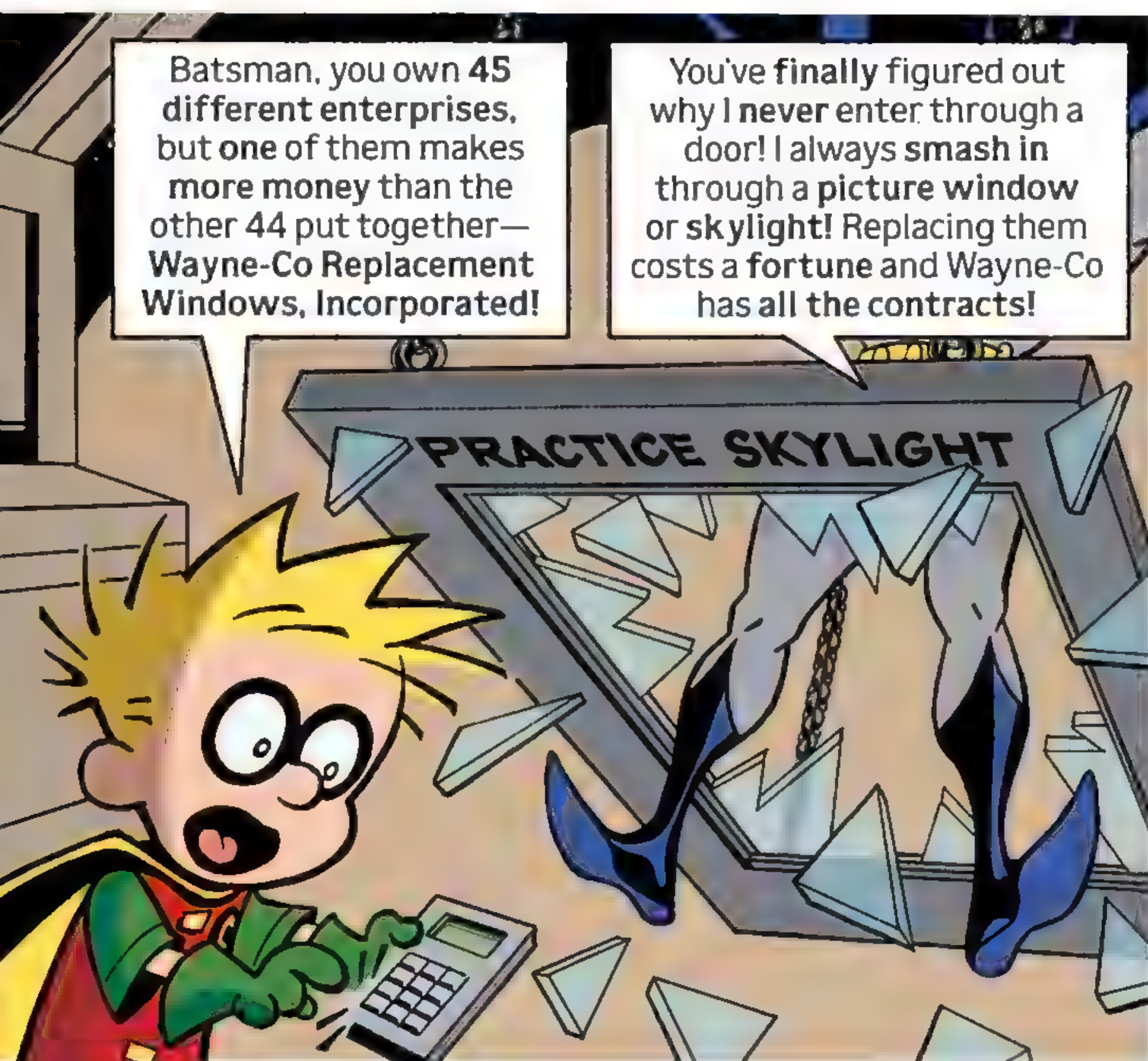
No, silly, I  
just have a  
police radio  
in there hooked  
up to a pair of  
stereo speakers  
in my socks!



I just don't understand  
it! Seven of Gotham's most  
notorious villains have  
disappeared, along with  
two of my friends on the  
police force! Who can  
be rubbing them out?

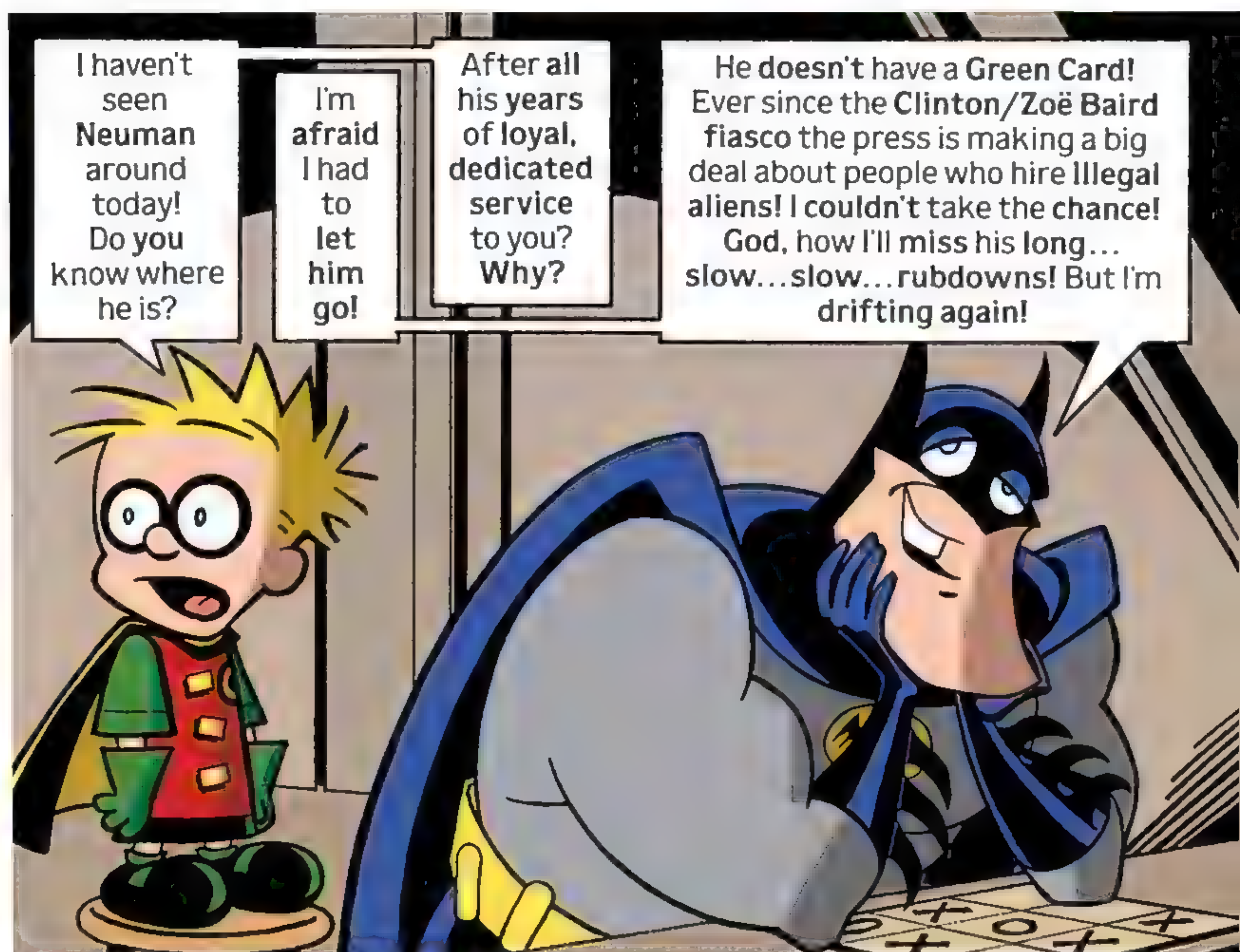
I don't know,  
but whoever it  
is believes in  
equality! They're  
rubbing out the  
good and the bad!

It's  
obvious  
we're dealing  
with a  
Politically  
Correct  
killer!



Batsman, you own 45  
different enterprises,  
but one of them makes  
more money than the  
other 44 put together—  
Wayne-Co Replacement  
Windows, Incorporated!

You've finally figured out  
why I never enter through a  
door! I always smash in  
through a picture window  
or skylight! Replacing them  
costs a fortune and Wayne-Co  
has all the contracts!



I haven't  
seen  
Neuman  
around  
today!  
Do you  
know where  
he is?

I'm  
afraid  
I had  
to let  
him go!

After all  
his years  
of loyal,  
dedicated  
service  
to you?  
Why?

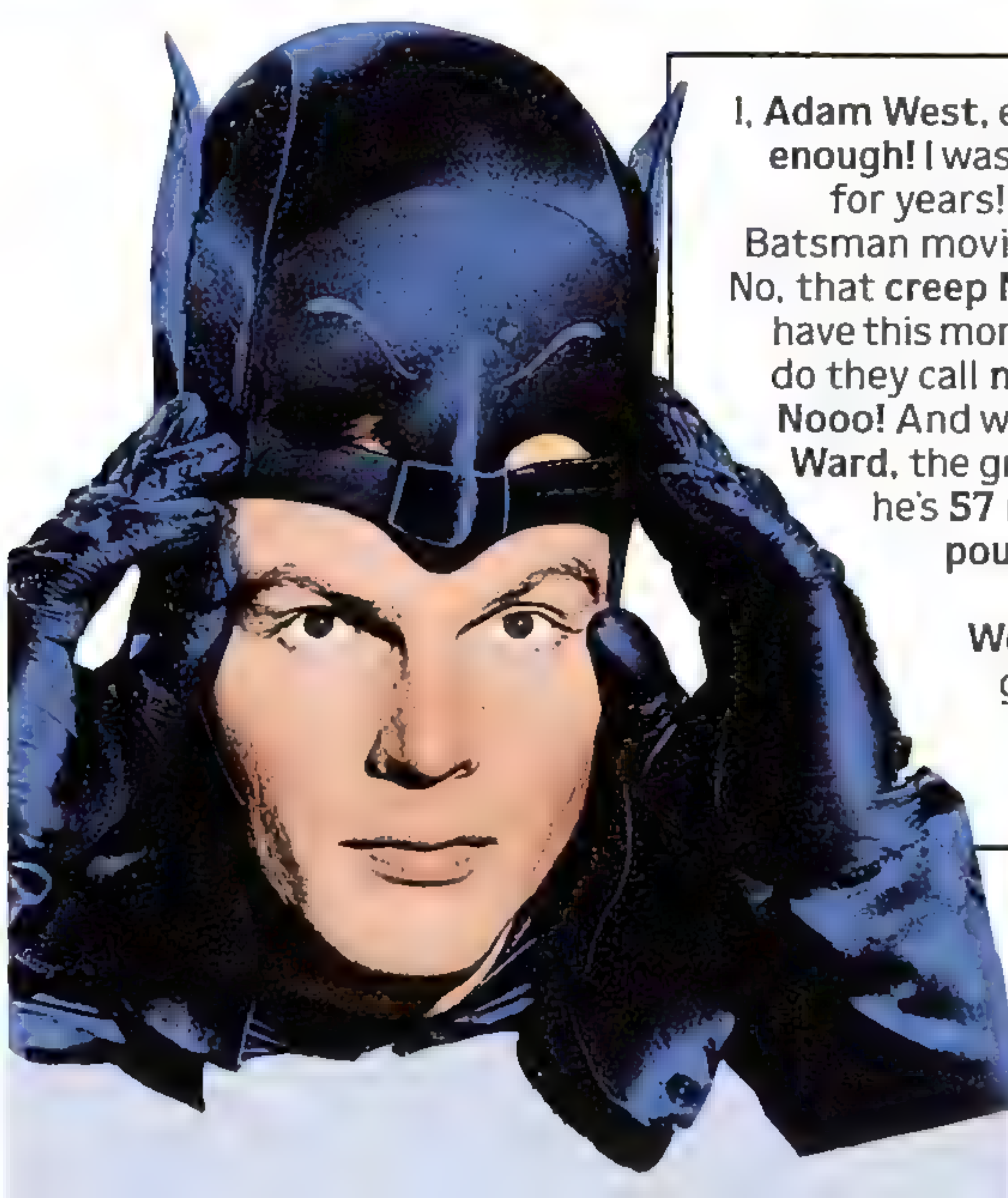
He doesn't have a Green Card!  
Ever since the Clinton/Zoë Baird  
fiasco the press is making a big  
deal about people who hire illegal  
aliens! I couldn't take the chance!  
God, how I'll miss his long...  
slow... slow... rubdowns! But I'm  
drifting again!



Ribbin', look!  
Whoever or  
whatever  
has been rubbing  
out the others  
is now rubbing  
me out!

Do you  
have  
any  
idea  
who it  
is?!

No, do you? Better  
answer me quick,  
Ribbin', before  
he erases my ears  
and I won't be able  
to hear you!  
Nuts! There they go!



I, Adam West, erased Batsman! Enough is  
enough! I was the greatest TV Batsman  
for years! But when they made two  
Batsman movies who did they call? Me?  
No, that creep Michael Keaton! Now they  
have this moronic cartoon show! Again,  
do they call me to do Batsman's voice?  
Nooo! And what about my old pal, Burt  
Ward, the greatest Ribbin' ever?! Sure,  
he's 57 now, and he's put on a few  
pounds, but he's a spry 57 and  
would make a swell Goy  
Wonder! With this Batsman  
gone maybe my BatsPhone  
will start to ring... ring  
at last!







Jingle bells, "Batman" smells, the franchise laid an egg. Sure, the Caped Crusader beat the Joker, Catwoman and the Riddler with ease, but he couldn't handle his greatest arch villain, Joel Schumacher, who guided the pointless *Batman & Robin* to its historic status as "Worst Superhero Movie Ever." (You can breathe easy, Ben Affleck!) But eight years after the last stinkeroo, we're being promised that THIS time, they've finally done it right. And on just the fifth try? We say "holy hype machine!"

I'm one of the richest men in the world. How rich? Just ask my chauffeur, Bill Gates! Even so, my humongous fortune can't make me happy. I'm a tormented, twisted soul. The only positive is that as a multi-bajillionaire, when I brood, I get to do it on board a solid-gold private jet, in chinchilla gym shorts, while I watch three supermodels check each other for thong rash!

By day, I run the largest financial conglomerate in the world! By night, I single-handedly fight the endless war on crime! From 5:40 in the afternoon to 5:50, I schedule some "me" time. My town, Gothic City, is a dying, rotting hellhole. Thugs and gangsters control every street. That's why I set up a secret hideout. My cave is the only safe place in town! So, I trained in the mountains. I hide in a cave. And I dispense my psychotic version of justice without mercy. If I didn't shower daily, I'd think my dual identity was Osama bin Laden!

It's true that Master Bruce never got over the brutal murders of his parents. But what about me, Neuman the butler? The day after they died, my weekly checks stopped. I'm still waiting on 23 years' worth of back pay! At least the butler job's been a breeze. It's easy when your boss doesn't show up for eight years! I feel like the bass player in the new Guns N' Roses, waiting for Axl Rose! I spent all that time dusting the antiques, which I enjoy doing. What I hate is that I bought most of those items when they were brand-new and *not* antiques!

I'm Lt. Jim Boredom. They call me a "badge," a "peace officer," a "man in blue"! And since I don't take bribes like everyone else on the force, they call me a "putz"! It's tough being the only honest cop in a police department that now accepts PayPal! But I believe that if I follow the rules and stand firm for what's right, I can climb my way up through the bureaucracy and make a difference. Having a psychotic friend who dresses like a giant rubber mouse doesn't hurt my chances, either!

The shaved head, the funky mustache, the flowing robes...I *could* be a secondary World Wrestling Federation character from 1983, but instead I'm international superbaddie Razzle Droll! For the last thirty years of *Battymen* comic books, I've been an Arab villain. So naturally, they cast a Japanese guy for the role. That's because we're aiming for 2,500 screens on this puppy. And let's just say that the Japanese don't tend to get as...explosively upset!

I, Henri Retard, am not what I appear. In a way, I represent Bruce Whine's uncontrollable doppelganger, the darker face that reveals Man's eternal duality of spirit. Well, it sounds deep to me! And it'd sound impressive to you, too, if you'd spent the last 20 years practicing getting kicked in the head! I'm always on the lookout for nihilistic loners doing hard time in Bhutanese jail cells, so I can convince them to turn bad. Hey, I've never been much for challenges!

Bruce Whine hired me, Lupus Fox, to convert forgotten government surplus items and secret army projects into a snazzy Batty-arsenal. It figures! We've got 100,000 troops in Iraq duct-taping empty pizza boxes to their tanks for extra protection, and their super-vehicle goes to a guy who's already wearing a bulletproof costume!

They say you can't be a sexy, vibrant woman and still be an effective prosecutor. Ha! Do Exhibit A and Exhibit B please the court? I'm Radish Dawson, a hard-hitting district attorney. Bruce Whine was my childhood crush. Today, Bruce is a distant, self-absorbed, emotional wreck. But he's also super rich and his body's jacked. So we'll call it even!

You're looking at Dick Churl, and during the eight years Bruce Whine was missing, I ran his foundation. Before I took over his empire, I ran one of the big pharmaceutical companies. But they kicked me off the board for being a little too sleazy! The filmmakers have set me up as the classic uncultured greedhead who only cares about making a buck. Pretty ballsy, coming from the producers of *Catwoman*, *Rollerball* and *Scooby-Doo 2*!

There's nothing audiences enjoy more than a mob boss with a seductive, larger-than-life personality. Unfortunately, it's another year until the next new *Sopranos* episodes! In the meantime, you'll have to make due with me, Carmine Calzone, and my one-note character. I've got the police force in my left pocket and I've got the judges in my right pocket. You figure out where I expect to put Battymen!

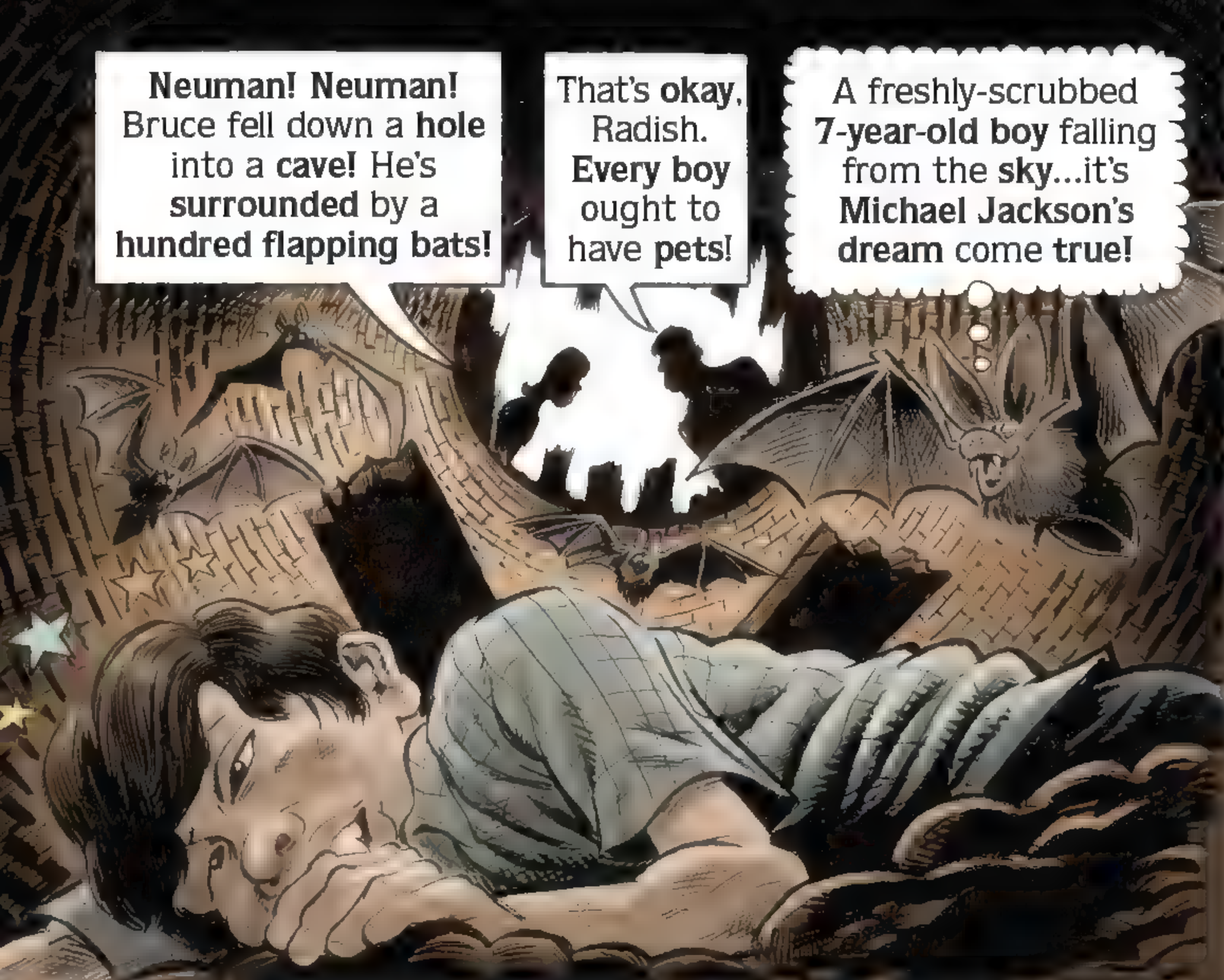
I'm Scarycrook, the second-ever *Battymen* movie villain to have a face made out of burlap. The first was Tommy Lee Jones. Fortunately for him, they covered it up with his Two-Face makeup! I get my power by feeding off the fear and panic of others. So I really get jazzed by Time Warner shareholders who remember how the last two *Battymen* movies did! I'm wearing this bag over my head to protect my career, in case this movie tanks!

# BATTYMAN, BEGONE!

ARTIST: TOM RICHMOND WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN







Neuman! Neuman!  
Bruce fell down a hole  
into a cave! He's  
surrounded by a  
hundred flapping bats!

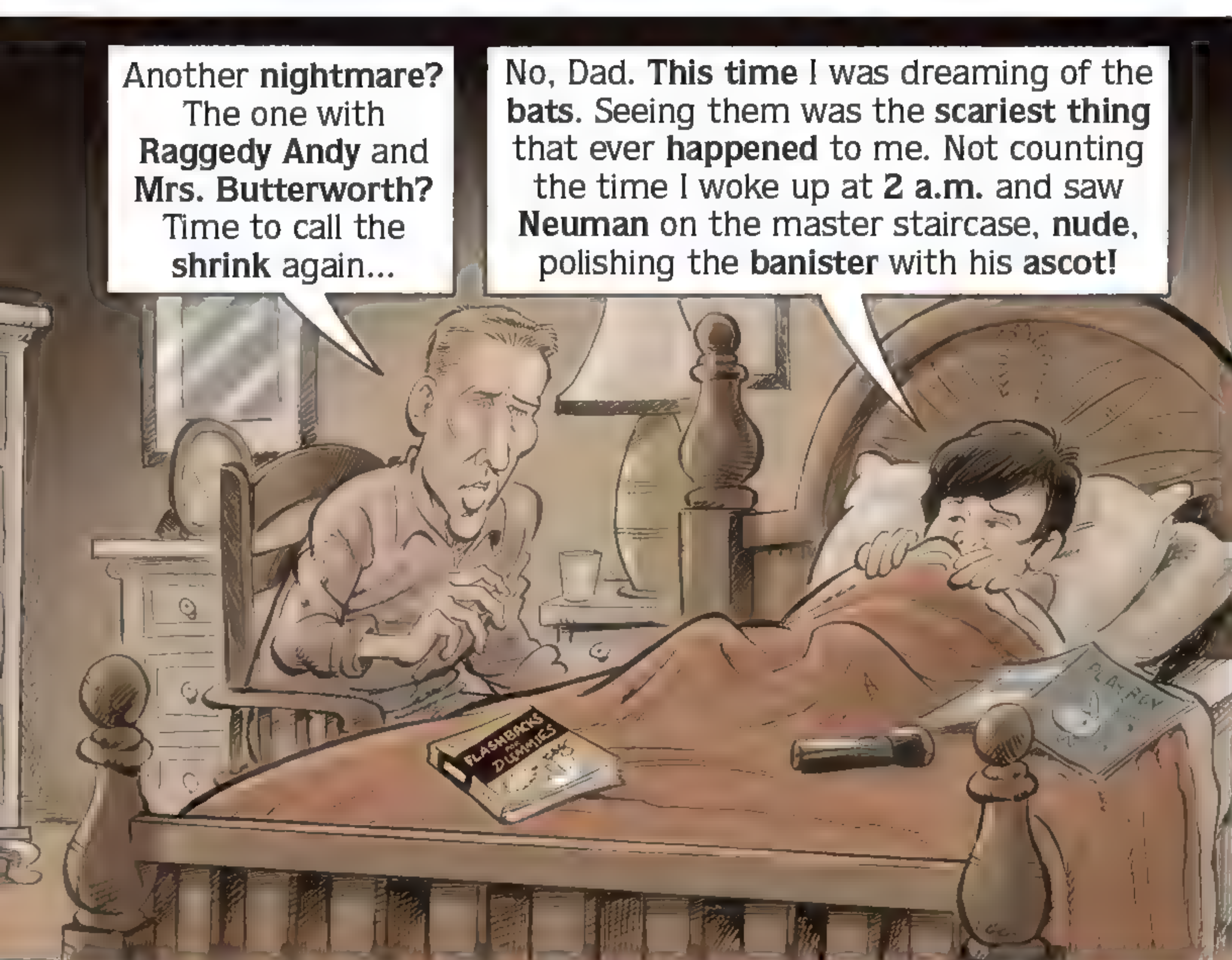
That's okay,  
Radish.  
Every boy  
ought to  
have pets!

A freshly-scrubbed  
7-year-old boy falling  
from the sky...it's  
Michael Jackson's  
dream come true!



I'm here to convince you to sign  
away your life by hiking up a  
frozen Himalayan deathpath for  
the privilege of getting your ass  
kicked bloody by ninjas!

Thank God! For a  
minute, I thought you  
were one of those  
wackos trying to sign  
me up for Scientology!



Another nightmare?  
The one with  
Raggedy Andy and  
Mrs. Butterworth?  
Time to call the  
shrink again...

No, Dad. This time I was dreaming of the  
bats. Seeing them was the scariest thing  
that ever happened to me. Not counting  
the time I woke up at 2 a.m. and saw  
Neuman on the master staircase, nude,  
polishing the banister with his ascot!

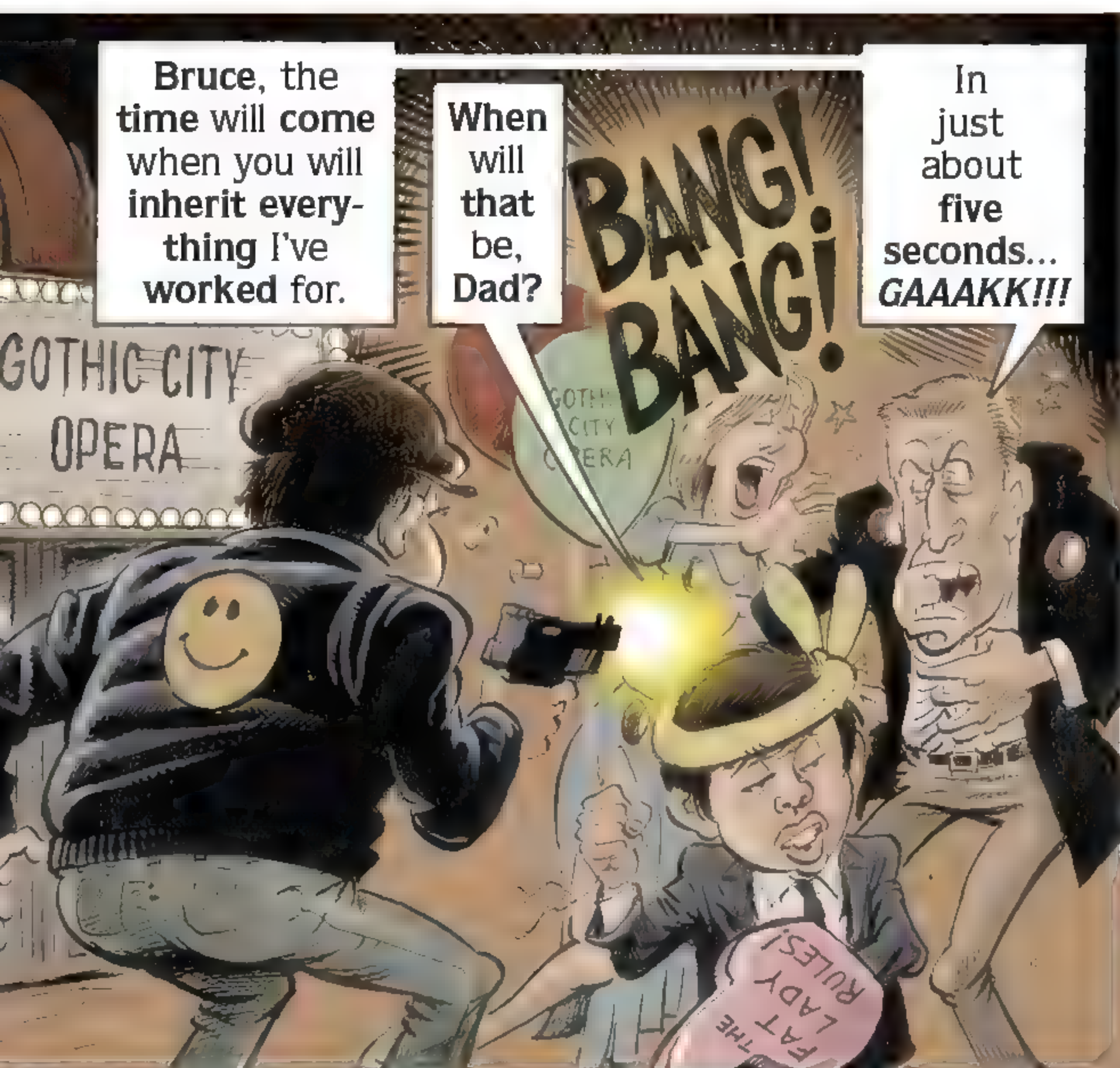


For your training, you will  
be savagely attacked by  
eight men each Monday,  
Tuesday, Wednesday,  
Thursday and Saturday.  
Friday shall be your day of  
rest. On Fridays, you'll only  
be beaten by five men!

What about Sundays?

Sundays? Sunday  
is *Extreme  
Makeover: Home  
Edition* night!

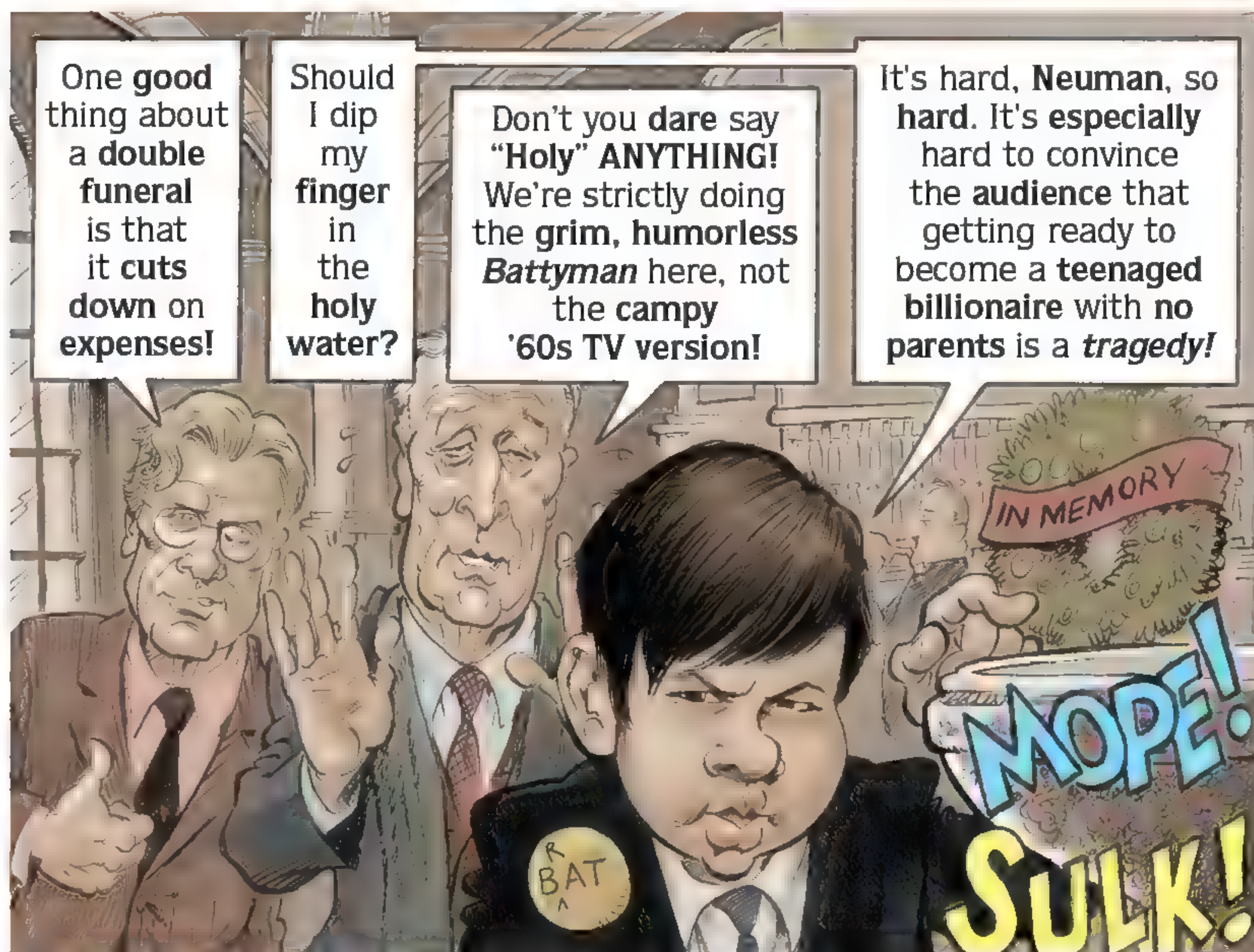
You sadistic bastard!



Bruce, the  
time will come  
when you will  
inherit every-  
thing I've  
worked for.

When  
will  
that  
be,  
Dad?

In  
just  
about  
five  
seconds...  
GAAAKK!!!

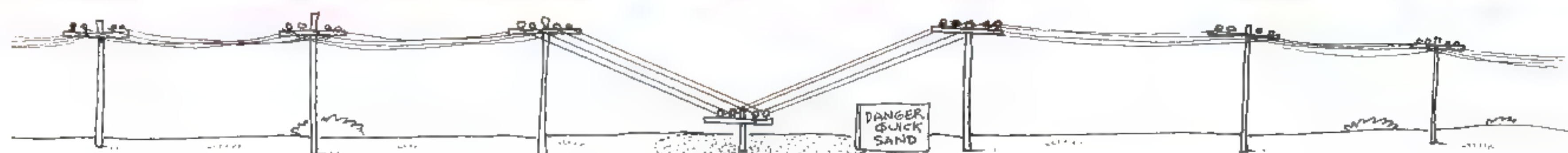


One good  
thing about  
a double  
funeral  
is that  
it cuts  
down on  
expenses!

Should  
I dip  
my  
finger  
in the  
holy  
water?

Don't you dare say  
"Holy" ANYTHING!  
We're strictly doing  
the grim, humorless  
*Battyman* here, not  
the campy  
'60s TV version!

It's hard, Neuman, so  
hard. It's especially  
hard to convince  
the audience that  
getting ready to  
become a teenaged  
billionaire with no  
parents is a *tragedy*!





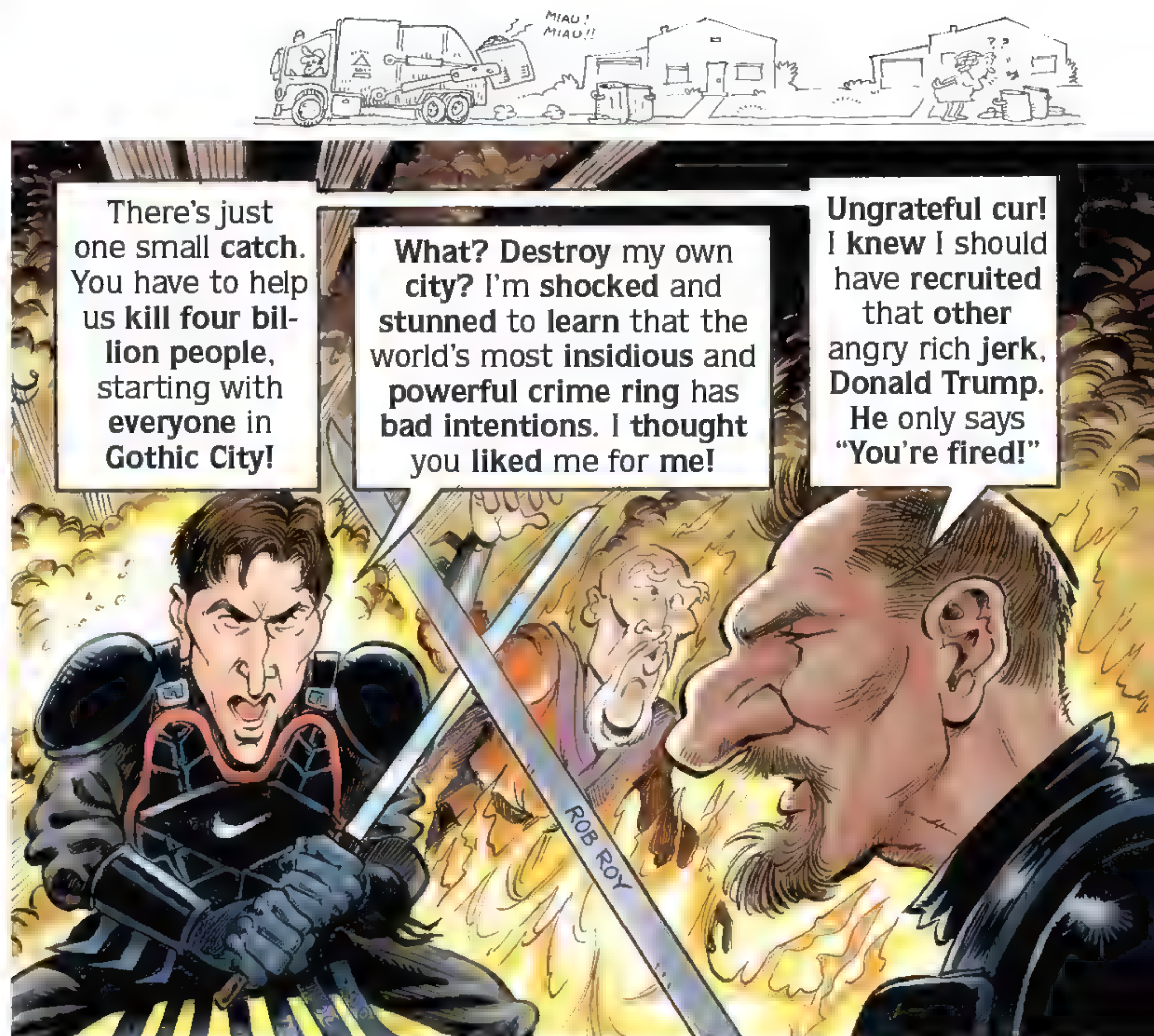


You must **discover** that which is **inside** you. **Personal will** is **everything**. A man stands alone, and creates his **only true self**.

Is that **right**? So, why am I listening to you?

Ummm...  
errr...  
class dismissed!

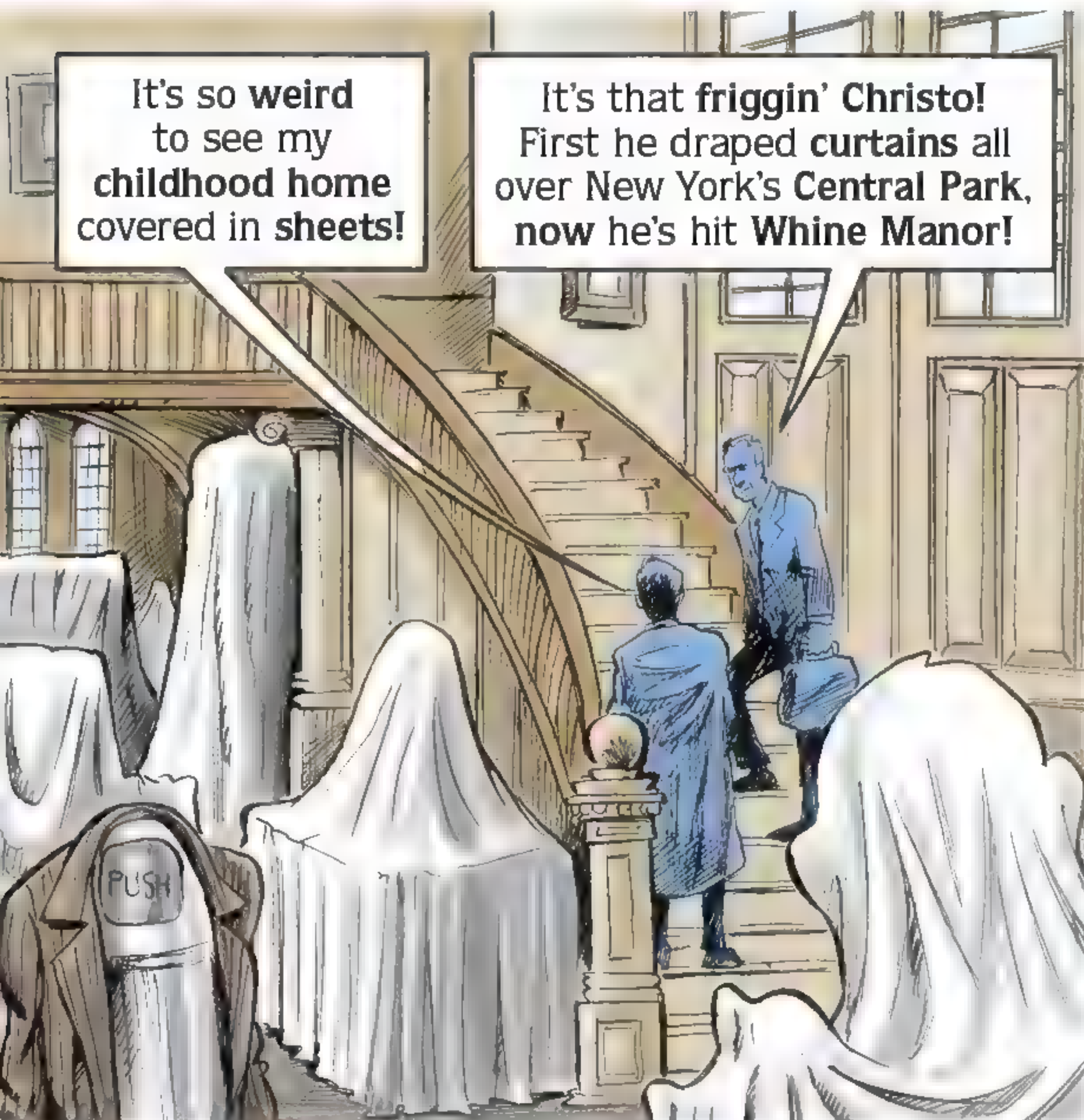
Two men, out on the ice, testing their **manhood** by beating each other with sticks. There hasn't been **anything** like this since the **NHL owners** locked out the **players**!



There's just one small **catch**. You have to help us **kill four billion people**, starting with **everyone** in **Gothic City**!

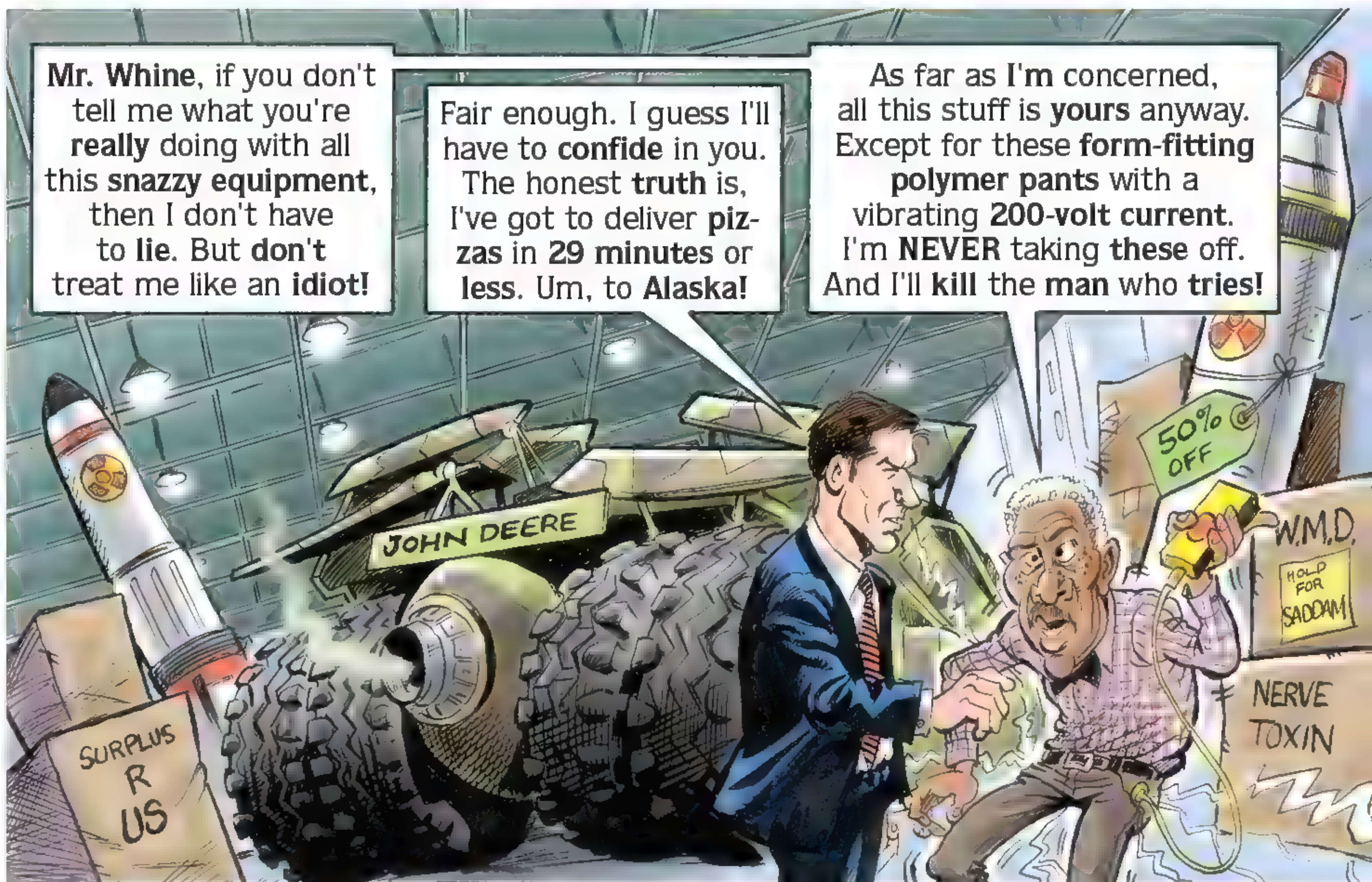
What? **Destroy** my own city? I'm **shocked** and **stunned** to learn that the world's most **insidious** and **powerful crime ring** has **bad intentions**. I thought you liked me for me!

Ungrateful cur! I **knew** I should have recruited that **other angry rich jerk**, **Donald Trump**. He only says "**You're fired!**"



It's so **weird** to see my **childhood home** covered in **sheets**!

It's that **friggin' Christo**! First he draped **curtains** all over **New York's Central Park**, now he's hit **Whine Manor**!



Mr. **Whine**, if you don't tell me what you're **really** doing with all this **snazzy equipment**, then I don't have to **lie**. But **don't** treat me like an **idiot**!

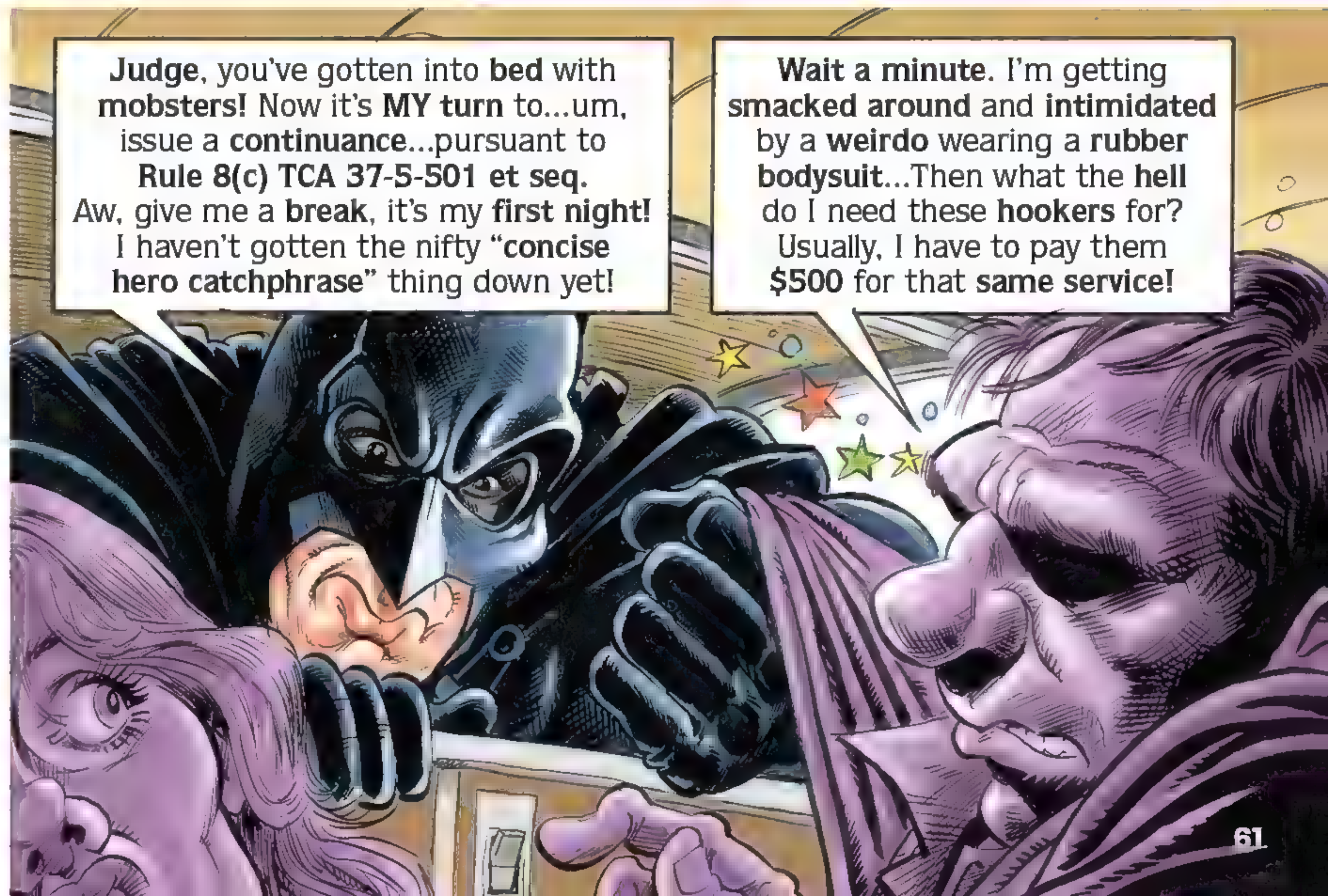
Fair enough. I guess I'll have to **confide** in you. The **honest truth** is, I've got to deliver **piz-zas** in **29 minutes** or less. Um, to **Alaska**!

As far as I'm concerned, all this stuff is **yours** anyway. Except for these **form-fitting polymer pants** with a vibrating **200-volt current**. I'm **NEVER** taking these off. And I'll **kill** the man who tries!



I've **never** seen a **shipment** of **chemically-altered drugs** like this before. Not even when I was **roommates** with **Jose Canseco**!

If my **employer** wanted you to know his **plan** to **annihilate** the **city**, he would have **told** you. But between you, me and the **four padded walls**, let's just say that if you go **outside** next **Thursday night** between **6** and **11 o'clock**, try not to **inhale**!



Judge, you've gotten into bed with **mobsters**! Now it's **MY** turn to...um, issue a **continuance**...pursuant to **Rule 8(c) TCA 37-5-501 et seq.** Aw, give me a **break**, it's my **first night**! I haven't gotten the **nifty "concise hero catchphrase"** thing down yet!

Wait a minute. I'm getting **smacked around** and **intimidated** by a **weirdo** wearing a **rubber bodysuit**...Then what the **hell** do I need these **hookers** for? Usually, I have to pay them **\$500** for that **same service**!



Damn, not a single clue! Too bad nobody happened to notice one guy constructing a huge rooftop spotlight right next to a heavily-armed drug shipment site!

This note says it's called a Batty-signal. It's a virtually foolproof device! It can only be stopped by most weather conditions!



No use! The man's a gibbering, paranoid wackdoodle who can't hear a word anyone else is saying! Either transfer him to the mental asylum or get him his own radio show on *Air America*!



Do you know the smell of pure human fear? Well, you will!

It can't be worse than what's brewing inside this rubber batsuit! Why oh WHY didn't I ventilate the inseam?

I'M JOEL SCHUMACHER!



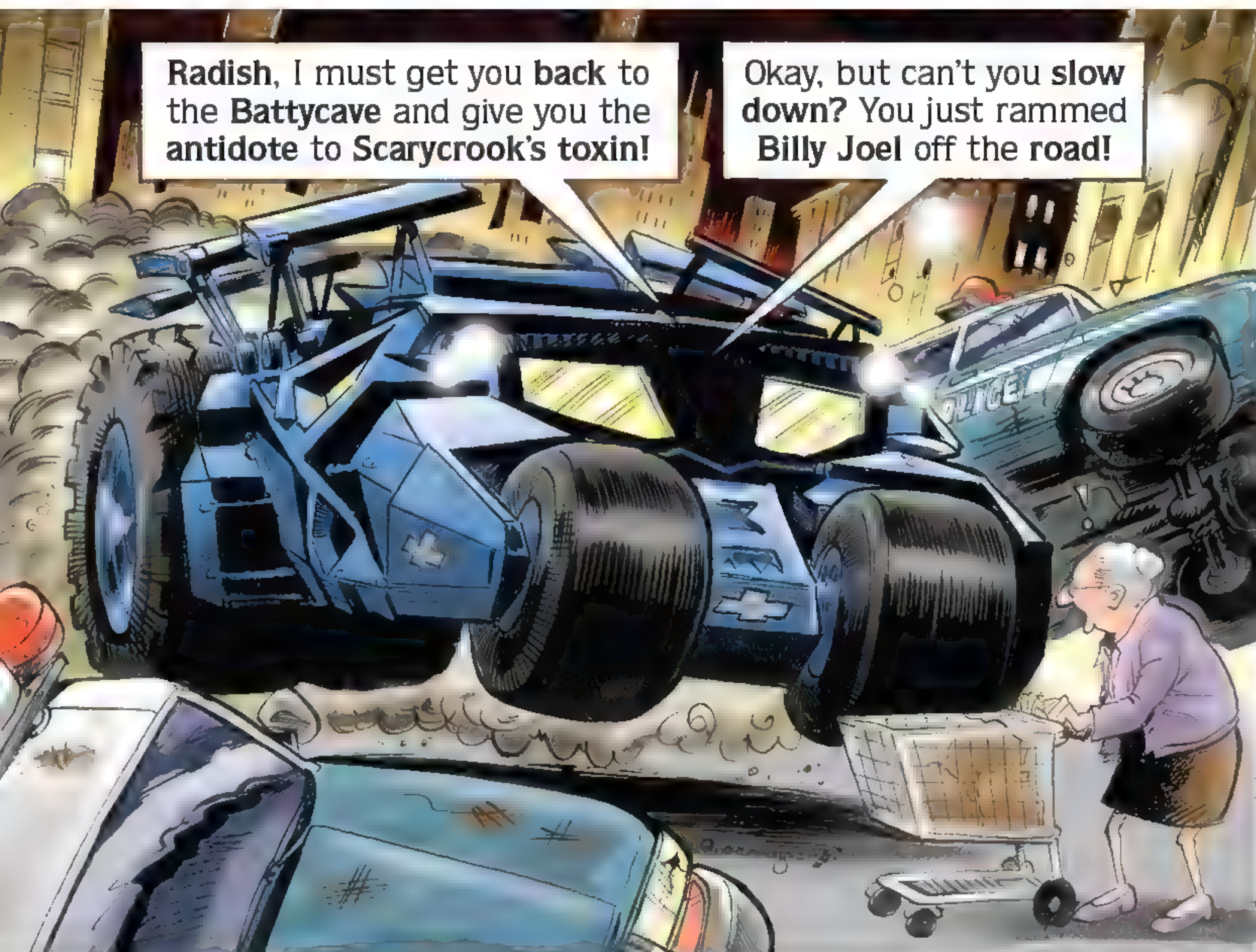
Uh...guh...the Scarycrook toxin... I must have been unconscious for two days!

Don't worry, sir. I TiVo'd Jimmy Kimmel for you!



Radish, I must get you back to the Batty cave and give you the antidote to Scarycrook's toxin!

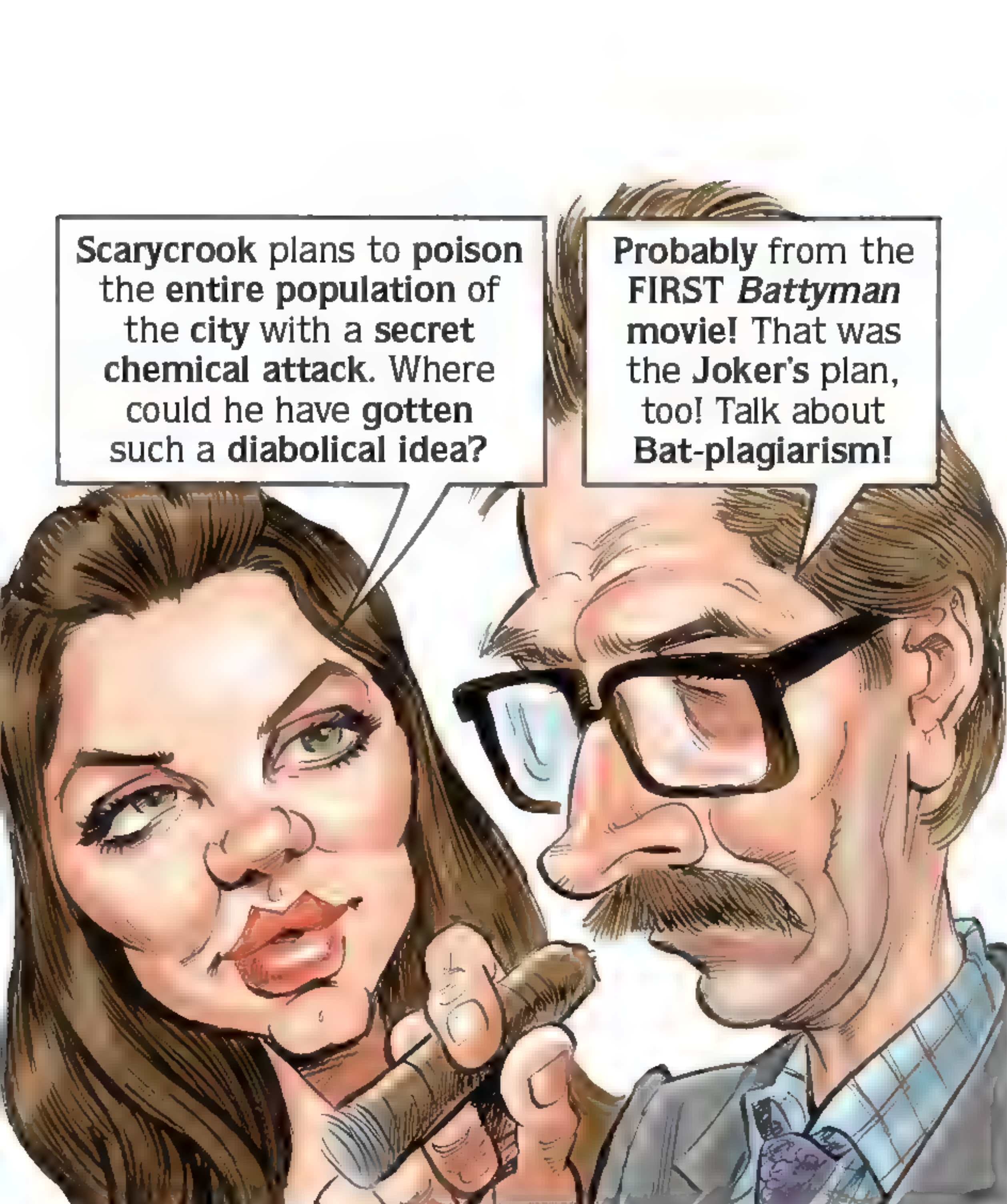
Okay, but can't you slow down? You just rammed Billy Joel off the road!



I like spending time with you, and only you. Everybody else in this movie has been honored by the Academy Awards — Michael Caine, Liam Neeson, Tom Wilkinson, Ken Watanabe, Morgan Freeman — whereas *your* greatest triumph was somehow standing up to the acting chops of James Van Der Beek!

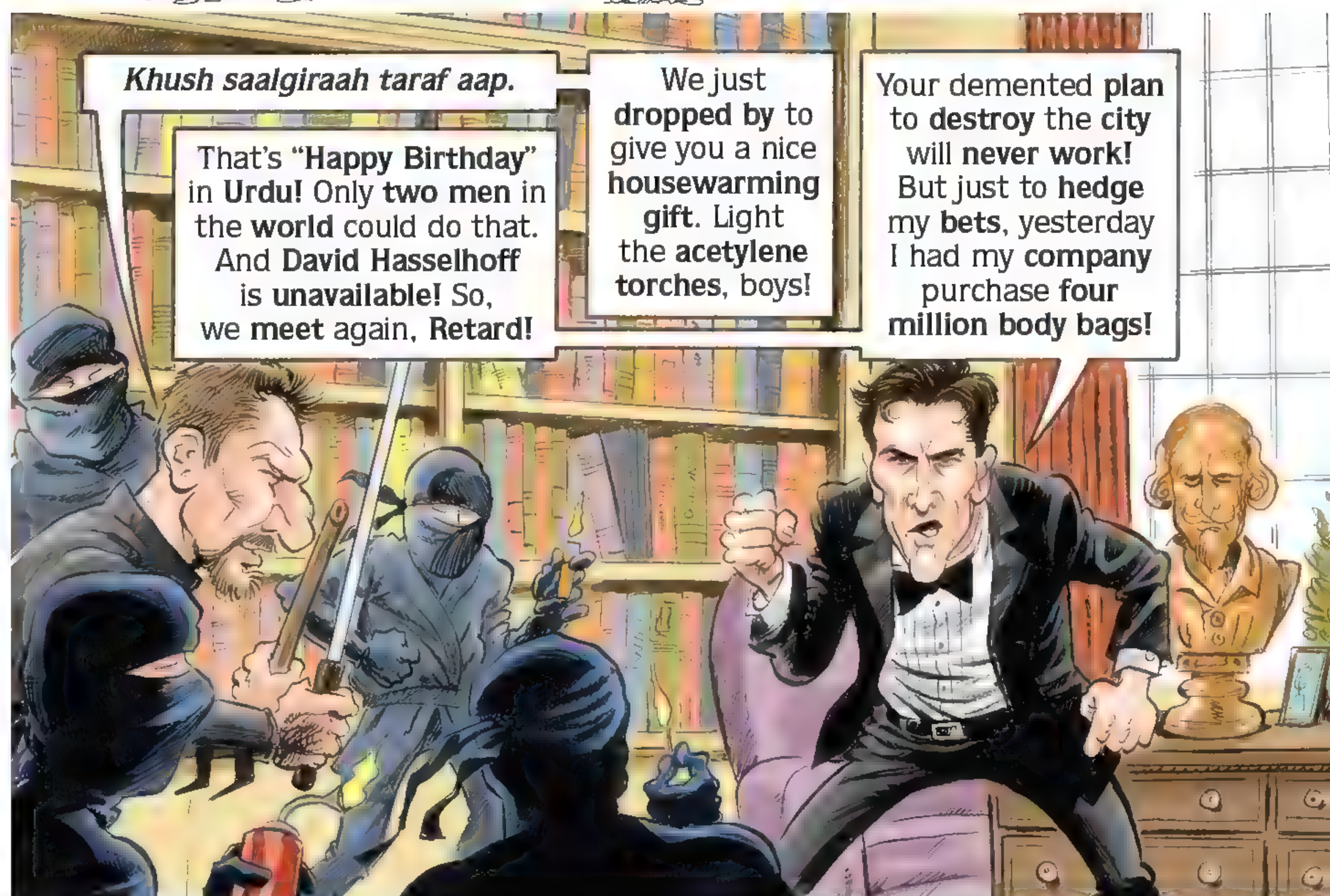






Scarycrook plans to poison the entire population of the city with a secret chemical attack. Where could he have gotten such a diabolical idea?

Probably from the **FIRST Battyman** movie! That was the Joker's plan, too! Talk about Bat-plagiarism!

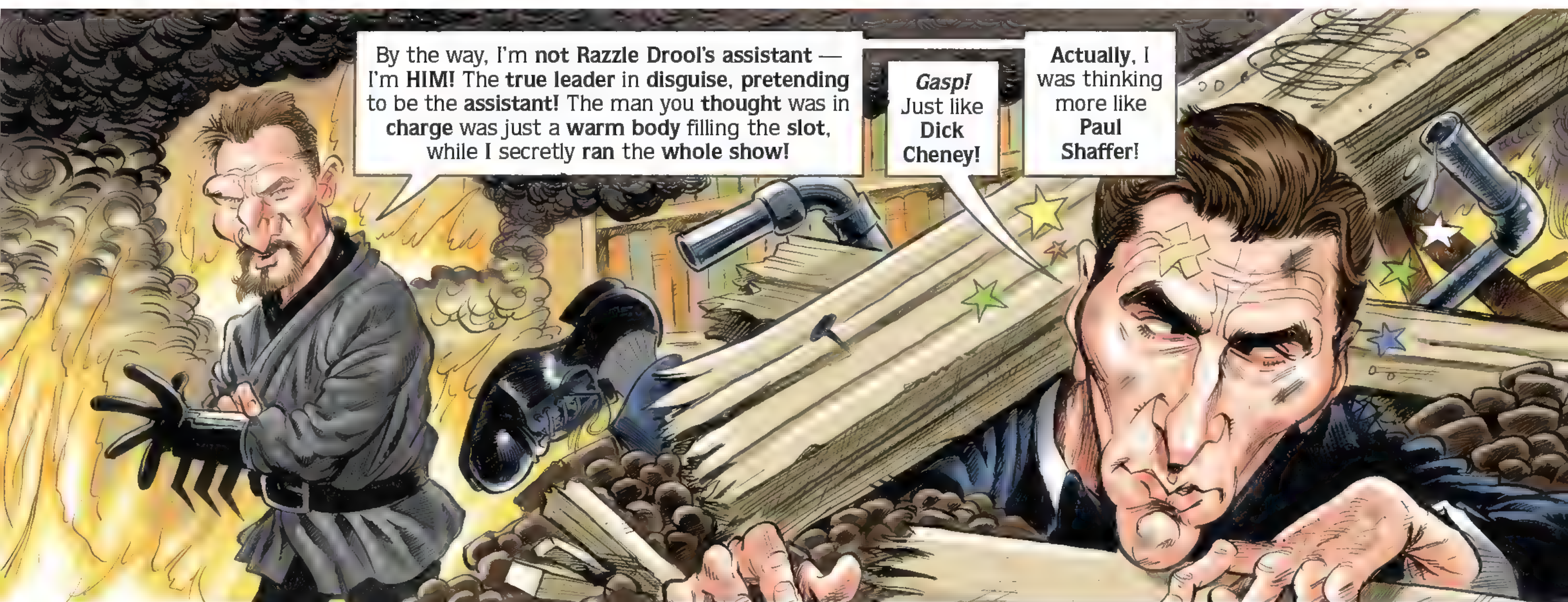


*Khush saalgiraah taraf aap.*

That's "Happy Birthday" in Urdu! Only two men in the world could do that. And David Hasselhoff is unavailable! So, we meet again, Retard!

We just dropped by to give you a nice housewarming gift. Light the acetylene torches, boys!

Your demented plan to destroy the city will never work! But just to hedge my bets, yesterday I had my company purchase four million body bags!



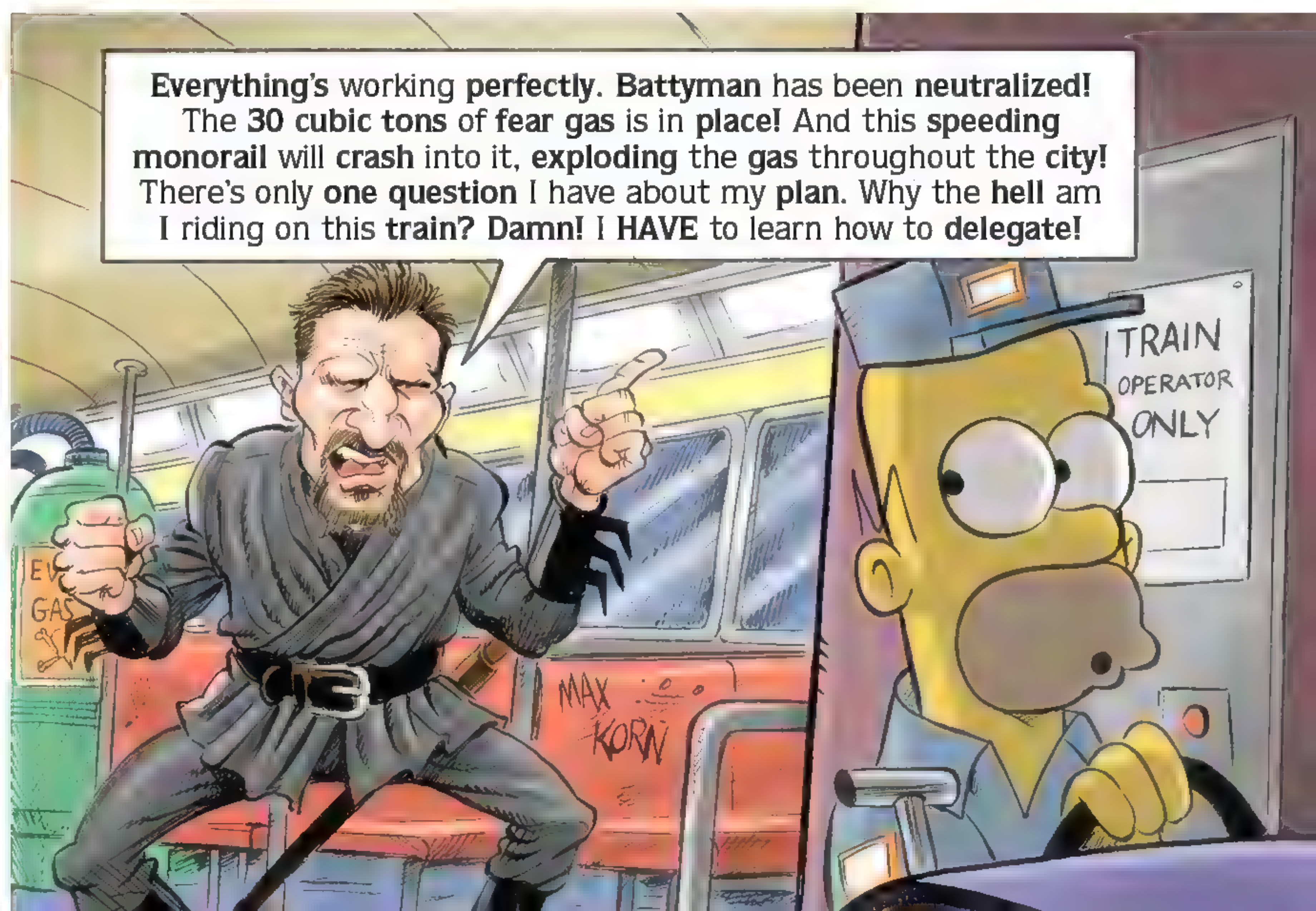
By the way, I'm not Razzle Drool's assistant — I'm HIM! The true leader in disguise, pretending to be the assistant! The man you thought was in charge was just a warm body filling the slot, while I secretly ran the whole show!

Gasp! Just like Dick Cheney!

Actually, I was thinking more like Paul Shaffer!



Hee, hee, hee! Everybody out! Nutjobs, maniacs and shrieking loons! Finally, here comes a little competition for the nation's bloggers!



Everything's working perfectly. Battyman has been neutralized! The 30 cubic tons of fear gas is in place! And this speeding monorail will crash into it, exploding the gas throughout the city! There's only one question I have about my plan. Why the hell am I riding on this train? Damn! I HAVE to learn how to delegate!



Yes, I'm **Bruce Whine**. But all those years ago, I think I **truly** became **Battyman** the day I **plunged** down that **hole** and found myself surrounded by **bats**!

Interesting **transformation**. Good thing you **didn't** fall into the **septic tank**!



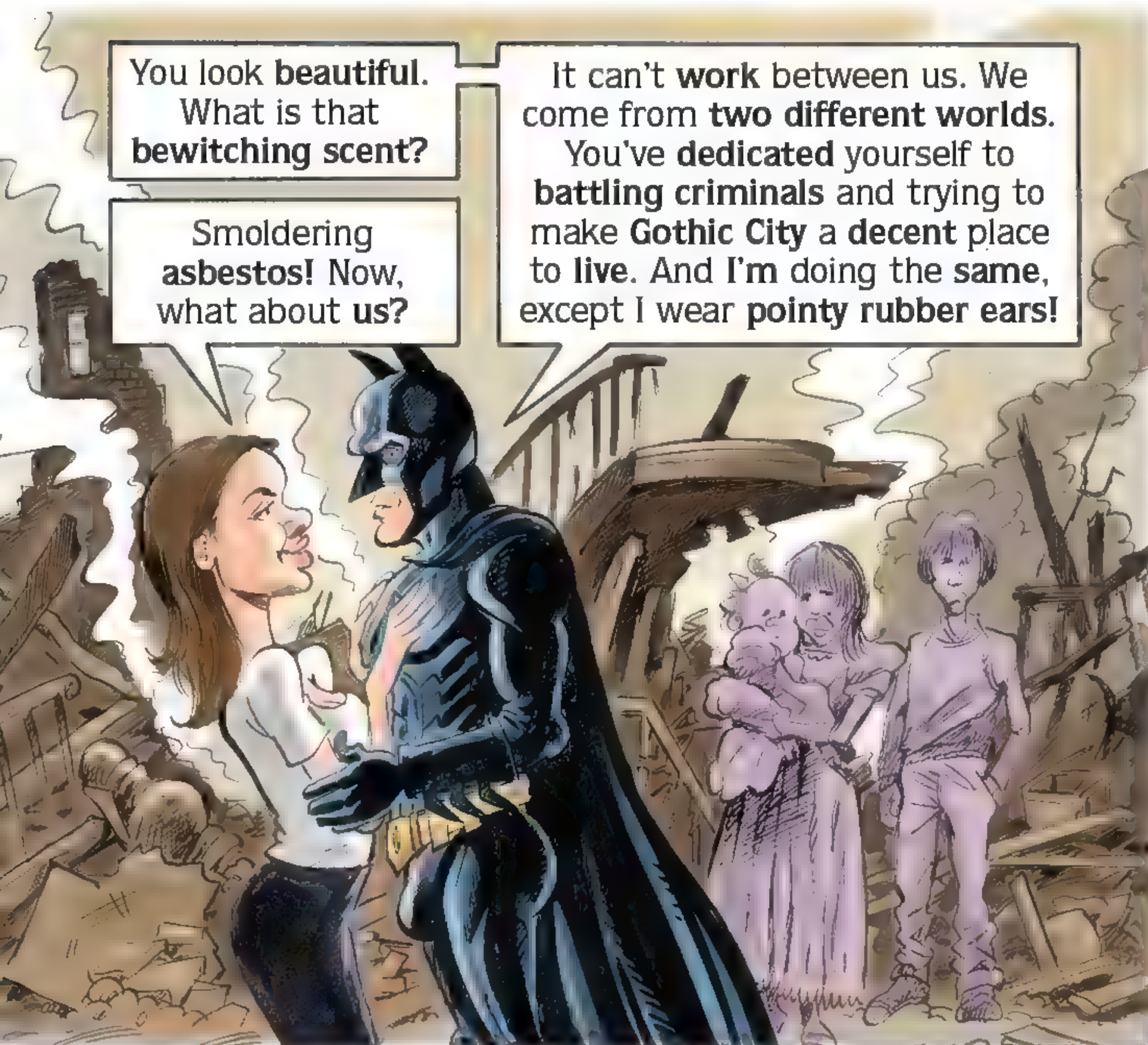
Welcome aboard the **Action Movie Monorail**, making all expected **stops**. Hero finally overcomes his **doubts** and **avenges** his previous **losses**...**check!** Villain dies in such a way that he could conceivably be **resurrected** for a **sequel**...**check!** Plotline resolved with garish **special effects explosion**...**check!** Please remember to park your **disbelief** someplace else, and have a nice day!



You look **beautiful**. What is that **bewitching scent**?

**Smoldering asbestos!** Now, what about us?

It can't **work** between us. We come from **two different worlds**. You've dedicated yourself to **battling criminals** and trying to make **Gothic City** a decent place to live. And I'm doing the same, except I wear **pointy rubber ears**!



You've **saved Gothic City**! Of course, that's not counting the huge amount of **wreckage** your **Battymobile** caused, the **monorail explosion**, every **lunatic criminal** breaking loose from their cells, and **Whine Manor** burning to the ground. But now that we're **allies**, can't you tell me who you **really** are?

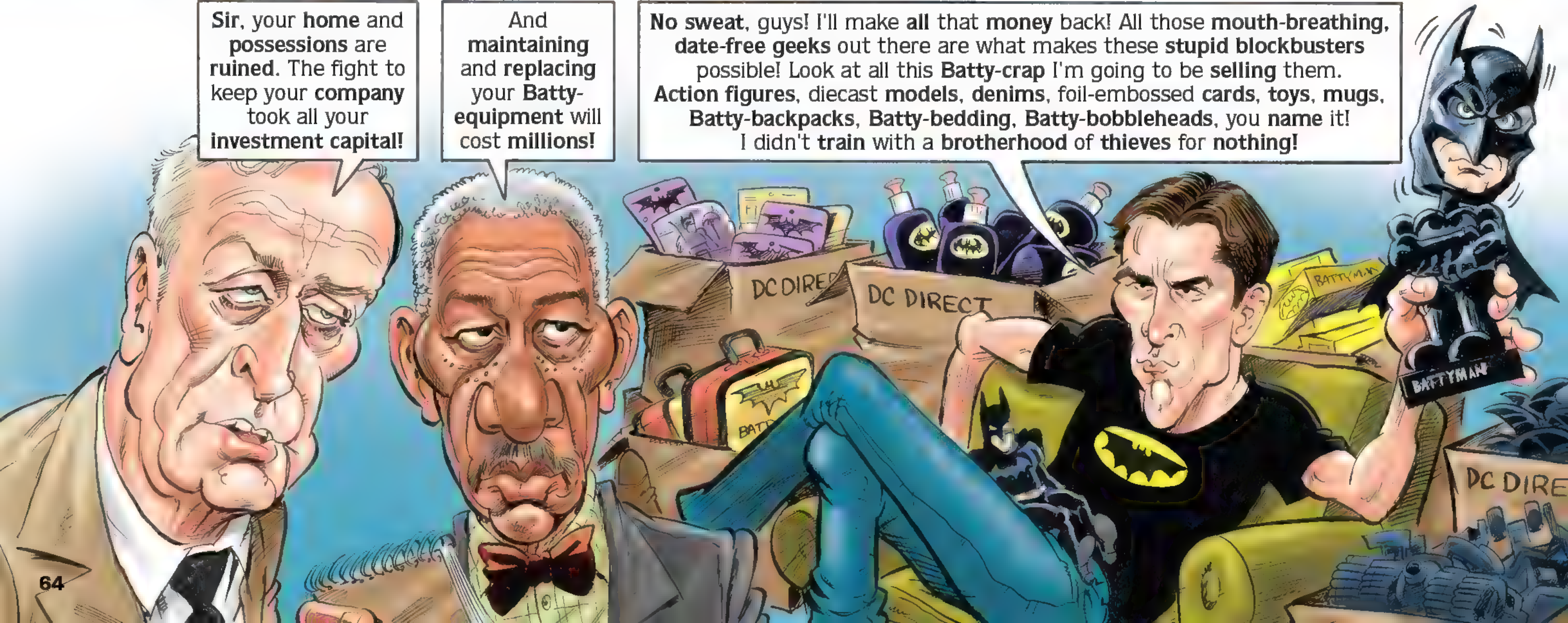
No one must ever know my **secret identity**, except my **trusted butler**. And my **arch-enemy**. And all of **Razzle Drool's henchmen**. And **Lupus Fox**. And his **engineers**. And my **quasi-girlfriend**, **Radish**. And about **25 cool people** I met on **Friendster**!



Sir, your **home and possessions** are **ruined**. The fight to keep your **company** took all your **investment capital**!

And **maintaining and replacing** your **Batty-equipment** will cost **millions**!

No sweat, guys! I'll make **all** that **money** back! All those **mouth-breathing, date-free geeks** out there are what makes these **stupid blockbusters** possible! Look at all this **Batty-crap** I'm going to be **selling** them. **Action figures, diecast models, denims, foil-embossed cards, toys, mugs, Batty-backpacks, Batty-bedding, Batty-bobbleheads**, you name it! I didn't train with a **brotherhood of thieves** for nothing!



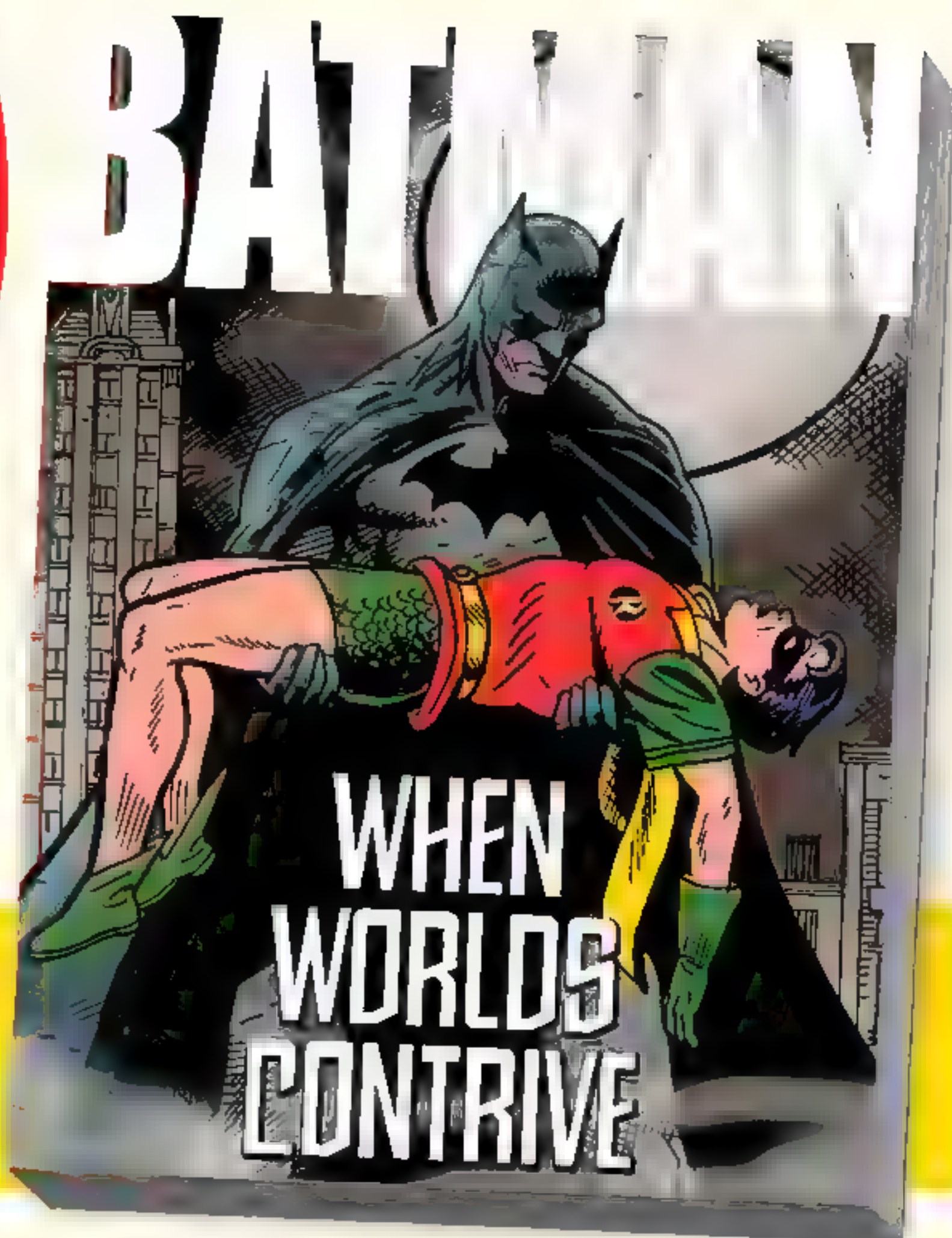




THE DARK BLIGHT DEPT.

# MAD's GRAPHIC NOVEL REVIEW

**BATMAN: WHEN WORLDS CONTRIVE**  
by Jim Morrison and Lee Grant  
DC Comics, \$14.99



DC Comics is the publishing house of choice for all cartoon-loving schizophrenics. In 2006 alone, the company cranked out 4,778 profitable titles featuring Batman as the grim, gritty, undiagnosed psychotic who lurks in shadows and metes out cruel justice. However, DC is simultaneously flooding the shops with high-end archives and compilations of the lighthearted, happy-go-lucky Bat-adventures of the past. Confoundingly, they're marketing these two totally opposite versions of Batman to the same customer base.

DC readers haven't been so confused since tenth grade, when they found out that reciting the Green Lantern Oath never, ever gets a girl's shirt off. It's disorienting for fans to enjoy a Bat-scene in which an insane rapist is tortured into a confession, then smoothly transition over to a Golden Age Bat-story about a bad guy in a red space helmet throwing glue boomerangs at Batman's canine helper, Ace the Bat-Hound.

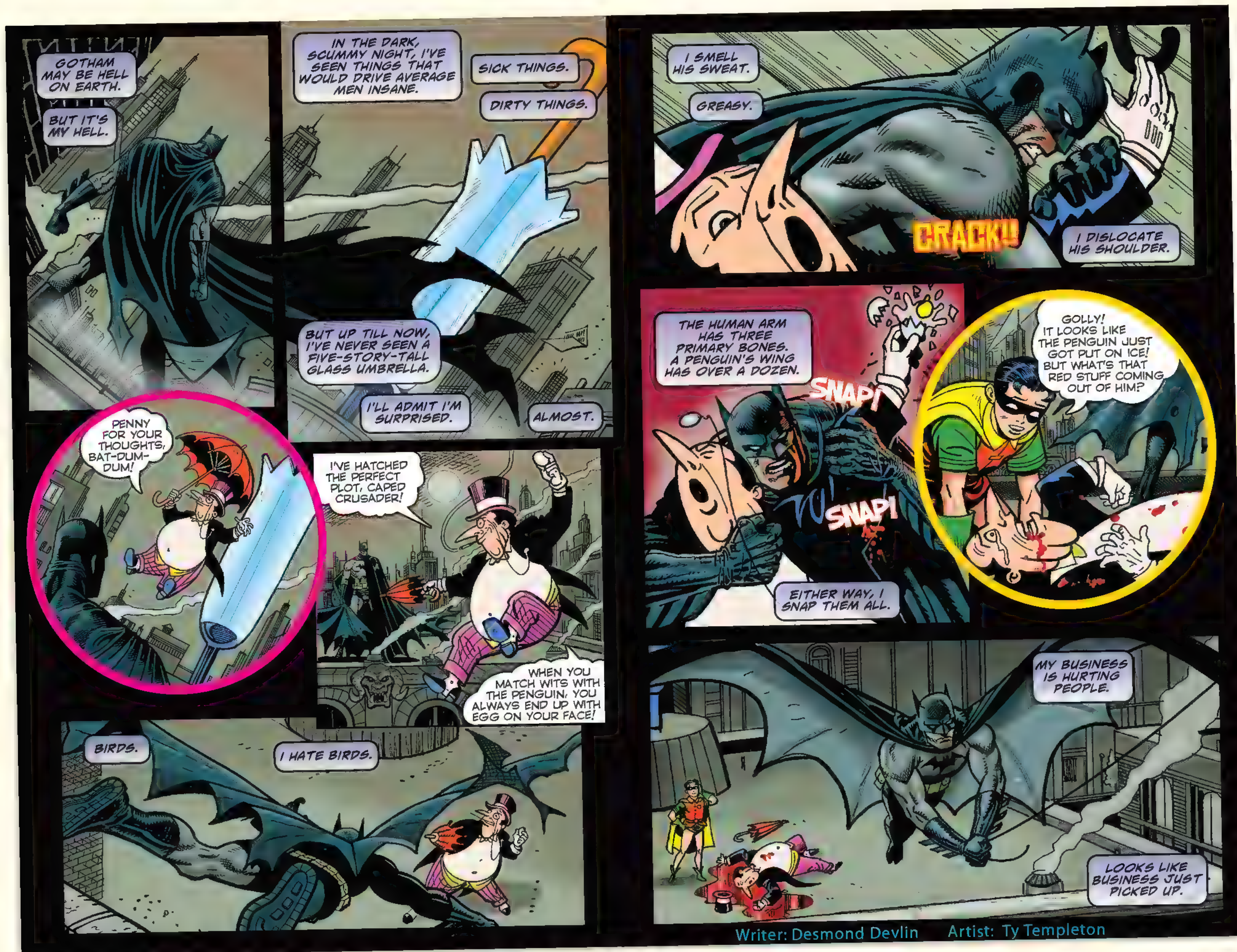
Finally, DC editors have come up with the perfect synthesis of styles. The two totally separate Bat-worlds — the cheery, nostalgic stories of decades past and the merciless deathscapes rife with torment — have been

uncomfortably squeezed into a single paradoxical story. It's not a reboot. It's not a retcon. It's a rurdosk. "Rurdosk" is a phony slang word we just made up, and it means you can kiss continuity goodbye.

Befitting a prestige project like this, DC pulled out the stops, commissioning "A" talent. One of the most popular Glaswegian writers in recent superhero comics history, Jim Morrison (*Robot Head*, *History Face*, *Justice League V.38*) crafted an intricately plotted, multi-tiered psychological narrative that deconstructed the temporal duality of man's evanescent perceptions. Then, when superstar artist Lee Grant became available, DC chucked out the details and turned 90% of the page layouts into snazzy pin-up art. DC's marketing them as posters right now.

Conceived as a six-issue story arc, issue #1 was a smash success upon its April 2002 debut. It sold over 200,000 copies, boosted in part by the thirty-eight collectible cover variants. The other four issues quickly followed in June 2002, November 2002, November 2003, and July 2006, with issue #6 being cancelled.

Collecting all five heavily-printed issues, but featuring a 39th cover variant just for the fun of tormenting DC's most loyal customers, *Batman: When Worlds Contrive* is a necessary addition to any Bat-fanatic's library. It had better be. Otherwise, readers might begin to question their irrational need to "complete their collection," a frightening breakthrough of personal growth that would bankrupt the comic book industry.



Writer: Desmond Devlin Artist: Ty Templeton





# DON'T WAYNE ON MY PARADE DEPT.

Movie fans were a bit surprised by the latest movie adaptation from DC Comics. It wasn't just another summer superhero movie. It explored serious themes! It was an allegory for our times! In fact, an academic presentation entitled *The Doppelgänger Denied: Batman and the Duality of the Mythic Vigilante* got an award at this year's San Diego Comic-Con. It came in a strong second to *Scarface*, *Boyz n the City*, *Vespene*, or *Elemental*? No wonder criminals and fanboys alike call this guy...

I'm Battyman! Despite my costume, some have suggested that Bruce Whine is my real mask — that I hide behind black-tie champagne parties, 400-foot yachts, and unemotional group sex with runway models who'll never know the real me! How long can a person keep living a lie? Me, I'm giving the pretense just 30 more years. Maybe 35, if my knees hold up!

What drives me to do this? I could have used my hundreds of billions to fund youth centers, neighborhood watch programs, and enhanced urban security. Or I can dress up like a giant rodent and punch guys in the nose — my choice was clear!

I used to think it was bad driving Miss Daisy. But now I'm just the auto mechanic for Mister Crazy! In this story, there are actually two of us in charge of manipulating stiff mechanical props — myself, and Christian Bale's vocal coach!

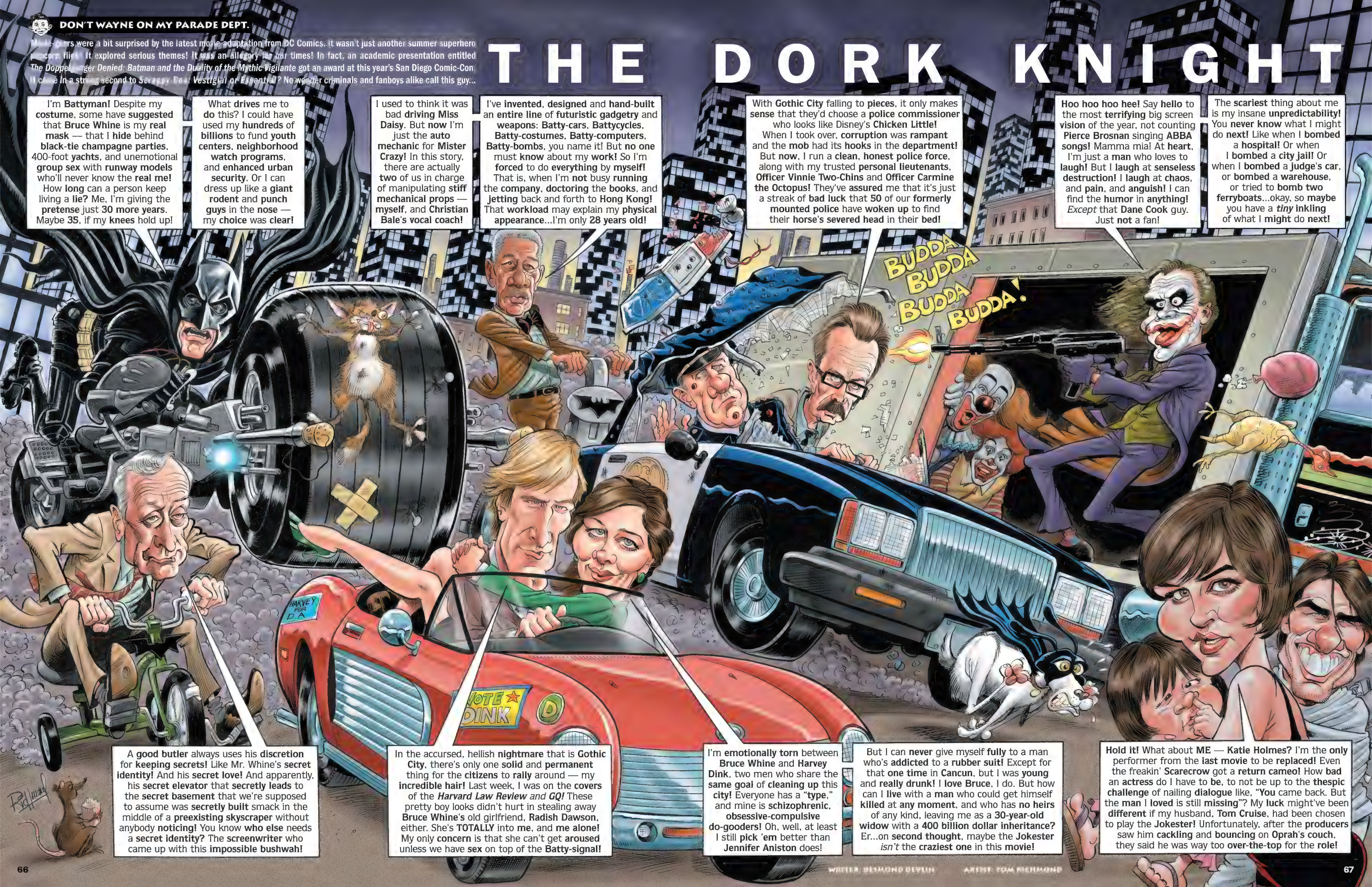
I've invented, designed and hand-built an entire line of futuristic gadgetry and weapons: Batty-cars, Batticycles, Batty-costumes, Batty-computers, Batty-bombs, you name it! But no one must know about my work! So I'm forced to do everything by myself! That is, when I'm not busy running the company, doctoring the books, and jetting back and forth to Hong Kong! That workload may explain my physical appearance...I'm only 28 years old!

With Gothic City falling to pieces, it only makes sense that they'd choose a police commissioner who looks like Disney's Chicken Little! When I took over, corruption was rampant and the mob had its hooks in the department! But now, I run a clean, honest police force, along with my trusted personal lieutenants, Officer Vinnie Two-Chins and Officer Carmine the Octopus! They've assured me that it's just a streak of bad luck that 50 of our formerly mounted police have woken up to find their horse's severed head in their bed!

Hoo hoo hoo hee! Say hello to the most terrifying big screen vision of the year, not counting Pierce Brosnan singing ABBA songs! Mamma mia! At heart, I'm just a man who loves to laugh! But I laugh at senseless destruction! I laugh at chaos, and pain, and anguish! I can find the humor in anything! Except that Dane Cook guy. Just not a fan!

The scariest thing about me is my insane unpredictability! You never know what I might do next! Like when I bombed a hospital! Or when I bombed a city jail! Or when I bombed a judge's car, or bombed a warehouse, or tried to bomb two ferryboats...okay, so maybe you have a tiny inkling of what I might do next!

# THE DORK KNIGHT



BUDDA  
BUDDA  
BUDDA  
BUDDA!

A good butler always uses his discretion for keeping secrets! Like Mr. Whine's secret identity! And his secret love! And apparently, his secret elevator that secretly leads to the secret basement that we're supposed to assume was secretly built smack in the middle of a preexisting skyscraper without anybody noticing! You know who else needs a secret identity? The screenwriter who came up with this impossible bushwah!

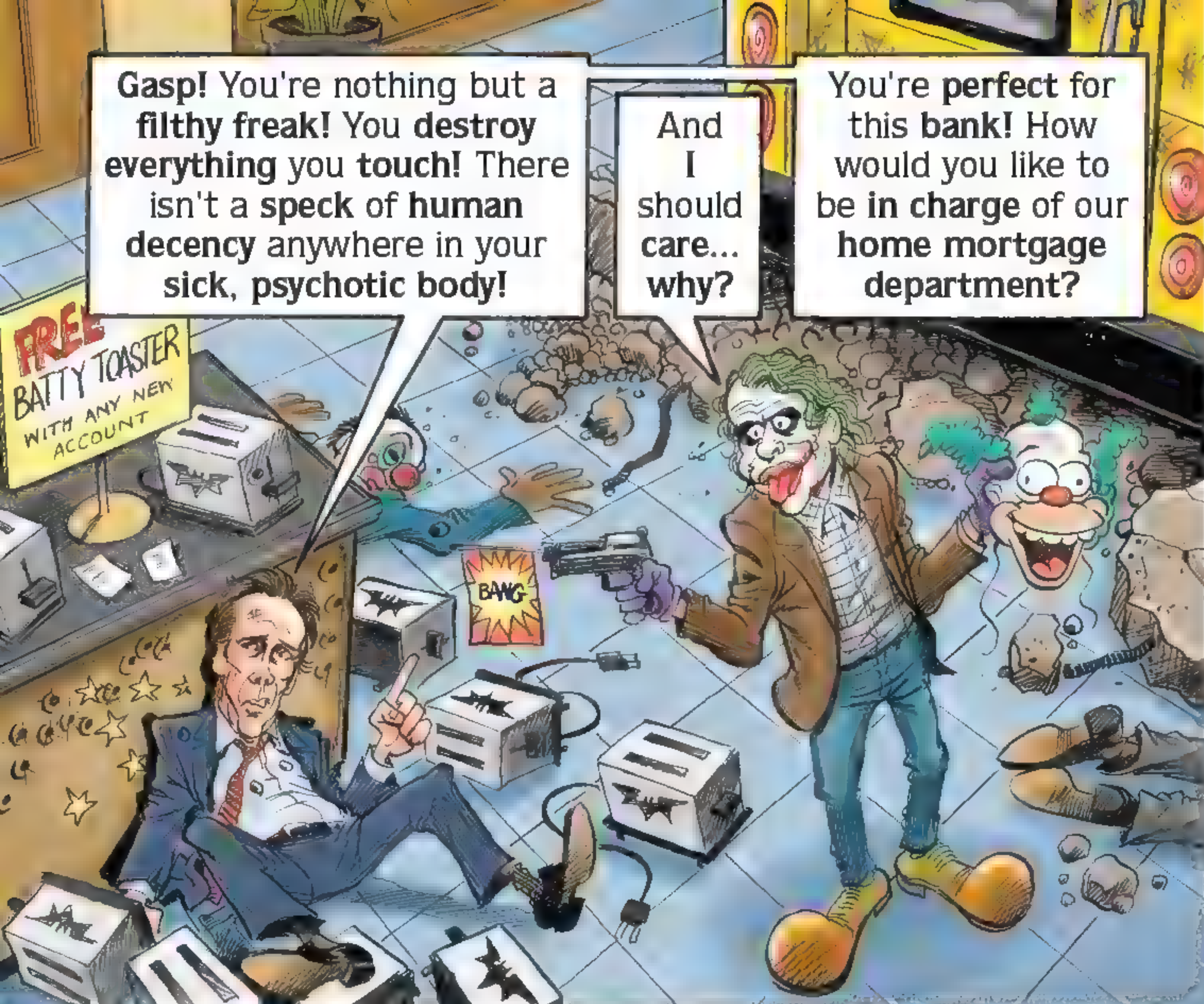
In the accursed, hellish nightmare that is Gothic City, there's only one solid and permanent thing for the citizens to rally around — my incredible hair! Last week, I was on the covers of the *Harvard Law Review* and *GQ*! These pretty boy looks didn't hurt in stealing away Bruce Whine's old girlfriend, Radish Dawson, either. She's TOTALLY into me, and me alone! My only concern is that she can't get aroused unless we have sex on top of the Batty-signal!

I'm emotionally torn between Bruce Whine and Harvey Dink, two men who share the same goal of cleaning up this city! Everyone has a "type," and mine is schizophrenic, obsessive-compulsive do-gooders! Oh, well, at least I still pick 'em better than Jennifer Aniston does!

But I can never give myself fully to a man who's addicted to a rubber suit! Except for that one time in Cancun, but I was young and really drunk! I love Bruce, I do. But how can I live with a man who could get himself killed at any moment, and who has no heirs of any kind, leaving me as a 30-year-old widow with a 400 billion dollar inheritance? Er...on second thought, maybe the Jokerster isn't the craziest one in this movie!

Hold it! What about ME — Katie Holmes? I'm the only performer from the last movie to be replaced! Even the freakin' Scarecrow got a return cameo! How bad an actress do I have to be, to not be up to the thespic challenge of nailing dialogue like, "You came back. But the man I loved is still missing"? My luck might've been different if my husband, Tom Cruise, had been chosen to play the Jokerster! Unfortunately, after the producers saw him cackling and bouncing on Oprah's couch, they said he was way too over-the-top for the role!





Gasp! You're nothing but a filthy freak! You destroy everything you touch! There isn't a speck of human decency anywhere in your sick, psychotic body!

And I should care... why?

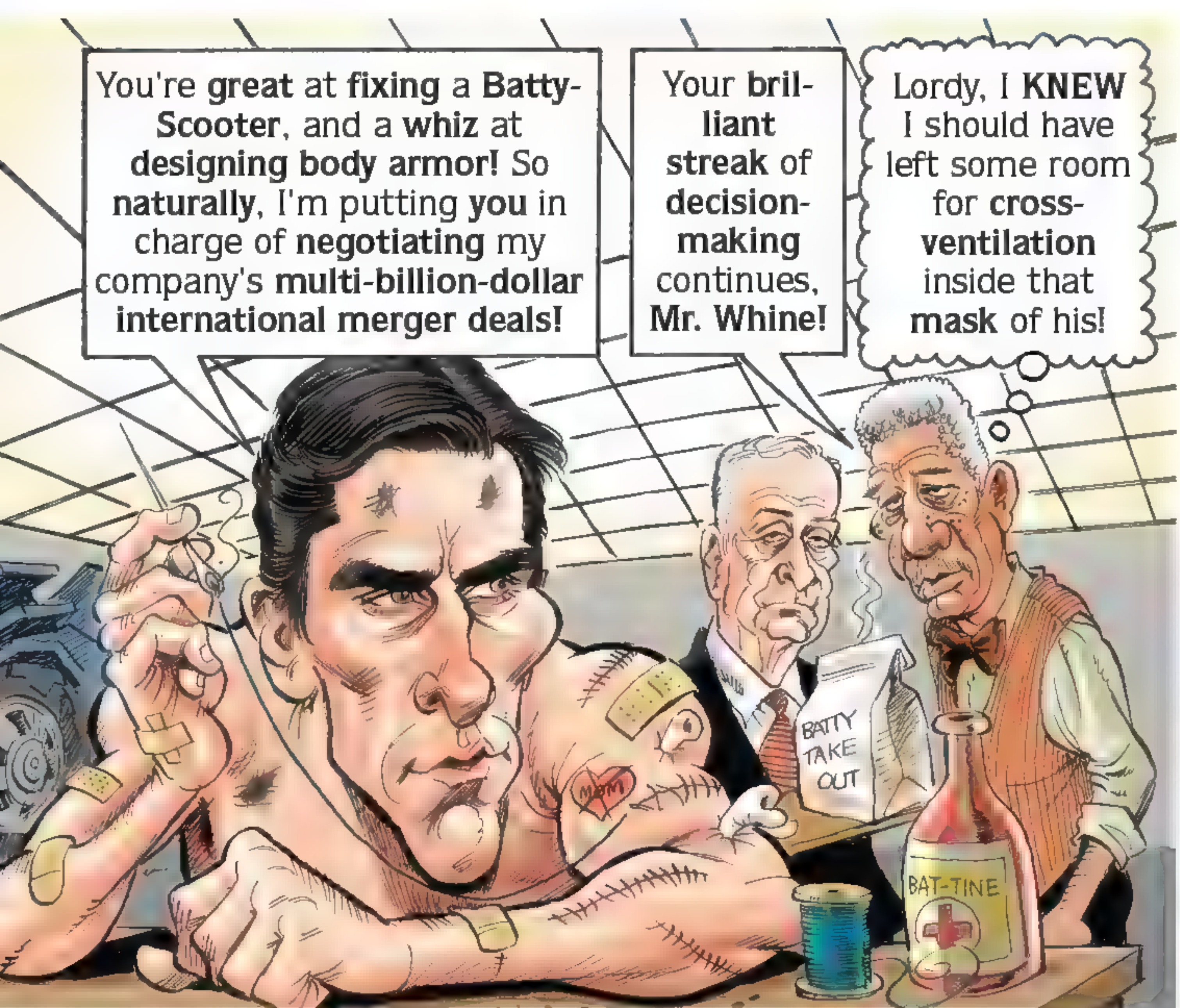
You're perfect for this bank! How would you like to be in charge of our home mortgage department?



You fake Battymen wannabes need to go home! Nobody wants you! Nobody needs you!

Well, that was harsh!

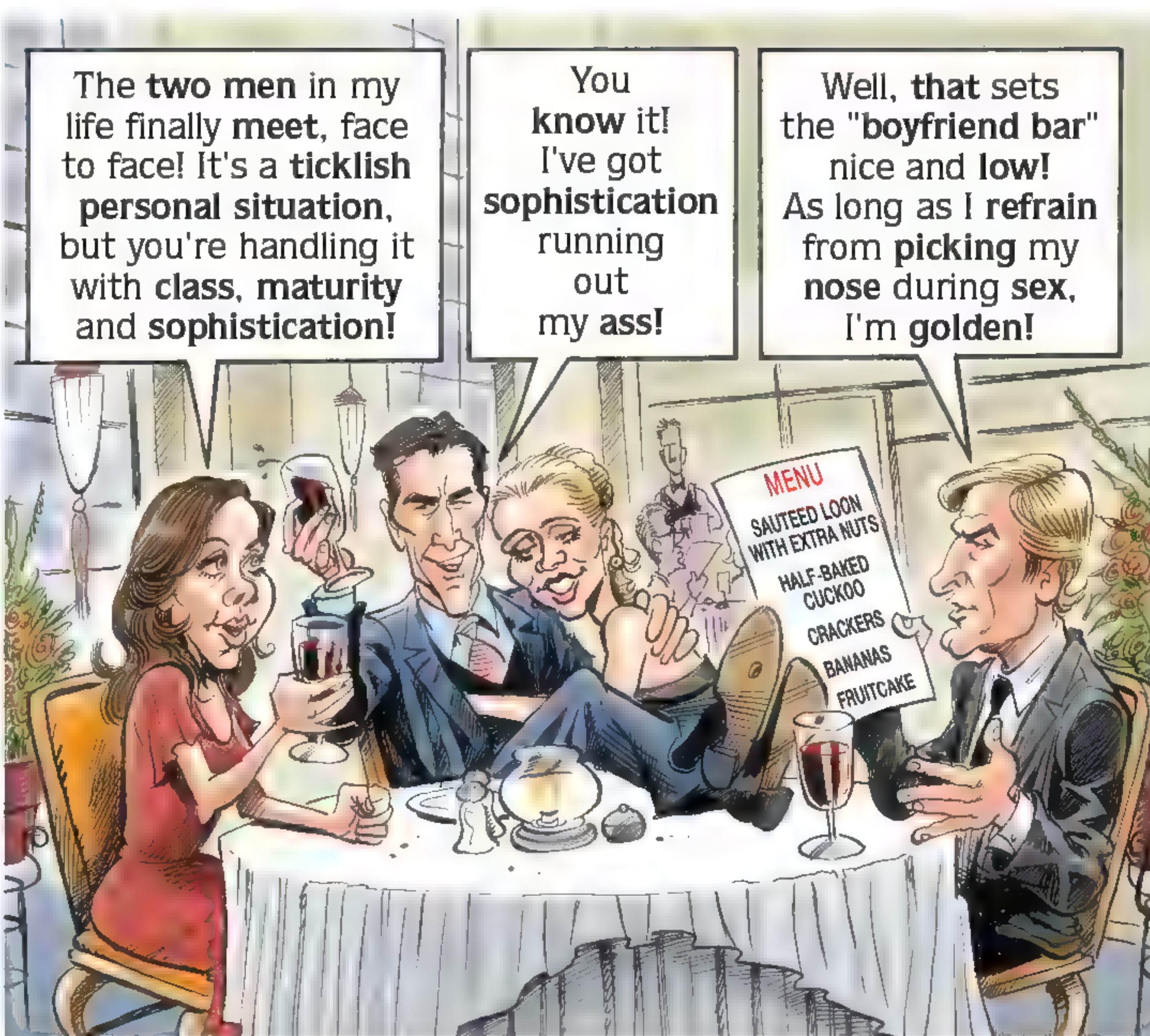
Dude. Nice nipples!



You're great at fixing a Batty-Scooter, and a whiz at designing body armor! So naturally, I'm putting you in charge of negotiating my company's multi-billion-dollar international merger deals!

Your brilliant streak of decision-making continues, Mr. Whine!

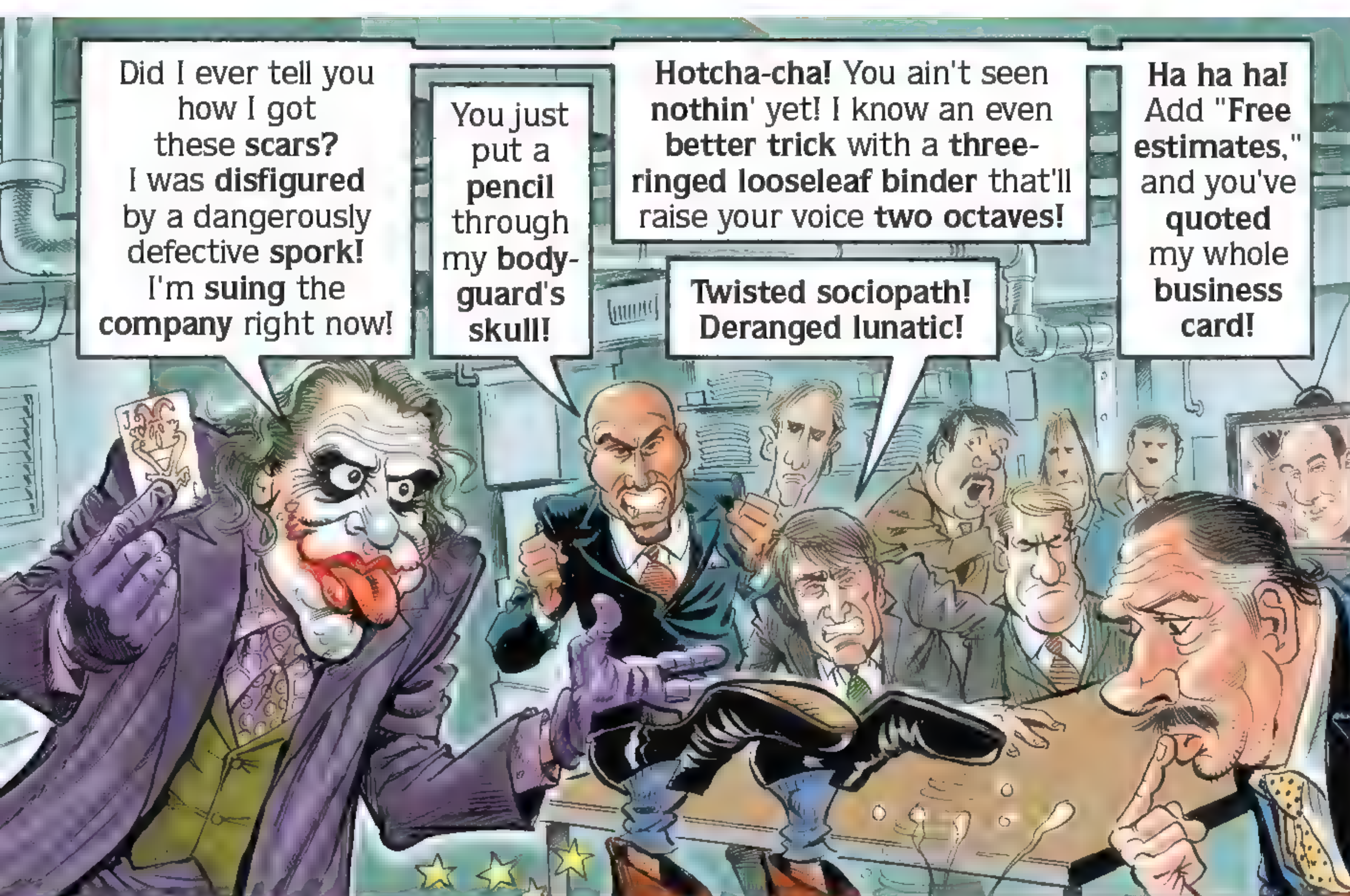
Lordy, I KNEW I should have left some room for cross-ventilation inside that mask of his!



The two men in my life finally meet, face to face! It's a ticklish personal situation, but you're handling it with class, maturity and sophistication!

You know it! I've got sophistication running out my ass!

Well, that sets the "boyfriend bar" nice and low! As long as I refrain from picking my nose during sex, I'm golden!



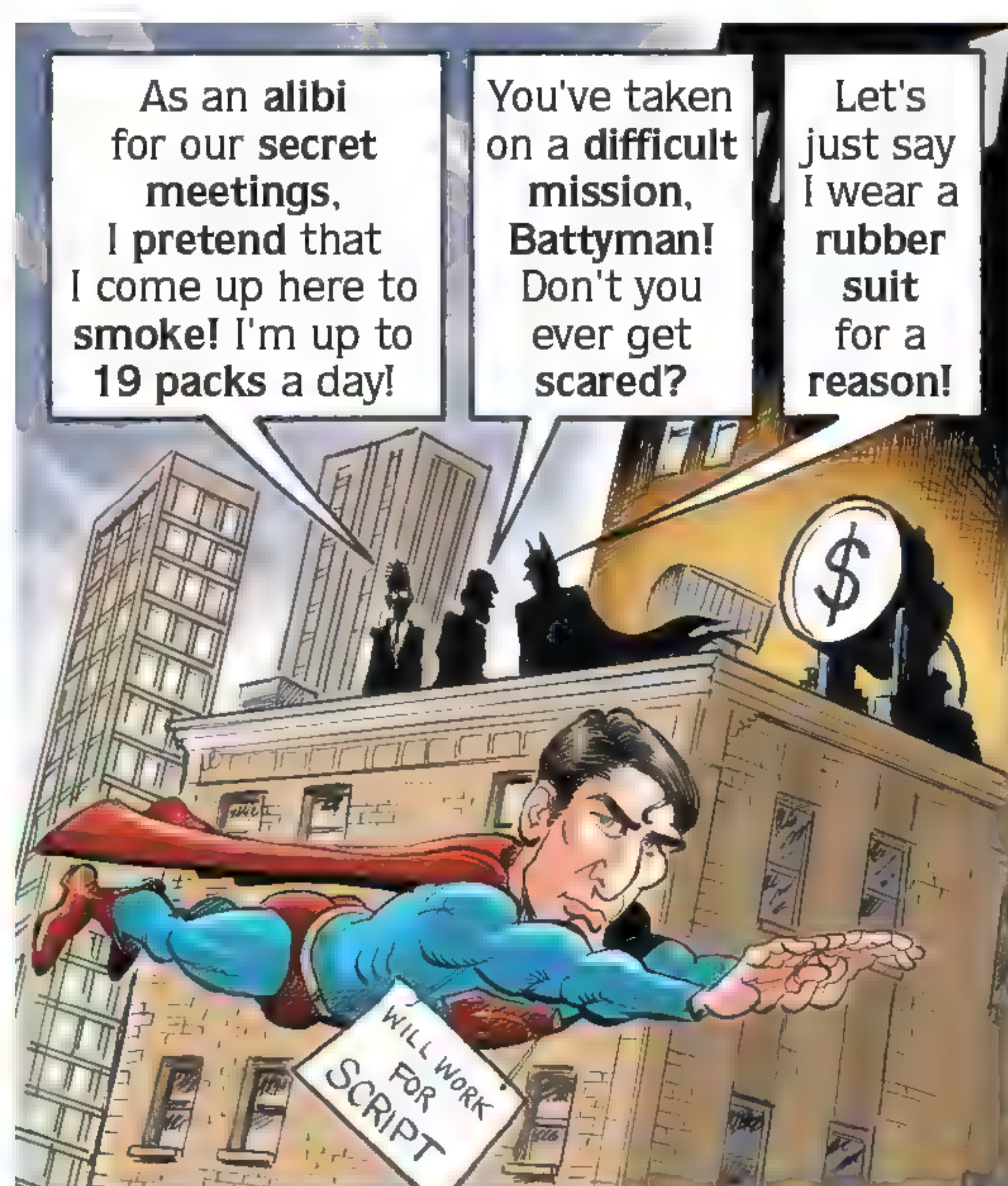
Did I ever tell you how I got these scars? I was disfigured by a dangerously defective spork! I'm suing the company right now!

You just put a pencil through my body-guard's skull!

Hotcha-cha! You ain't seen nothin' yet! I know an even better trick with a three-ringed looseleaf binder that'll raise your voice two octaves!

Twisted sociopath! Deranged lunatic!

Ha ha ha! Add "Free estimates," and you've quoted my whole business card!



As an alibi for our secret meetings, I pretend that I come up here to smoke! I'm up to 19 packs a day!

You've taken on a difficult mission, Battyman! Don't you ever get scared?

Let's just say I wear a rubber suit for a reason!





I'd like to say a few words on behalf of Harvey Dink! Sure, he looks like a beady-eyed Jeff Daniels stand-in, but he must have some good qualities we don't know about! Speaking of good quality, check this out! I've upgraded to THREE babes! So, Harvey, go marry my old girlfriend who you supposedly love sooooo much! Just remember, that's billionaire you're tasting! I'm Bruce Whine, and I approved this message!

That speech was still more heartfelt and sincere than when Hillary Clinton endorsed Obama!



You look very familiar! Didn't I go camping with your brother once?

I'm not afraid of you! The concrete pavement sixty stories down, though, now THAT scares me!

Did I ever tell you how I got these scars? I was working at an exotic pet store, and the owner bet me five bucks I wouldn't French kiss a pms-ing ocelot!



Oh, God! It's so horrible! It's just so horrible!

The Joker's rash of murders? A hysterical city gripped in fear?

No, these bagpipes!

We will never forget Commissioner Walk-on! His two minutes of screen time will forever be a shining inspiration to the citizens of Gothic City! I fervently believe we can sum up this great man's life with three simple words: Courage. Justice. And...DUCK!



Me? The Joker has picked me as his next target? I know the perfect spot to hide! Bruce Whine's penthouse is the safest place in Gothic City!

You mean the exact same location where the Joker just barged in two days ago, and dropped you out the window?

Uh. Yeah. Good point! But it's so high up, you can't beat the phone reception when you're dialing 911!



Neuman, you know Bruce! Can we ever be happy together? What is it like to live with a violent, unstable psychotic?

It's a breeze! I was Naomi Campbell's butler for two years!



Perhaps chance will make you reveal the Joker's plans! Heads, and this scene becomes a clumsy analogy challenging the primacy of eternal civil liberties in an insecure world. Tails, and my story acquires a tragic arc, dramatizing the limits of situational ethics!

Don't do it! I'll unmask instead. Only one of us can be a living metaphor for the internal struggle between the stated needs of the state, and the realpolitik ambiguity of their ultimate attainment! Only my actions can simultaneously undermine and validate the principle of Kantian autonomy!

There's nothing like a philosophical impasse between a guy flipping a coin and a guy with pointy ears! When do we get a damn car chase around here?





Hey, look! At the big press conference to reveal Battyman's true identity, we've got 100 reporters, 100 cops, 100 politicians, and for no apparent reason, bajillionaire Bruce Whine! There's nothing suspicious about that!

This is a Battyman press conference? Phooey! I assumed it was yet another elected official admitting that they're gay!

Remember, the night is darkest just before the dawn! The only thing to fear is fear itself! United we stand, divided we fall! Snug as a bug in a rug! The squeaky wheel gets the grease! And now, since I've run out of vapid clichés, you may arrest me! I am Battyman!

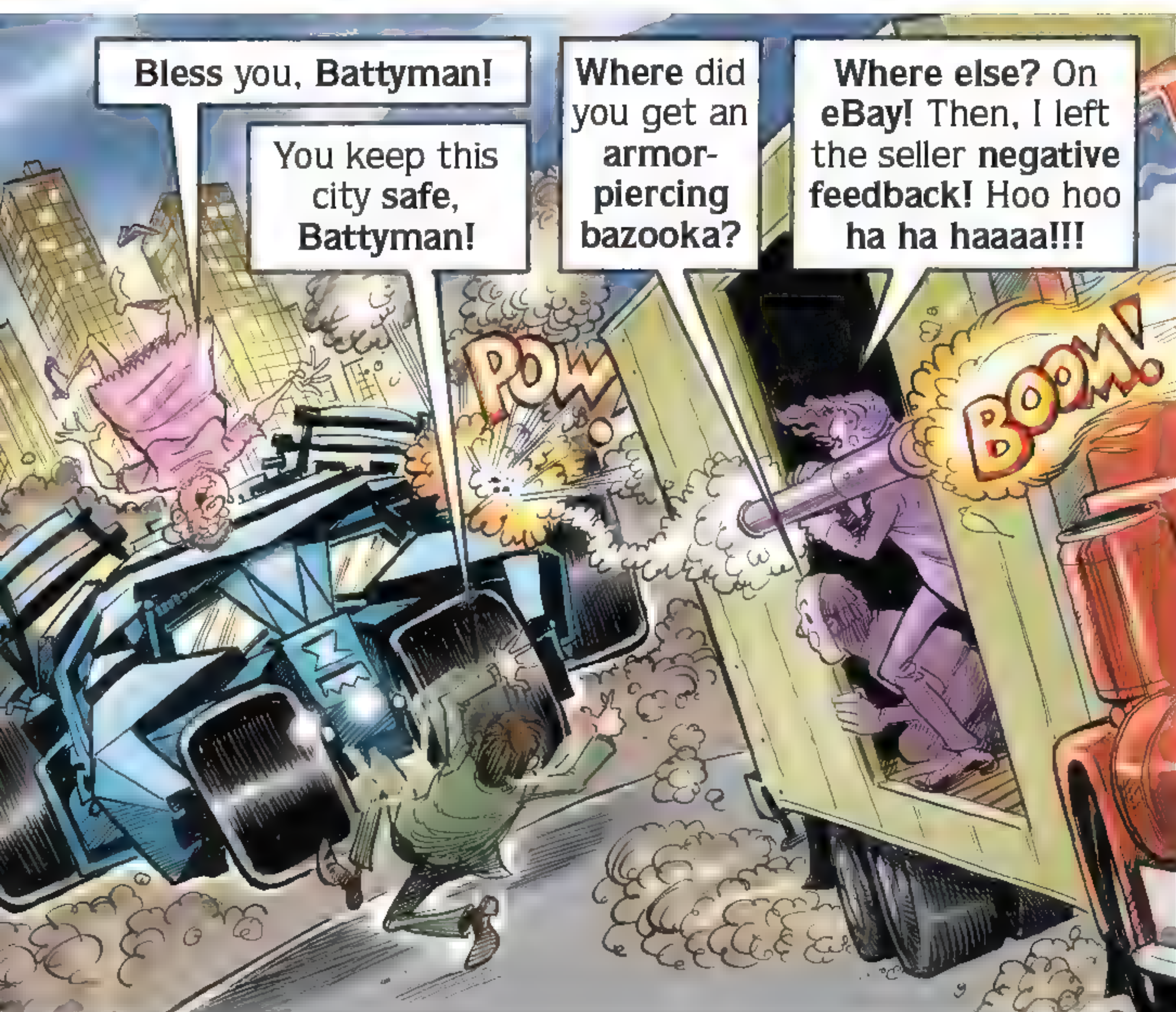


Bless you, Battyman!

You keep this city safe, Battyman!

Where did you get an armor-piercing bazooka?

Where else? On eBay! Then, I left the seller negative feedback! Hoo hoo ha ha haaaa!!!



Gently! Gently! You'll smear my makeup!

You have the right to remain silent, especially after I knock you unconscious! You have the right to have an attorney present during questioning! If I were you, I'd pick one who's a blood donor match!

Aha! Listen to Battyman's ridiculous growly, gravelly voice! I just figured out his secret identity!

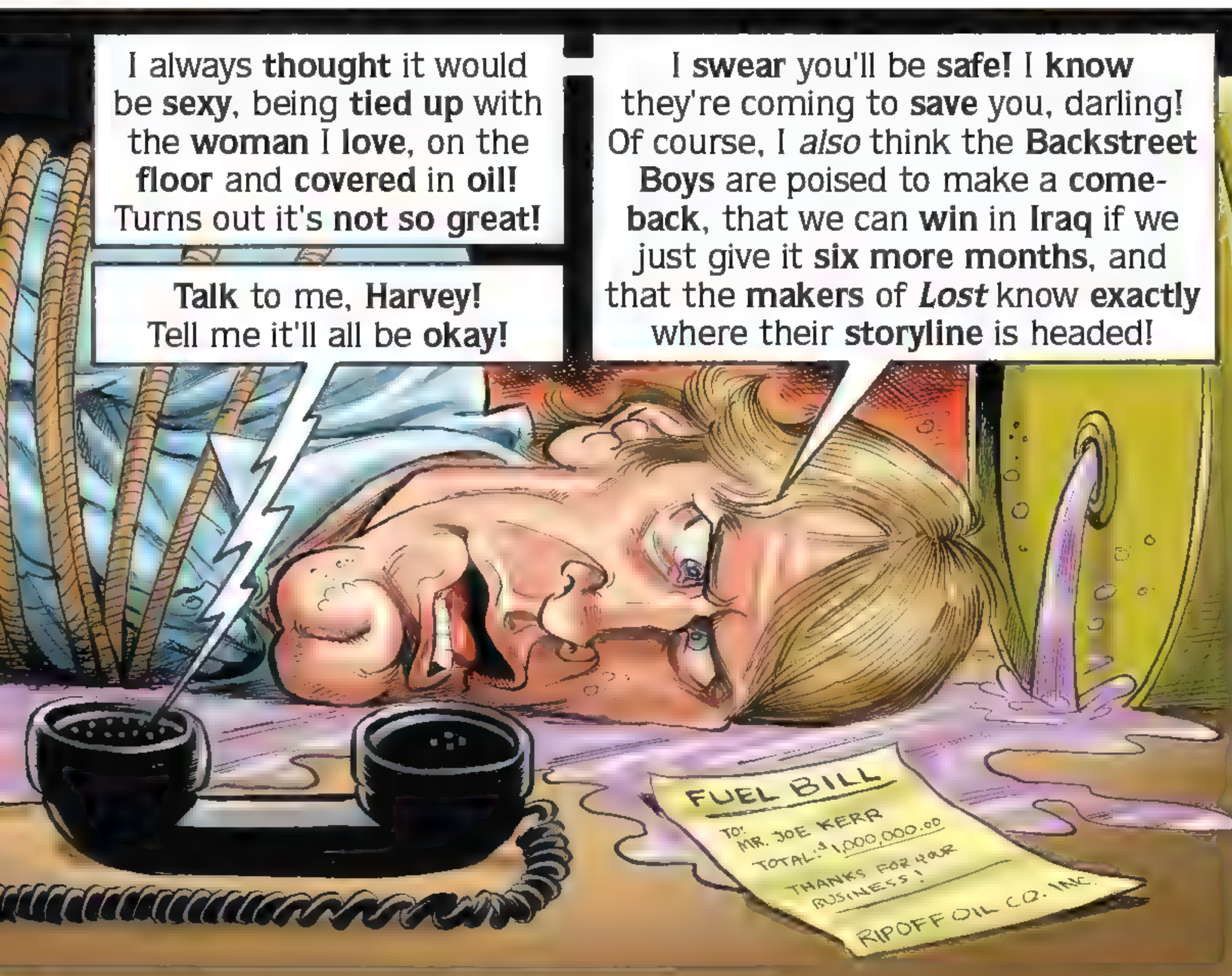
Cookie! Me want cookie!



I always thought it would be sexy, being tied up with the woman I love, on the floor and covered in oil! Turns out it's not so great!

Talk to me, Harvey! Tell me it'll all be okay!

I swear you'll be safe! I know they're coming to save you, darling! Of course, I also think the Backstreet Boys are poised to make a comeback, that we can win in Iraq if we just give it six more months, and that the makers of *Lost* know exactly where their storyline is headed!



Good, you're awake! Did I ever tell you how I got these scars? I saw *You, Me & Dupree* and laughed so uncontrollably that I ripped my own face apart! Kate Hudson lights up the screen!

Aaarghhh! You! Your bombs...killed my fiancé! Burned half my face off!

Just think of it as an extreme makeover!



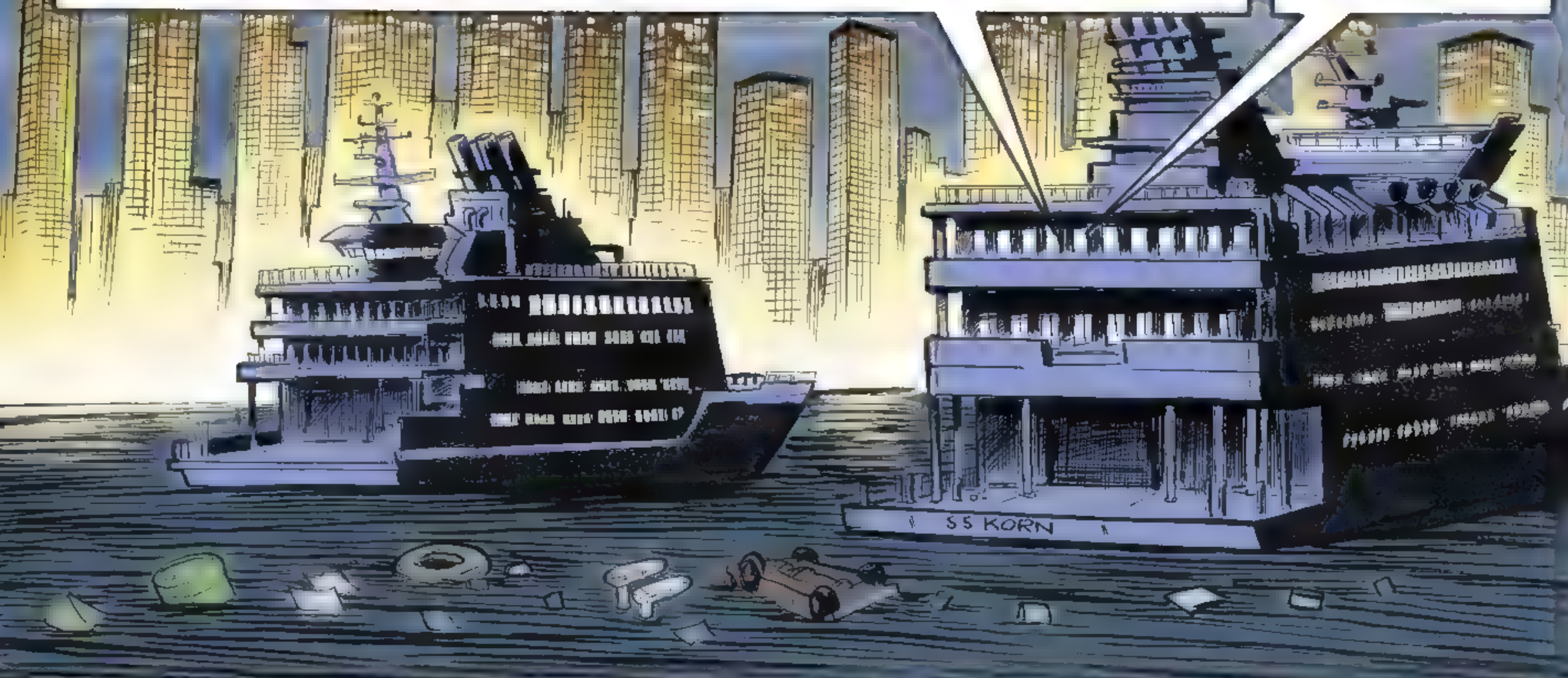


The Joker's plot is diabolically simple! Somehow he guessed which two ferryboats to put two bombs on. Each boat has a detonator! But *our* detonator is connected to the *OTHER* ship's bomb, and vice versa! *Either* boat can save itself from being killed by exploding the *other* boat! However, *one* group of passengers must trigger its detonator by midnight, or else Joker will blow up *BOTH* boats! That is, unless the Joker deliberately provided false information about the detonators, the deadline, or the...

SHUT UP! SHUT UP! Push the button already! Getting blown to pieces will be a pleasure after all that nonsense!

The Joker must be located at any cost! It's illegal and unethical, but I secretly connected your advanced imaging technology to every one of the 20 million cell phones in Gothic City! Each of those phones is now feeding live visual information back into our database! What does it show?

The insides of 20 million ears!



Finally, I've got you roped and tied, with your butt up in the air! I'll bet you're relieved that this is a mainstream action movie and not *Brokeback Mountain 2!*

Wake up, Battyman! We did the *Brokeback Mountain* joke 12 panels ago!

I know! But I'm stuck for a gag, and for jokes about OD-ing on illegal prescription drugs, it's still "too soon"!



Heads, your boy lives! Tails, he dies! A flip of my coin will decide!

What about my wife and daughter? Or Battyman? Or myself? Or you?

Okay, have it *your* way! Let's decide this with a game of Yahtzee!



The public must never learn what Harvey did! There's only one way to cover this up. Me! Blame his police killings on me!

But wouldn't it be even easier to blame the murders on Joker?

Maybe! But this is the best plan I can suggest right now! I just hope my thinking hasn't been too affected by the fact that I just fell four stories and probably have a grade-2 concussion!



Now that you're being hunted by the police, I've whipped up a snazzy cloaking device for your Battymobile! It'll help you escape detection as you drive on your nightly patrols!

Forget it! I can't afford to keep running the Battymobiles anymore, plus the Battycycle, and a Battyplane besides. With current gasoline prices, I'm bankrupt!





# MAD's MAKE YOUR OWN DARK KNIGHT SCRIPT

1. A close-up of a man's face, likely a celebrity.   
 2. A cup of Pinkberry frozen yogurt with fruit.   
 3. The Oakland Raiders logo.   
 4. A man and a woman in a car, possibly a wedding scene.   
 5. A man in a boxing ring, possibly a professional boxer.   
 6. A screenshot of a Yelp page for Gotham City.   
 7. A building being demolished or destroyed.   
 8. A bunch of bananas.

THE POLICE

A DISGRUNTLED ADAM WEST

BLUTE!

THAT CLINGY GIRL FROM THE BAR

SPOILERS FOR MAD MEN

FACEBOOK FRIENDS FROM HIGH SCHOOL

CRACKING A SMILE


STANDARD TEXTING RATES

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS


STAYING OUT OF THE  
BLACK IN HIS HEAD

## MAKING FINE DELEGATES

## MISSING HIS HOLID ENERGY



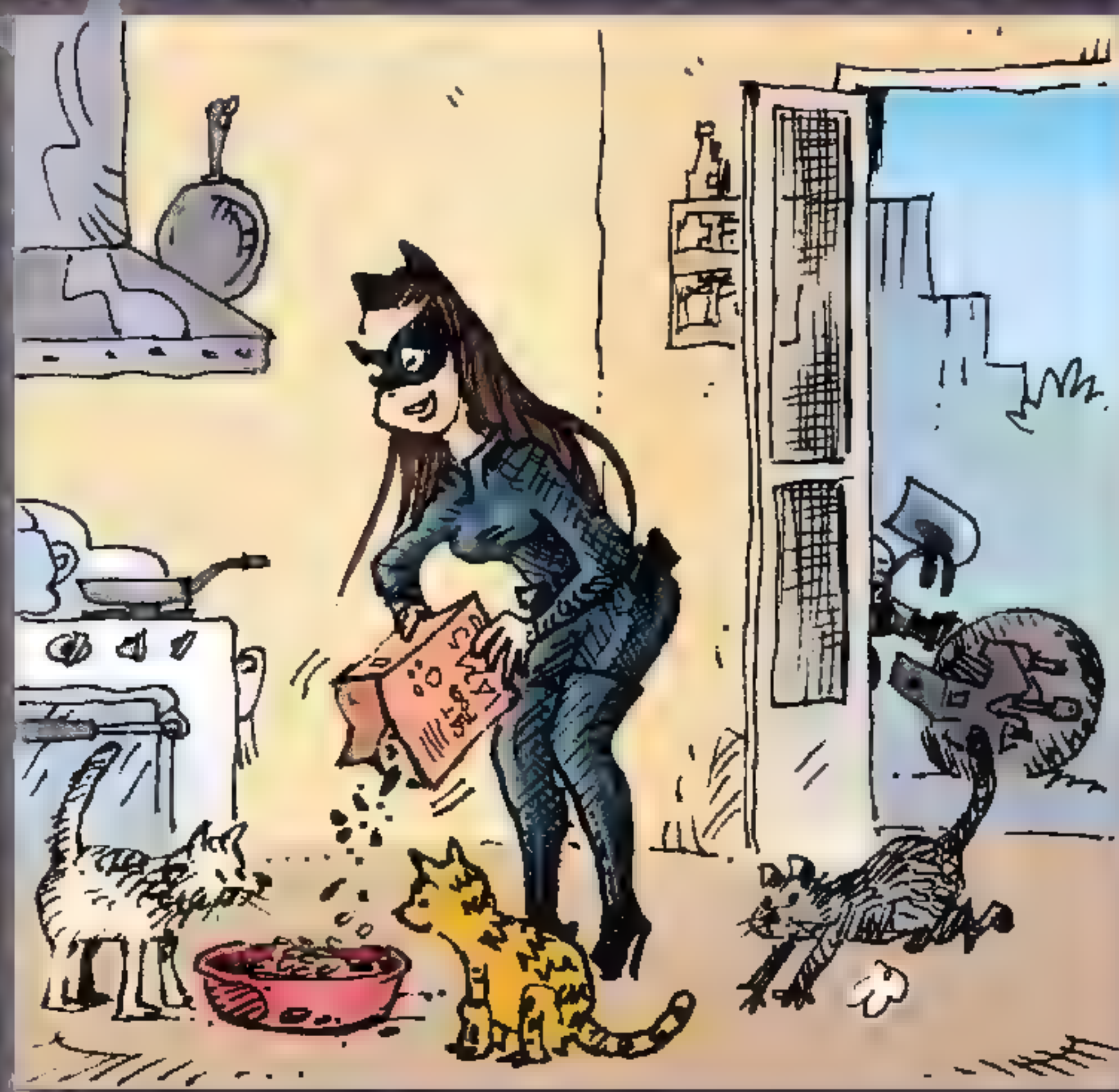
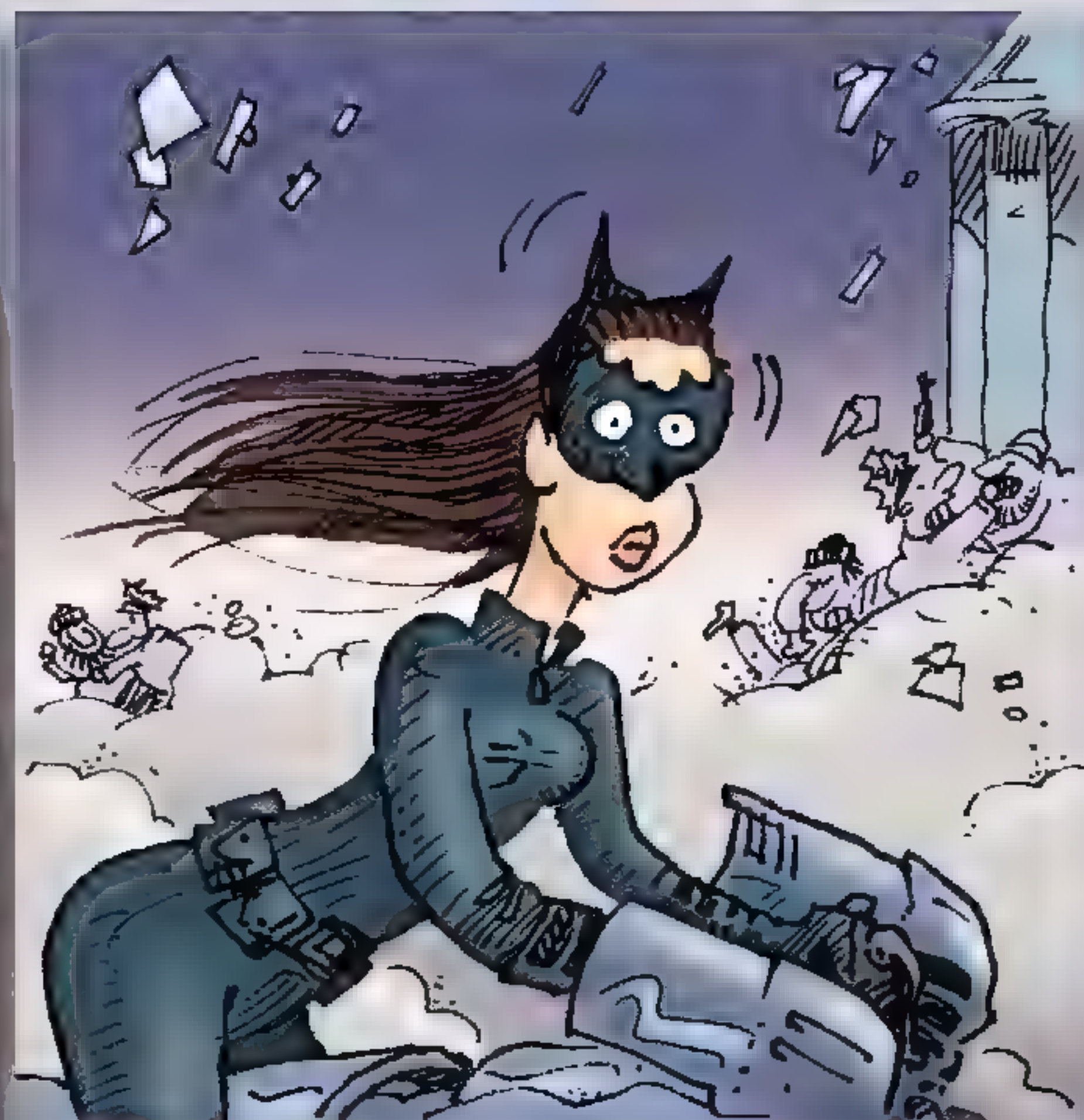
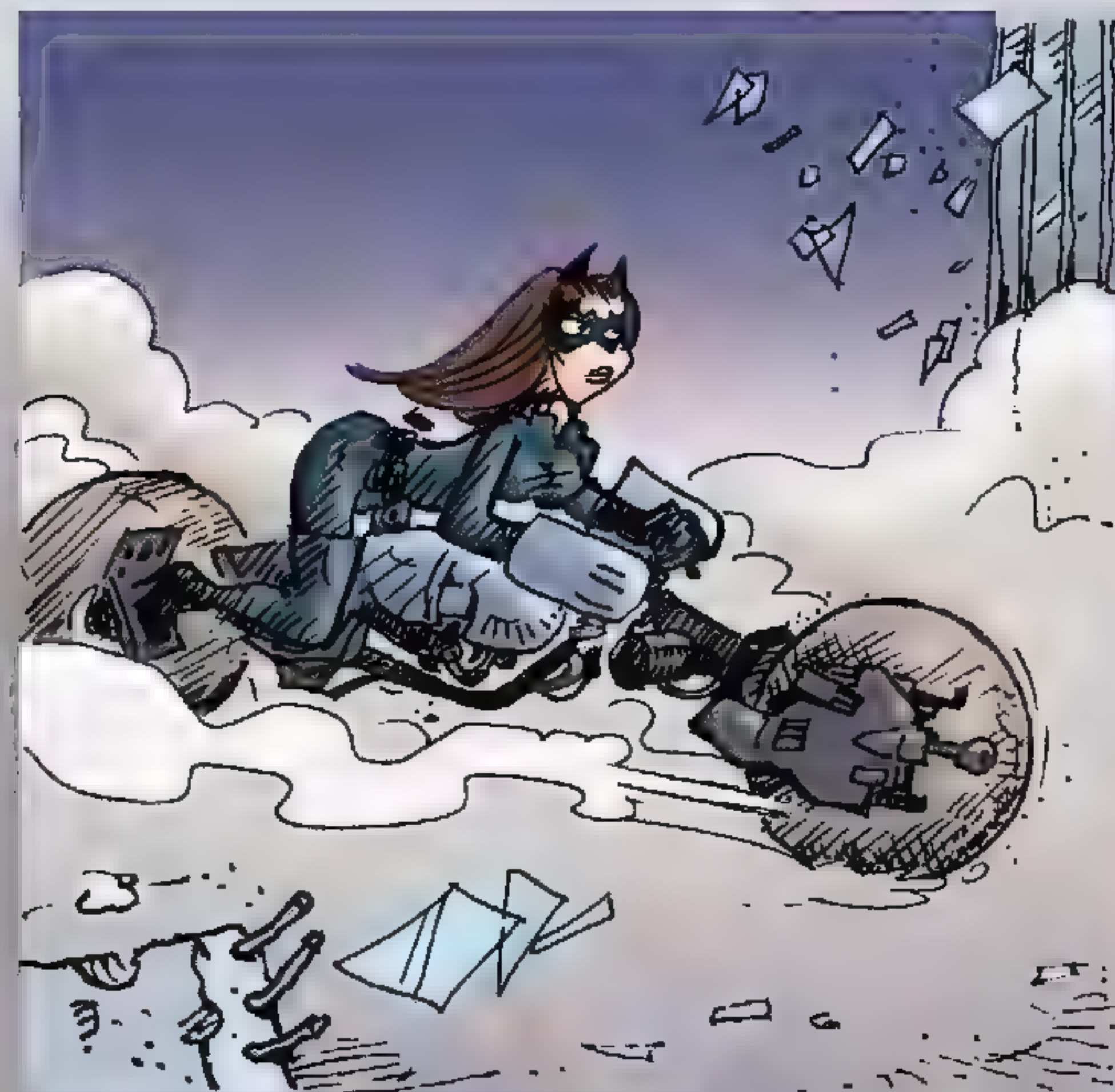
**CASTLE**  
**KNOW**





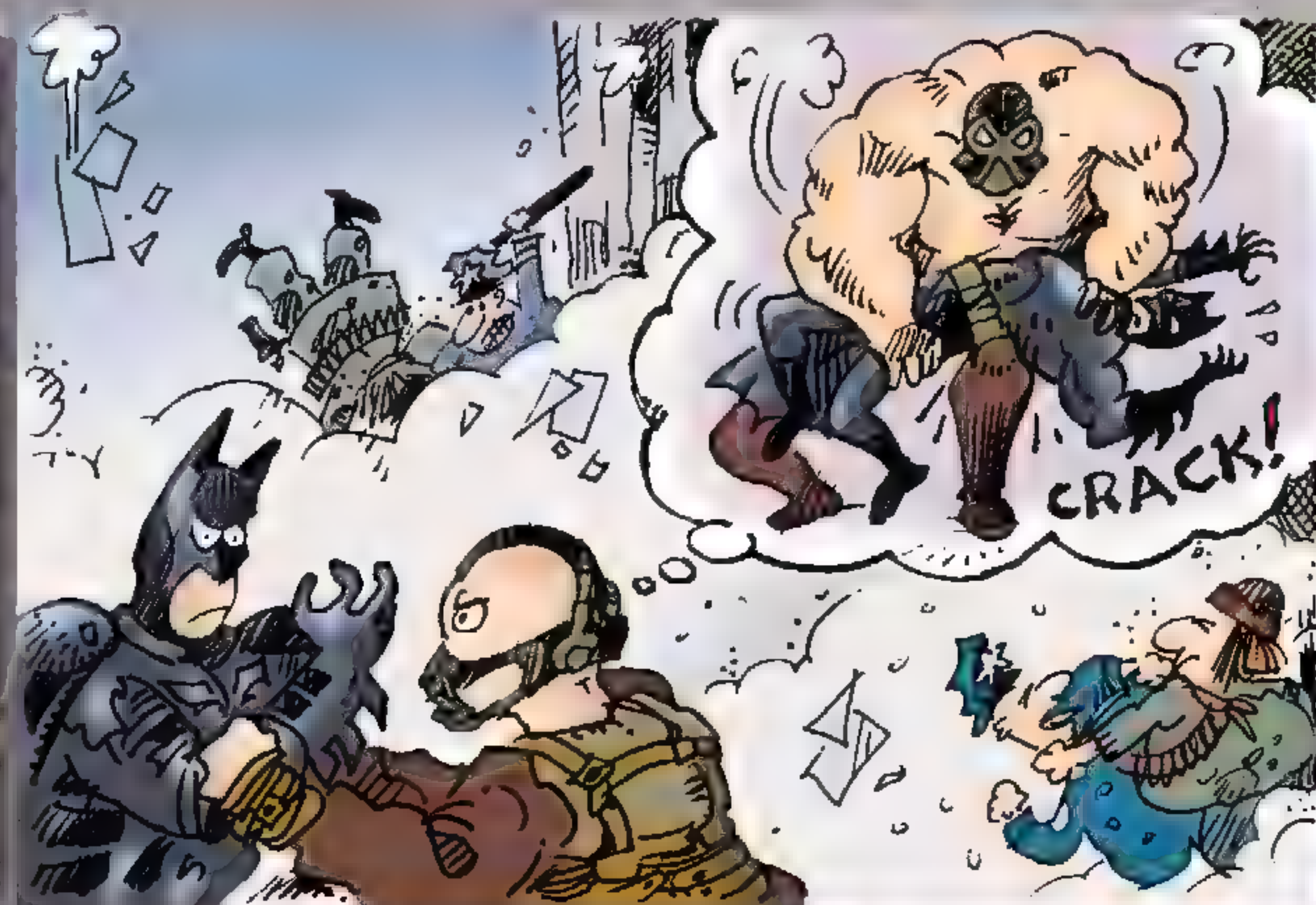
sergioAragonés  
Presents

# A MAL LOOK AT THE DARK KNIGHT RISES

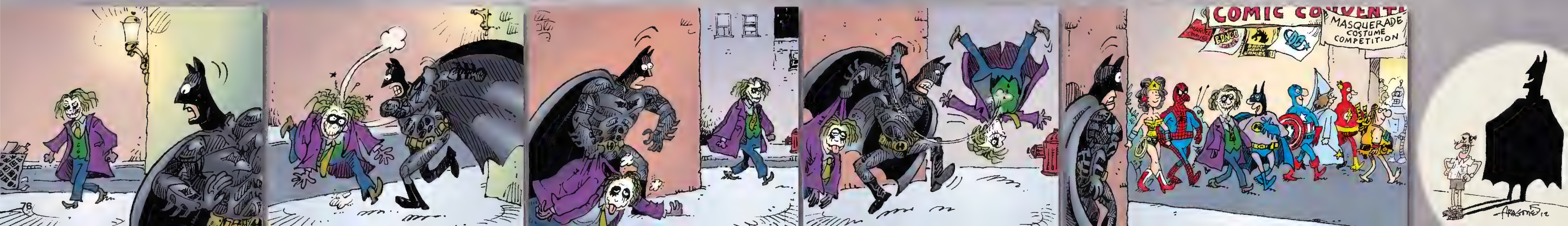
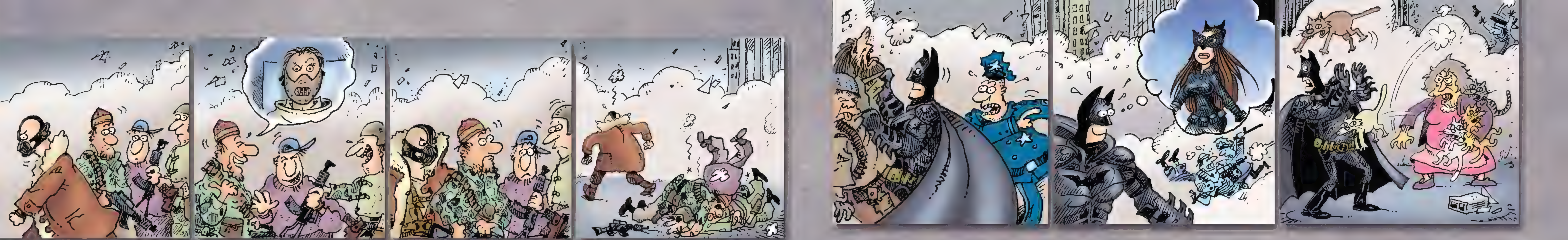


WRITER AND ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONÉS

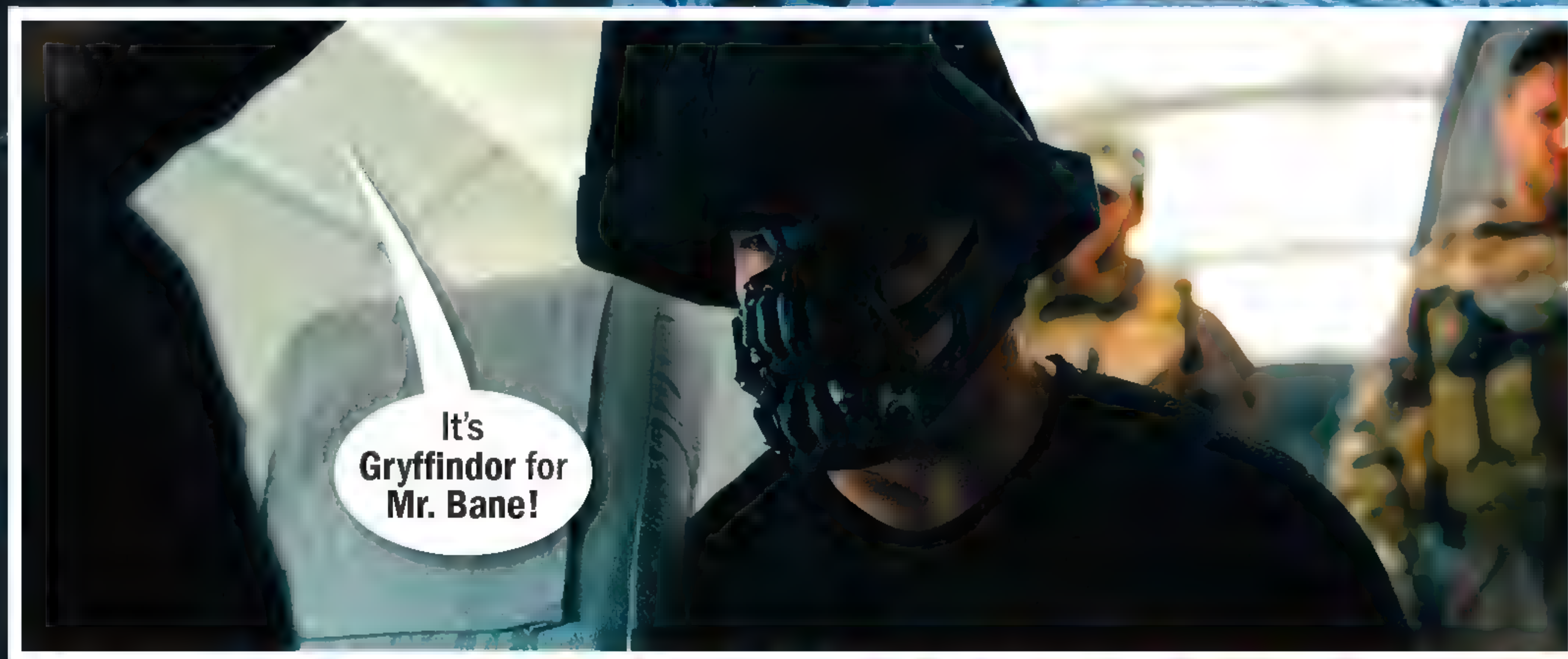
COLORIST: TOM LUTH







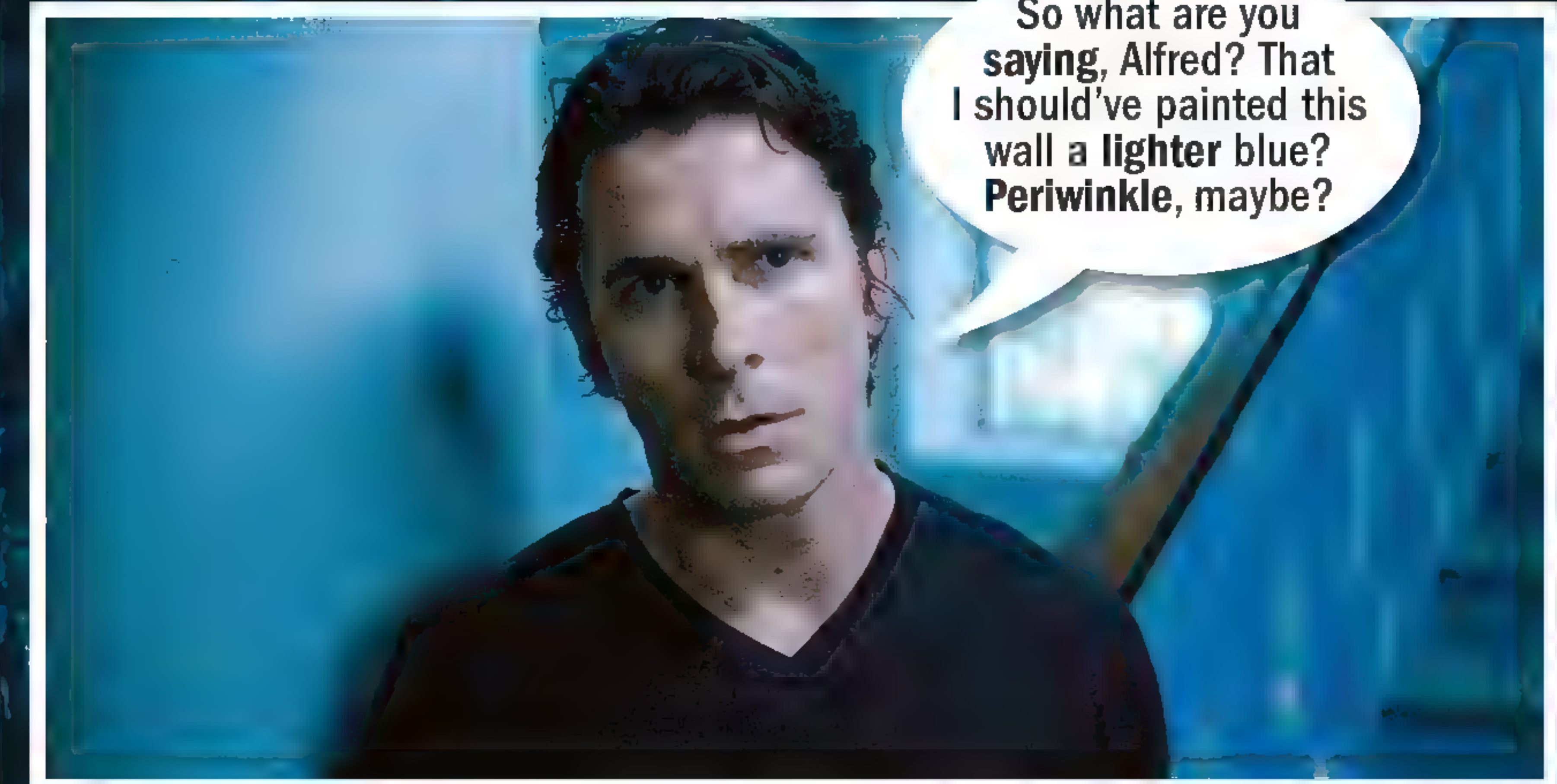




It's  
Gryffindor for  
Mr. Bane!



These were  
the only glasses  
I could get with the  
LensCrafters coupon in  
Sunday's paper!



So what are you  
saying, Alfred? That  
I should've painted this  
wall a lighter blue?  
Periwinkle, maybe?



I can never  
remember which button  
is for the wiper fluid...  
let's see... *Whoops!*  
THAT's not it!

BAT'S ALL, FOLKS! DEPT.

# BANE-DEAD OUTTAKES FROM THE DARK KNIGHT RISES



Batman!  
Did you **REALLY**  
have to pop in on me  
mid-enema?!?!



@#\$%!  
Looks like Jesus  
really **DOES** want  
Tebow to win!



Man, what  
I wouldn't give for  
a good nose-pick  
right now...

I know it  
looks stupid, but the  
orthodontist says that  
in a year, I'll have a  
perfect smile!

Do you have  
**ANY** idea how  
hard it is for me to  
eat a burrito?



Christ, these  
NRA lobbyists get  
more aggressive  
each year!



I really don't  
enjoy clearing out these  
"Occupy Gotham" camps...  
but a guy's gotta  
make a living!



Guess  
who's standing  
under mistle-  
tooooooe!!!



Gotta poop,  
gotta poop, gotta  
*poooooop!*





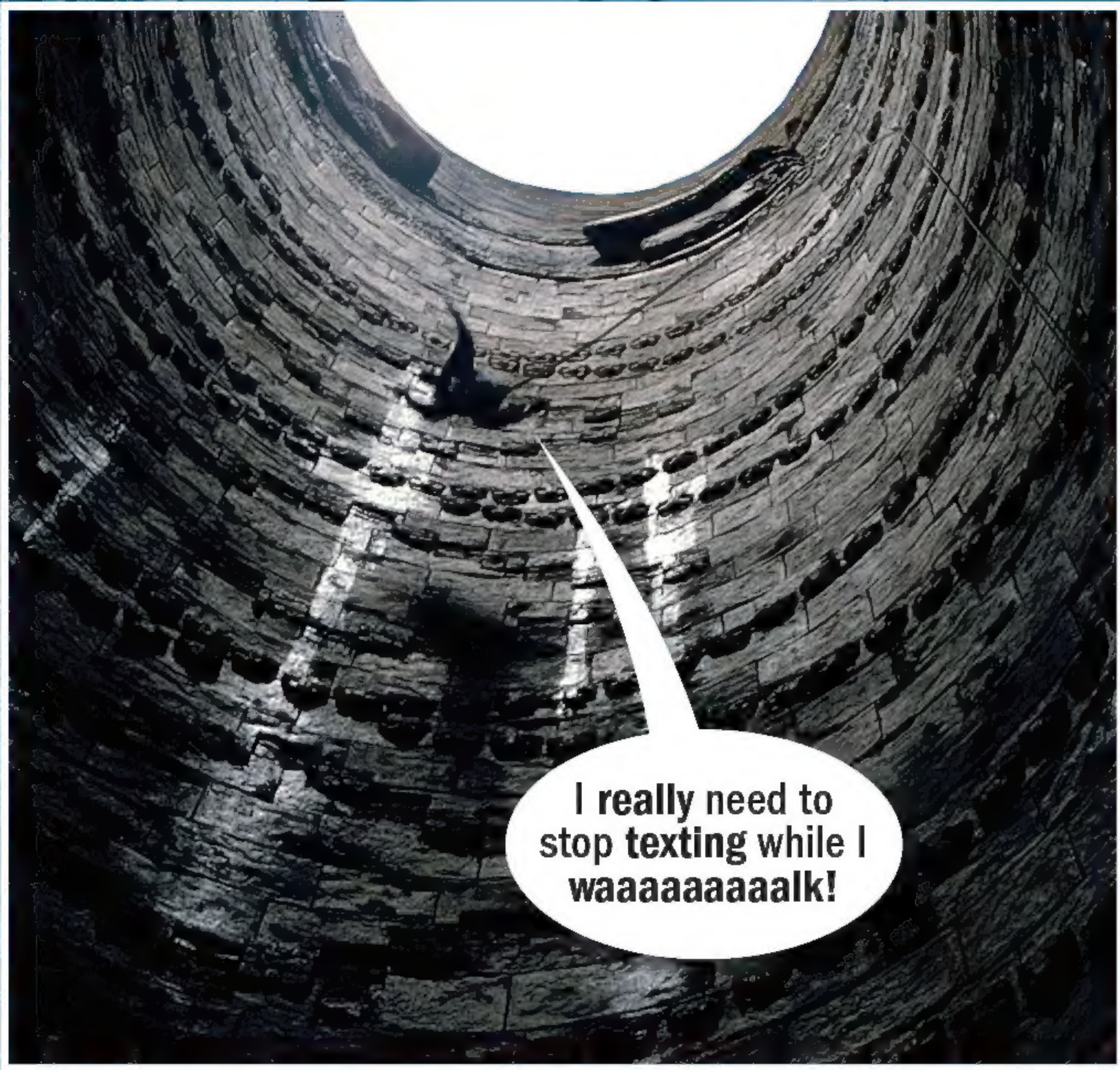
I'll go back to chasing Bane as soon as I scan the QR code on this Arby's ad!



Man, flying coach keeps getting worse and WORSE!



We cannot keep letting them watch *Dancing with the Stars*!



I really need to stop texting while I waaaaaaaaalk!



This happens every freakin' time a new iPad comes out!



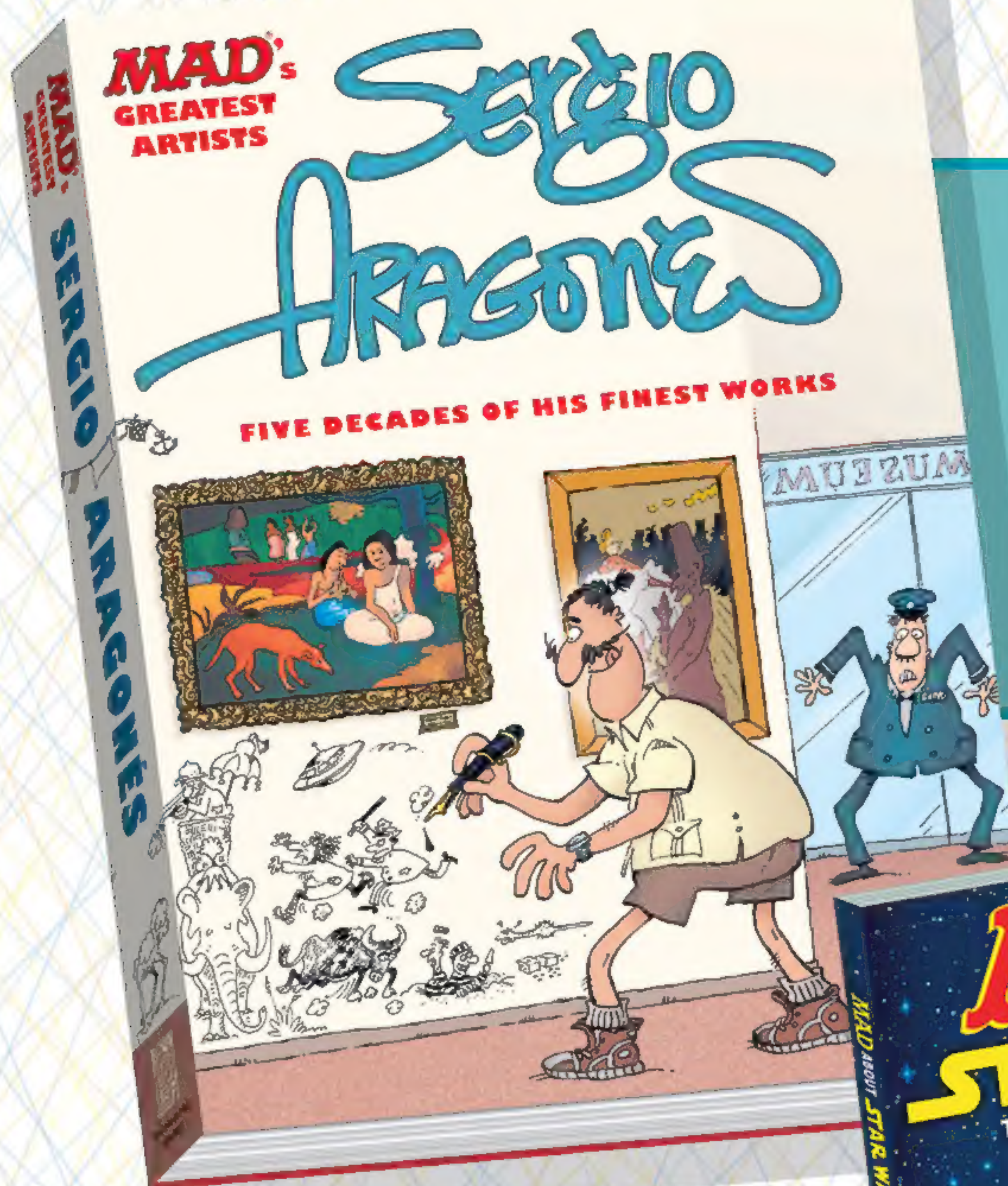
# OCCUPY YOUR BOOKSHELF!

(And help us become part of the 1%!)



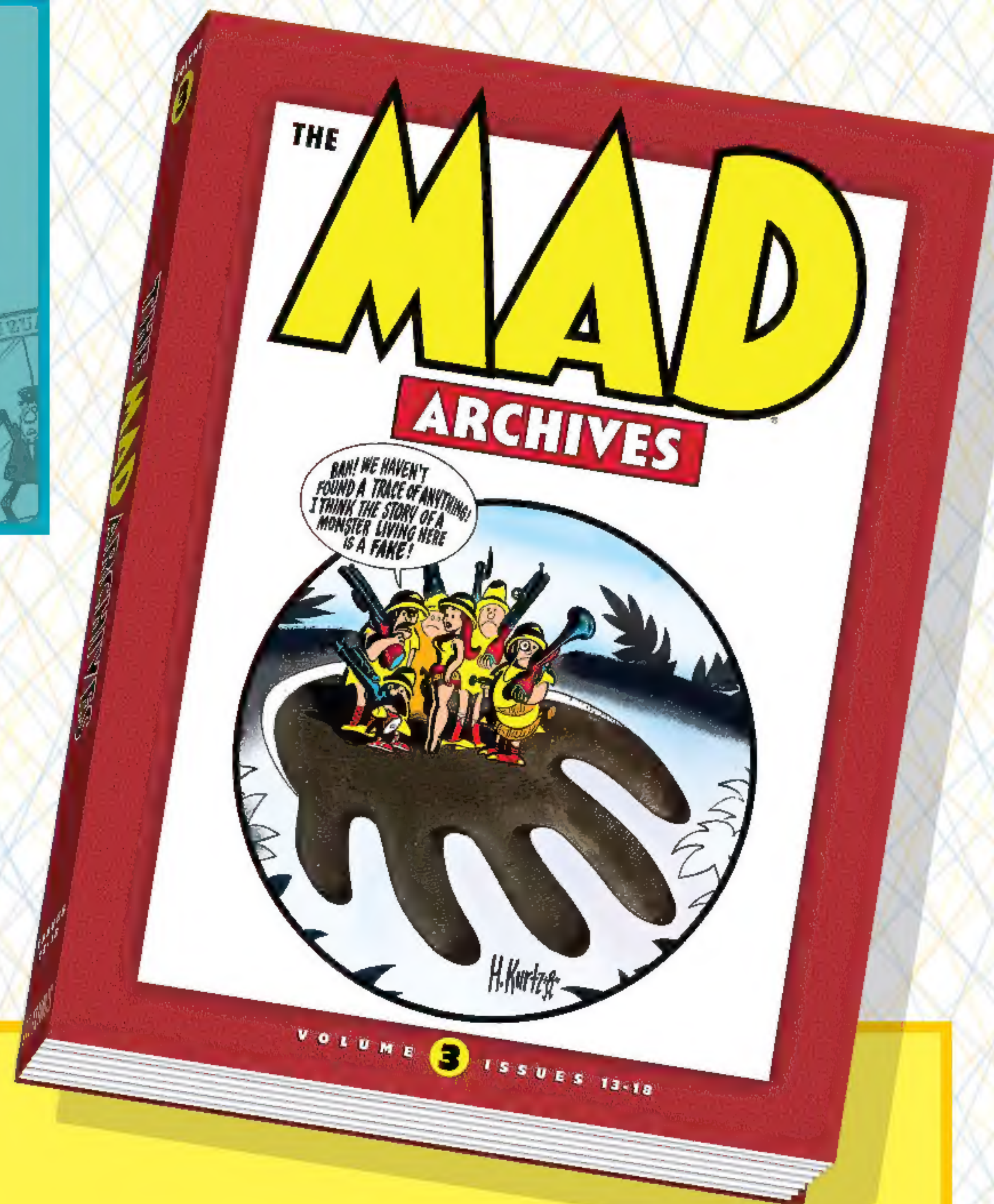
**SPECIAL DIGEST SIZE!**

Includes 65 Explosive Adventures by Peter Kuper!



**INCLUDES NEW, ORIGINAL, NEVER-BEFORE-SEEN SERGIO ART!**

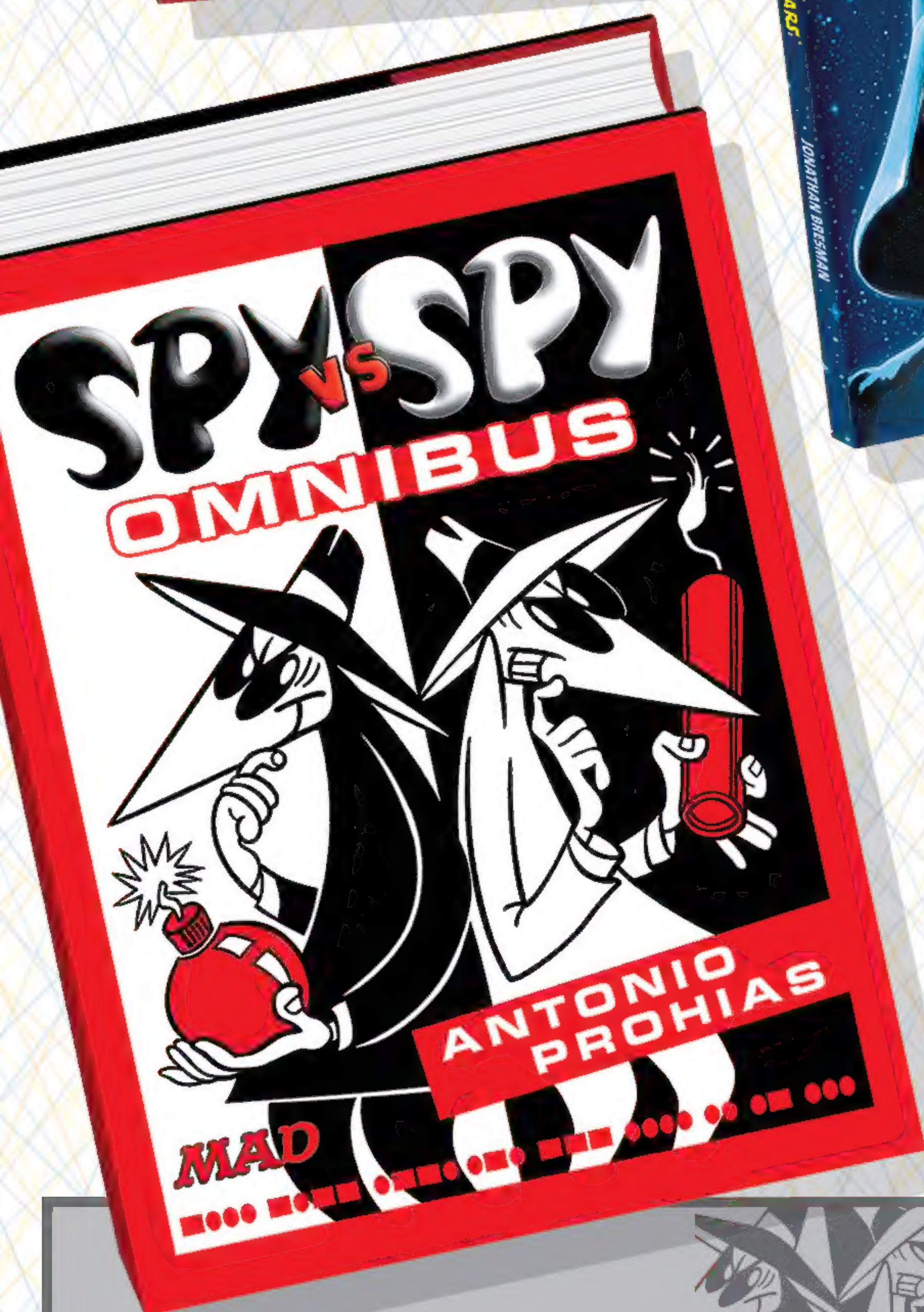
Plus an 18" X 24" Pull-Out Poster Featuring 500 of Sergio's Favorite Marginals!



**INCLUDES MORE COMIC SATIRES FROM MAD'S EARLY YEARS!**

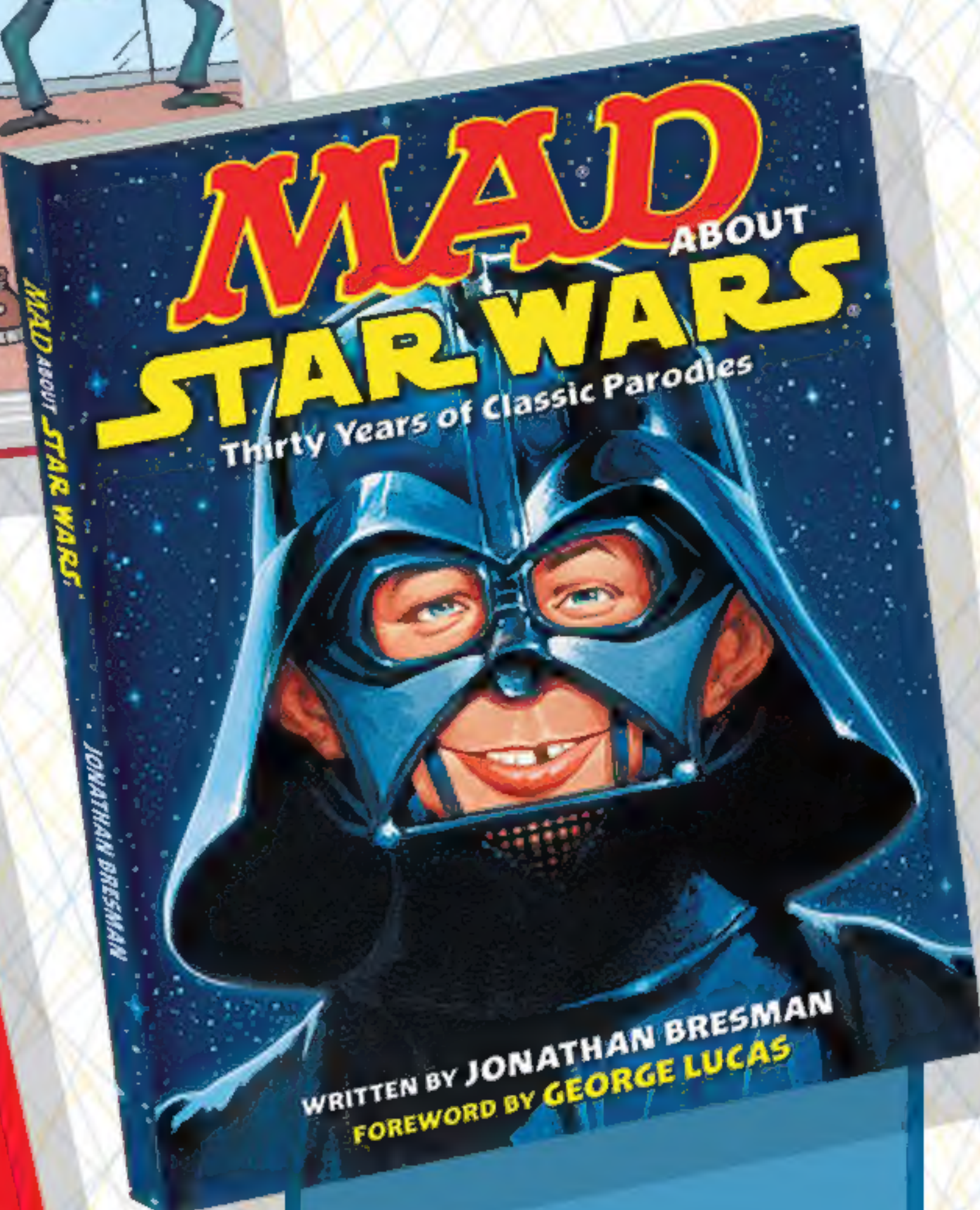
**WITH CLASSIC ART BY:**

- Wally Wood
- Will Elder
- Jack Davis
- Russ Heath

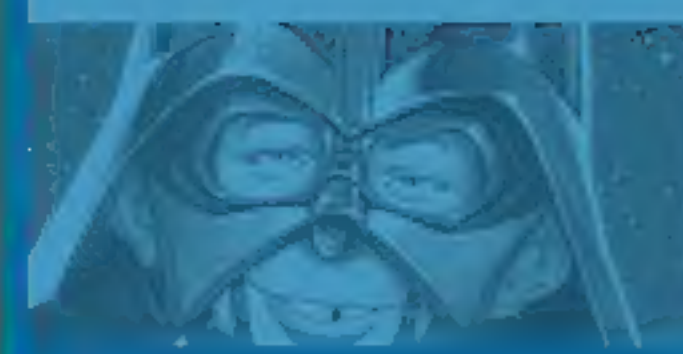


**INCLUDES EVERY ANTONIO PROHIAS SPY VS. SPY ADVENTURE!**

All Reproduced in Their Full, Original Size for the First Time Ever!



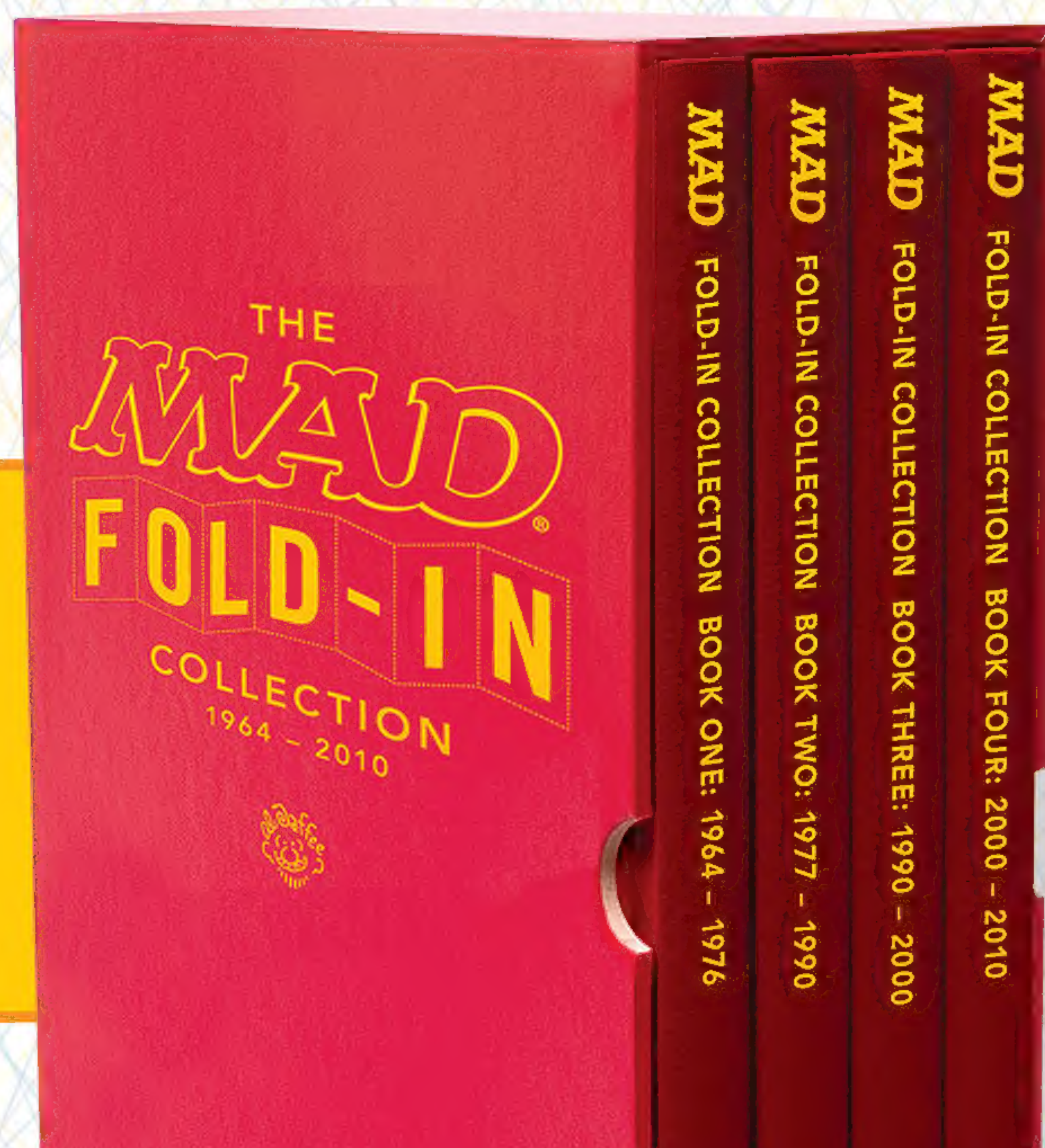
**INCLUDES A FOREWORD BY GEORGE LUCAS!**



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SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...  
THIS MONSTER!"

